PENTHOUSE

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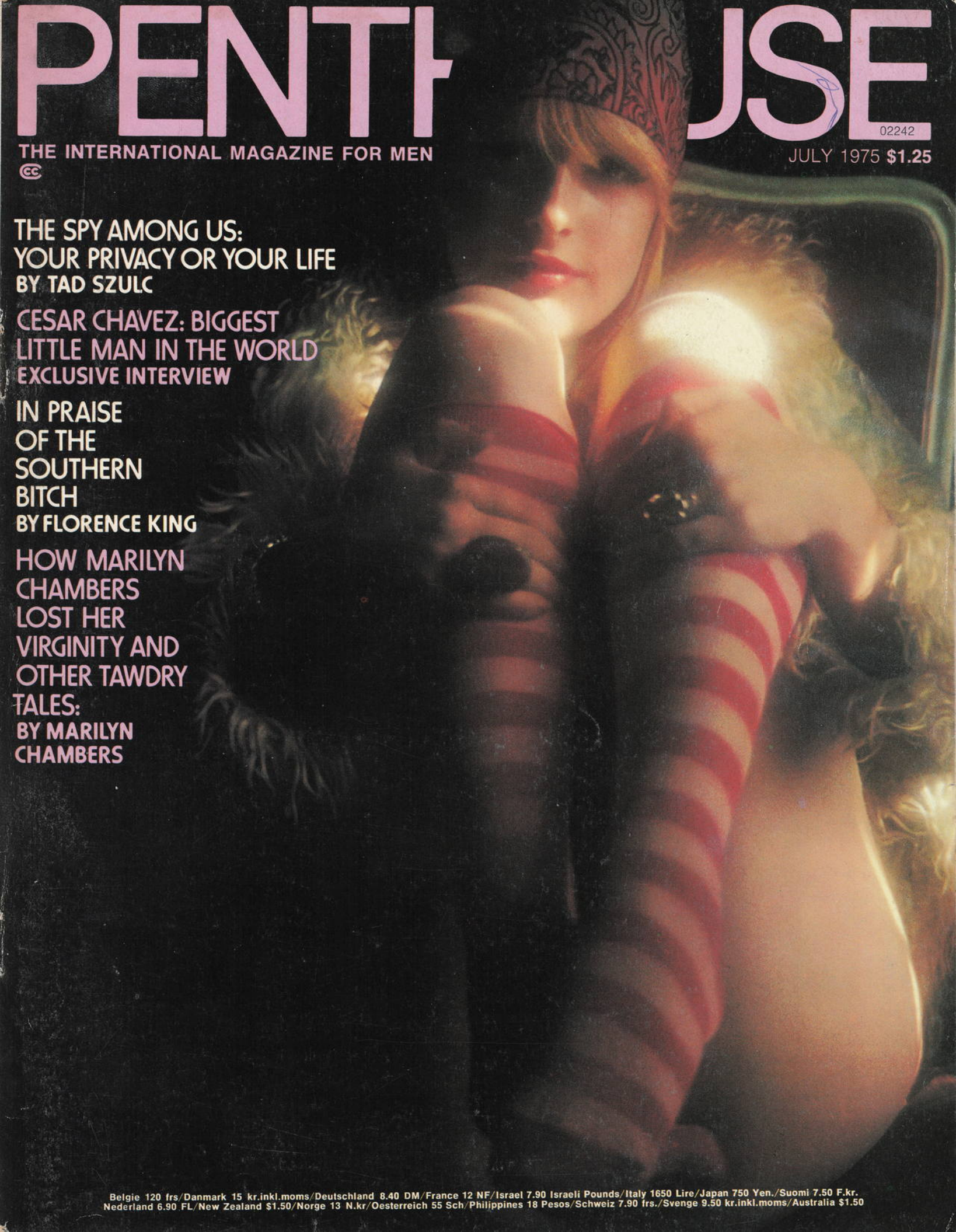
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1975 $1.25



THE SPY AMONG US:
YOUR PRIVACY OR YOUR LIFE
BY TAD SZULC

CESAR CHAVEZ: BIGGEST LITTLE MAN IN THE WORLD
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

IN PRAISE OF THE SOUTHERN BITCH
BY FLORENCE KING

HOW MARILYN CHAMBERS LOST HER VIRGINITY AND OTHER TAWDRY TALES:
BY MARILYN CHAMBERS

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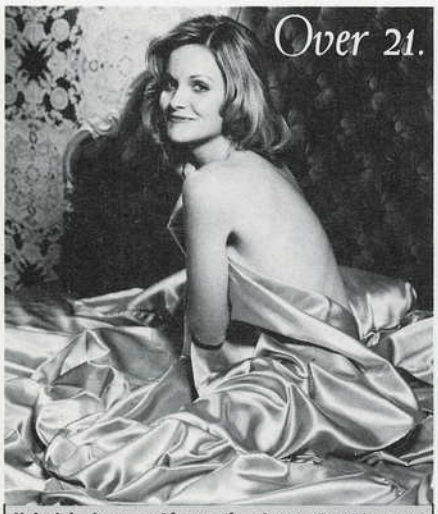

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / JULY 1975

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Even in the aftermath of Watergate, Americans still cling to the natural premise that their right to privacy is sacred—that the bugging and surveillance that happens routinely in other parts of the globe cannot happen here. According to reporter **Tad Szulc**, it can and it has. "We are only now discovering," Szulc tells us, "that there is literally no place in this land that is safe from the often blatantly illegal snooping of intelligence agencies—including the White House itself." Szulc's revelations in *The Spy Among Us*—the third in an exclusive *Penthouse* series on American intelligence operations—seems to justify the paranoia that many of us have begun to feel about that personal privacy we once believed to be sacrosanct and protected by the letter of the law. But private mail *is* opened, phones *are* tapped, and even the data you send your tax man can be culled at will by a man with a badge. Says Szulc: "Since 1953, the CIA, with the cooperation of the U.S. Postal Service, has been intercepting, reading, and copying uncounted thousands of first-class letters written by Americans to addresses in the Soviet Union. So frantic was the mail-reading activity that the CIA developed at great cost a special machine that unseals and reseals envelopes of every size, leaving no evidence of tampering. In 1974 alone, the Postal Service surveyed and recorded the origins of all mail received by nearly 4,500 Americans." The National Security Agency, specializing in code breaking and electronic intelligence, *still* monitors all private overseas telephone calls. And as recent reports confirmed, the IRS has been involved in surveillance for reasons that have absolutely nothing to do with tax collection. Even more sinister are the unexplained "fatal accidents" and "suicides" in this country involving persons who had connections with intelligence work. "Can the president or Congress arrest this trend toward an American Police State?" asks Szulc. "The answer will determine the future of this country."

The future of this nation—and indeed, of the entire world—is discussed with chilling realism in *Starvation: 1975* by authors **Anne** and **Paul Ehrlich**, who have both the credits (as authors of the best-selling *The End of Affluence* and *The Population Bomb*) and credentials (as, respectively, research associate and professor in the Department of Biological Sciences at Stanford University) to back up their conclusion that millions are starving through the greed and ignorance of a few. With minimum estimates of ten to twenty million people dying *yearly* due to malnutrition, the Ehrlichs' long-term demographics are enough to scare the hell out of any rational human being. Take, for instance, a U.S. Department of "Agribusiness" withholding 62 million acres of farmland from production at a cost of $4 billion to U.S. taxpayers. Add a pinch of politicians from underdeveloped nations who insist on industrialization at the expense of their own starving peoples; a dash of worldwide overfishing; and a soupcon of shortsighted scientists. Mix with the population explosion, and presto—world catastrophe.

What the world needs now, it seems, are a few more fearless, authentic folk heroes of the caliber of **Cesar Chavez**. In an interview with *Penthouse* contributing editor **Richard Ballad**, Chavez—a man who knows how it feels to be ripped off by the power structure—demonstrates what can be done by sheer example. With a handful of supporters, the ballsy little president of the United Farm Workers has taken the very worst that the Teamsters' Union, giant landowners, and the U.S. Immigration Service ("the Gestapo of the Southwest") could throw at him—and thrown it right back. In eight years of strikes and boycotts, he's won more than 300 contracts from the corporate monsters who have long dominated our food supply. Says Chávez: "We have a moral advantage. We know—and *they* know—that *we* are in the right."

It's a far cry from the dusty vineyards of California to the antebellum plantations that produced the mythical Southern Belle, but writer **Florence King**, a frequent contributor to our pages, makes the transition as smooth as a mint julep. For those of you who still believe that Georgia Peaches don't cotton to cream, we refer you to *Worshiping the Southern Bitch*, an excerpt from Miss King's latest book *Southern Ladies and Gentlemen*, to be published this month by Stein & Day. In her usual forthright fashion, Miss King delves under the petticoats of the Southern "self-rejuvenating virgin" and reveals the rationale behind her "purity." To keep her footing on the pedestal that her menfolk have traditionally erected for her, she has had to be aloof, aristocratic, and haughty. But with the advent of the birth-control pill, she fell off—usually into the missionary position. You get the drift? Concludes Miss King: "The lively charm of the Southern woman has made her America's courtesan—perhaps the only one we have."

We doubt, however, that **Marilyn Chambers** would agree. More at home behind green doors than petticoats, America's favorite porn star reveals—in minute detail—how she lost her virginity to a high school football player in *My First Lover*, a hilarious excerpt from *Marilyn Chambers: My Story*, published by Warner Paperback Library. The way things worked out, Number One turned out to be more jerk than jock in a Keystone Cops caper that somebody should get on film as soon as possible. Confides Marilyn: "Don't ever lose your virginity to a football player. It isn't worth the hassle."

Technical performance in another genre is the subject of our summer stereo roundup. In *Sound Sense*, audio expert **Robert Angus** details a few of the latest refinements for both car and home listening. The big news is that—thanks to tight money and a resulting shortage of customers—it's just as much a buyer's market for audio as it is for automobiles.

So shop around, and take this well-rounded issue of *Penthouse* with you for a little further delving into all the above, plus the latest doings of **Wicked Wanda** and a word or two of worldly wisdom from **Xaviera Hollander**. There's a lot here for a lazy summer day.

The Rabbits of Lahaska, Pennsylvania.

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His wife, Bunny Rabbit.

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"It was all those things," answered Peter Rabbit.

"Plus something I've been fond of for 14 years," added Bunny.

"What's that?" we asked.

"My last name," she smiled.

rabbit

*38 mpg Highway—24 mpg City. Based on the 1975 Model Federal E.P.A. report.

PENTHOUSE

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JULY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Snorkel sex

My mate and I have experienced numerous erotic pleasures together. The one experience, though, that I must share with your readers occurred one warm evening when Glenda and I decided to take a swim in our pool. Both of us are into diving so we took our fins and snorkels with us. It was by accident that Glenda brushed her "love garden" against the bulb of my snorkel just as I released a blast of air through the long penal shaped tube. The sensation of the ball bobbing among the air bubbles created such a pleasurable feeling that Glenda had me repeat the experience several times. Just watching Glenda's "garden" in full bloom caused the "snorkel" between my legs to take note. Glenda noticed my enormous erection and directed her air bubbles against my scrotum. I am sure I don't have to tell you the exciting feeling I experienced.

This lucky discovery enables us to enjoy both of our favorite pastimes simultaneously with a unique twist. It also eliminates the messy task of cleaning up after an amorous romp in the bushes. We would appreciate any suggestions that would enable us to expand our experience in snorkel sex.—*Mark Owen, Elsinore, Calif.*

Blind man's muff

After reading about interesting experiences that your readers have had, I thought I'd share mine. The idea of faking blindness first came to me at the age of sixteen when I joined a cabana club in the Bronx. I devised all kinds of ways of getting into the ladies' locker area. Finally, my girl friend would lead me by the hand into the locker room. I'd be wearing dark glasses, and carrying a white cane. She would sit me in a corner near the showers and it wouldn't take five minutes before I had a hard-on, almost as big as my cane. Naturally my girl friend would be nearby watching my cock grow, and this would turn her on as well. Then the two of us would either masturbate while watching each other, or she would take me back to her locker, which was about three feet by four feet, and proceed to blow me.

In the fall and winter months, things would be a little harder. (No pun intended.) I had to find a good place to go. We both decided on any major department store. She would tell the clerk of my blindness and mental disorder, and that it was necessary for me to be right next to her. Most clerks were very understanding and let me in the dressing rooms. My girl friend would bring in about three or four garments to try on, which gave me about ten or fifteen minutes to get it going. It never took that long—a good-looking chick would be getting undressed, and my dick would start going up. Then we would have to split in a hurry and get to a place for my blow job. Try it! It's a real turn-on.—*E.A., Bronx, N.Y.*

Rolling off

I've just experienced the most satisfying sensual experience since the pussy was invented. One day while getting ready to paint my bedroom, I got this terrific urge to run the roller up and down my manhood. As I did this I achieved a raging hard-on. After my first *brush* with the roller I decided it was time to follow through with this extremely pleasant perversion. I whipped my erect member out and placed it on the nightstand while continuing the roller massage. I ran the plush paint roller over my penis until I achieved orgasm. I had four orgasms in one afternoon in this manner. Needless to say, I didn't get much painting done that day. Since then I've tried various types and textures of rollers and I've found that I prefer the soft mohair type. I have recommended this fun game to many of my friends and they all enjoy it. I also find that I am spending a lot of time browsing through paint stores ogling roller displays with a terrific erection. The little Dutch Boy never had it so good!—*K.R., Rochester, N.Y.*

Joint effort

I like the Forum and I want to share my unique style of masturbating. You see I have a tattoo of a cunt inside the joint of my elbow. And when I feel the urge (which is often) I place my hard cock between that gorgeous thing and pump away. Of course I use K-Y jelly or Vaseline to make the feeling even better, and while I'm bending my arm down to reach my cock, I have a perfect opportunity to pinch and caress my nipples. A piece of ice feels even better when rubbed across my nipples.—*D.T., Tuscaloosa, Alabama*

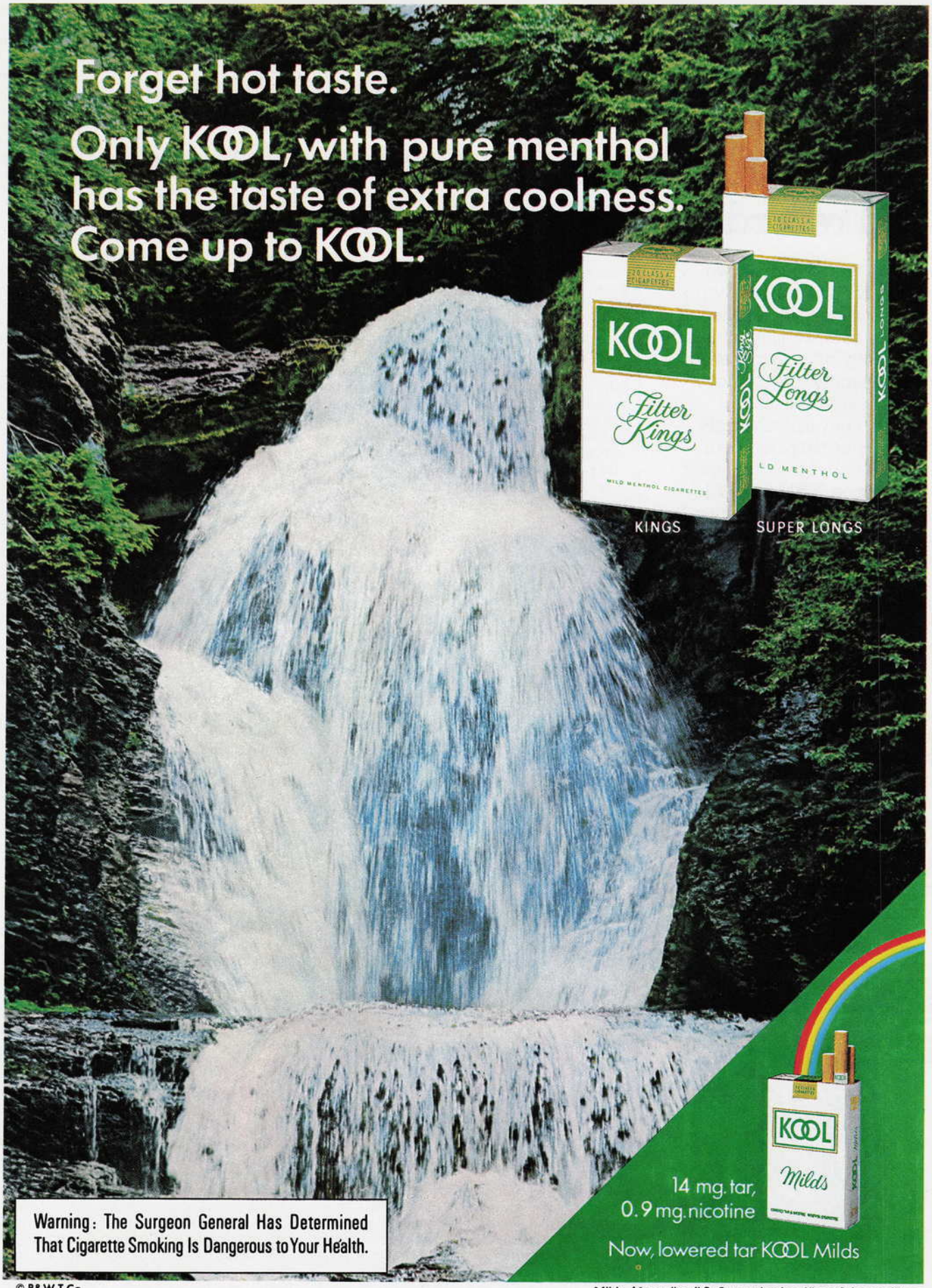
One for the record

As a second-year law student at Gonzaga University, I very recently brought one of my former pastimes to a new crescendo. I had been studying corporation law in the Crosby Library (named for Gonzaga's most famous alumnus, Bing Crosby) and had decided to take a study break. I wandered over to the Crosbyana room, which houses paraphernalia such as a copy of Bing's gold record, his Oscar, and photos from his famous "road" pictures. While gazing at the gold record, I suddenly had a flashback of masturbating into the holes of my brother's old 45's. Needless to say, the sight of this gold record, all gold and silky smooth, caused my penis to flutter. In just a few seconds I had quite an erection. Suddenly my reverie was broken when I felt a firm breast with a jutting nipple at my elbow.

Standing there was an attractive blond who always studied two tables down from me. As I was always too busy reading cases, I had never paid attention to the fact that perhaps her darting glances weren't as innocent as they seemed. Anyway, she nonchalantly turned off the lights in the room, and that didn't seem to be too alarming since we were the only people remaining on that floor of the library.

Before she walked back to where I was standing, she pulled her sweater up, exposing two luscious, creamy breasts! I was quite shocked. I had never heard of an incident even remote to this in my six years of college and law school. But I said to myself, "Oh, what the hell!" My eager tongue did not waste a precious second in licking those firm tits until they became saturated with my saliva.

Then I had a brainstorm. I grabbed the gold



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record, which must have weighed ten or twelve pounds, and as I held on to the record, I slipped my penis through the hole. It was a perfect fit! She met the crown of my penis with her tongue, flicking it ever so sensually while I worked the record back and forth on my shaft. Although I orgasmed all over the carpeting, it was the best sensation I had ever experienced. And it sure helped to relieve the study blues.

As a postscript, we are engaged and will be married when I finish law school. Even if your readers can't experience this fortunate situation that befell me, I hope they can find relief with records as I do all the time now.—*Name and address withheld*

Porsche pleasures

While tuning my Porsche 911 in the garage one Saturday, my girl friend was keeping me company reading the March issue of *Penthouse*. The *Hose job* letter, whereby vacuum cleaners were employed for personal enjoyment, intrigued us. Over the ensuing weeks we devised, engineered, and "road tested" the following method, which we believe greatly improves on the vacuum idea.

We spliced two Montgomery Ward vacuum cleaner hoses (2.5-inch diameter) into a Y configuration, and inserted the single end into the air intake on the car; the other two ends were used for "auto"fellatio. The sensation was new and pleasurable.

Further improvements involved varying the rpm setting; most enjoyable for my girl friend was a steady 4,000 rpms, while I grooved on blips to 6,500 rpms. After several fantastic "auto" orgasms, we became concerned about contributing to energy conservation. Our concern proved quite unnecessary, as our activity equated to forty dual orgasms per gallon. At fifty-five cents per gallon that is a small price to pay for ecstasy during today's inflationary conditions. Any suggestions for further improvements of our method would be greatly appreciated.—*T.S. for F.C., Hampton, Va.*

Small fry's success

Because of my height (5'3"), and my rather slim build and boyish looks, finding girls has always been hard for me, and often I have felt sorry for myself because of it. Several months ago, while in one of these self-pitying moods, I had the most wonderful and satisfying sexual encounter of my life.

I live in a small studio apartment by myself, and I share a bathroom with the occupant across the hall. The room across the hall was recently rented by a young lady. As I prepared myself to welcome my new "bathroommate" I hoped that she was short, and that hopefully, she'd take a liking to me, for I had been without sex for much too long.

I knocked on her door. It opened, and I was staring into a soft blue sweater. I was stunned as I stood back and gazed up at one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, who stood six-foot-four in her bare feet.

I felt shorter, embarrassed, turned on, and sorrier for myself all at the same time. I mumbled my name and hurried back to my room. I tried to avoid her, and except for a few "run-ins" outside the bathroom, which always left me in awe of her beauty, I managed to keep our meetings to a minimum.

Late one night while I was lying in bed reading, I suddenly heard a scream mixed with a man's voice and what sounded like struggling. I immediately ran across the hall to Lorraine's room to find that a man had entered her room and was attempting to molest her. Lorraine was naked and a good six-inches taller than her would-be assailant. And because of this she had managed to stave off the attack very well. Upon seeing me, the frustrated attacker quickly exited out the window through which he had entered.

Lorraine turned to face me in her gorgeous nakedness, and then, with a combination of fear and gratitude in her eyes, she rushed and enveloped me in a bear hug which buried my face in her huge breasts. In her gratitude she literally lifted me off of my feet while hugging me, and I almost immediately got an erection. I was wearing only a pair of underwear so she felt my hard cock pressing on her legs. As I gasped for breath between her breasts, my feet were still not touching the ground.

Upon feeling my hard-on, I could feel Lorraine hesitate. Then she placed her hands on my buttocks and with relative ease proceeded to lift me higher! She started to kiss me and, at the same time, spread her legs apart. I wrapped my legs around her waist and she guided me in. I fucked her in midair with my arms around her neck, my legs around her waist, and her strong hands supporting my rear end. That night I had the most wonderful time of my life.

Lorraine still lives across the hall, we still have sex, and I sure as hell don't feel quite as sorry for myself because of my height.—*Name and address withheld*

Pet comment

I know what a good feeling it is when someone compliments you. I want to give a compliment to the beautiful young woman I came across in your April issue. She is the most well-proportioned, beautiful, delicate woman I've ever seen in my life. Her name is Judy Clayton. Out of all the *Playboy*s, *Oui*s, and *Penthouse*s I have read, she is the most devastating woman that I have come across in my twenty-four years of living.—*Name withheld, McClellan AFB, Calif.*

Three in love

Seeing your pictorial "Three in Love" in the February issue brought to mind the time when I first made love to two women. Several years ago I found myself in Salt Lake City on a business trip, and I decided to seek some female companionship on a cold, rainy evening. There is a certain section of town where streetwalkers are allowed to do business unmolested, and as I drove through this area I saw a pretty young girl peddling her wares. I stopped, and we quickly arrived at a price and the agreement that I would take her back to my motel.

Then she said that business was so bad that evening that her girl friend wanted to get in out of the cold and for only a little extra I could have both of them. I immediately agreed and the three of us soon found ourselves snug in my room with the whole night ahead of us.

The girl I originally picked up was a petite brunette with small, firm breasts, while her friend was statuesque with large melons and the fattest nipples I'd ever seen. I couldn't decide which I liked better.

The two girls first peeled their clothes off then began undressing me, since I had decided to let them do most of the work. The larger girl kissed my neck and ears, then offered me her breasts, while the other girl cradled my balls in her hand and proceeded to lick and kiss my dick, which was soon filled to bursting. She lowered her warm mouth over the head of my cock, and began to first gently nibble then suck in earnest. I was amazed at how much of me she could take down her throat, since I am quite large in that department and had never had that kind of treatment before. Even though these girls were pros it was soon obvious that they were both getting turned on. The big girl took my hand and put it between her legs to enable me to finger her moist cunt, which was soon gushing.

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As good as the blow job was, I wanted to get my rod into that juicy hole so we shifted positions and I fucked the larger girl face to face while the other ran her hands over my backside. She gently grabbed my balls from behind, giving me a real thrill. The larger girl and I were kissing as we pumped away and I could feel myself building up to a tremendous climax, when suddenly I felt something part my asscheeks and an incredible sensation ran through me as the small girl actually stuck her tongue far up my ass. I came with an orgasm so powerful that I was completely out of breath and collapsed on top of the big-breasted girl. After this, we all took a shower together with much squeezing, and soaping, and sliding our hands sensually over each other.

It turned out that the two girls lived together and were in fact lovers, so I insisted on some lesbian action after the three of us were dry. I watched while the girls tongued each other. Then the large girl got on top of the smaller girl, and they rubbed pussies until they both cried out with pleasure. They must have had a lot of practice at this, as they both came at the same time.

The three of us spent the night in one bed and during the night I allowed the petite girl to complete the great job of sucking me off that she had begun earlier. When I spurted into her mouth she swallowed every drop greedily. I've often thought fondly of that cold, rainy evening in Salt Lake City and the pleasure I had that night.—*Richard, Union City, Calif.*

Stud show

I am a well-hung young man with a very good body. That's why one summer I agreed to pose nude for a college painting class. Just the idea of all those fresh, foxy coeds, who are always found in art classes, seeing yours truly in the raw turned me on.

To my delight, there was this certain young thing with a fantastic set of boobs who always sat right up front. The fourth day of class, she appeared wearing short cutoffs and a sexy brief tubetop. I got a terrific hard-on just looking at her heavenly gams. During the session she kept her eyes fixed on my dick. I was really getting excited, and she seemed to be smacking her lips as she looked at my rod. By the time a break came I had a real pain in the groin from holding back. Drippings were coming out of the head of my penis. I quickly got behind the area that was screened off with a blanket for the models. I grabbed my throbbing dick and started to jerk off. I heard a voice say, "Look at all the trouble I caused," and it was the chick in the cutoffs. Before I could say a word, she was as bare as I was.

She went down on me and gently massaged my aching rod. Her tongue moved softly up and down the shaft of my penis. Finally she took my dick full in her mouth and gave me the most incredible blow job I ever had. I pulled her up and started to suck on her rosy red nipples. I moved down her shapely body to her now wet and delectable pussy which I licked like mad. By now my throbbing hard-on had returned. I stood up and guided my agitated pleasure stick into her joy box. I came like I never came before. I squirted an endless flow of love juice into her. She was moaning like crazy. I was thrusting away in pure delirium, but I hadn't noticed that the blanket had been pulled aside and we had an audience watching us screwing with mad passion. This was the ultimate turn-on.

The uptight art teacher had my sex partner removed from the class. I was not allowed to model anymore at the college, but I didn't care because I had had the greatest sexual experience of my life.—*Leonard Taub, address withheld*

Imitation amputation

Since reading so many of your letters on monopede mania, I must confess that you have fostered an interest for the phenomenon in me. Because I have had no contact with a female amputee and I doubt that I ever will, my imagination has had to suffice. However, I still found that the desire to socialize with a "unipedette" was much on my mind.

As a result, I asked my girl friend, who is a super person and the most tolerant woman in the world, if she would consent to temporarily becoming my monopede beauty. Although she was reluctant, my fine lady agreed to fulfill my wishes. In order to make things look as realistic as possible, I borrowed a pair of crutches and purchased a wide elastic bandage. I also asked her to bring a long skirt to wear at her "amputation."

I had her sit on her right leg while I bandaged it securely, but not so tightly that the circulation would be restricted. Since her attractive legs are slender and firm her folded leg was only slightly wider and resembled a stump. She put a stocking on both the good leg and her "stump" and fastened them to her garter belt. There is no denying the immense appeal of old-fashioned stockings as opposed to panty hose, and with one dark seamed nylon on her good leg and the half filled one on her "stump," she was stunning.

She then rose and walked with her crutches around the room and down the hall. Seeing her walk towards me with her full, beautiful leg and her swaying "stump," gave me an instant erection. The graceful gait created by the crutches was absolutely fascinating. I now know why there are monopede maniacs.

Up to now she had been wearing little except her stockings and garter belt. She put on her long skirt and concealed her "stump" and stocking tops from view. Instead of disappointing me, this excited me more. To see her standing on her crutches with her one leg and the empty stocking displayed nearly caused me to come in my pants. Later, she sat down and opened her legs and gave me an exciting shot of her pretty pussy. My pleasure was intense and I wanted to make love with her immediately. However, I also wanted to prolong the excitement so I took her "stump" in my hands and caressed it. The smooth nylon sliding around the stub felt superb.

To prevent her leg from becoming numb, I asked her to walk back to the bedroom to undress her. Again, the graceful way she moved greatly excited me. As I went to hug her, she pointed her "stump" up from under her skirt and stuck it between my legs. The sensation of silky smoothness sliding into my crotch was exquisite and I reached down to fondle the slick end. To clasp this delicate half-limb between my legs was a fantastic feeling.

Until I had this experience, I never really thought much about the monopede mystique but now I must assume I am a convert. While our loving will never become neglected or secondary to seeing my lady act out this fantasy for me, her sexual appeal is definitely heightened as a monopede. As a temporary amputee she became more feminine and more attractive, probably because of the relative helplessness of her situation. Whatever the reasons, my monopede mania is established (to her dismay) but will remain as an added pleasure like bathing together. As all of your other monopede maniacs, I would certainly like to see a pictorial feature on an amputee in *Penthouse*. Thanks for the inspiration and the opportunity to write—not to mention a great magazine.—*R.P., Miami, Fla.*

"This is going to be my first taste of civilization."

Pain and pleasure

I would like to relate a situation that happened to myself since reading about teenage rapes in your magazine.

It was Friday and I had just lost my first high school wrestling match in three years. I was very depressed when I got home and figured that the house would be empty because my mother (divorced) was on a business trip.

I was wrong. My college-aged sister was home with five of her friends who attend Oregon State. As I walked through the door my sister sensed my dejection and asked if I had lost. I snapped back, "Fuck you," which drew long faces from all my sister's friends. She replied, "I'm sorry, my tough little brother." I said, "Just fuck you and all of your friends," which I found out was very wrong to say.

After an hour of sulking in my bedroom, my sister came up. Thinking she was the only one there I said I was sorry about my actions downstairs, and she said that I would have to be punished for being so rude. And with that, she pushed me back on the bed and jumped on me. With her leverage I couldn't move. She gave a whistle, and four beautiful white girls and a gorgeous black girl stood there.

They piled on one by one and said that an old custom called a spanking was about to begin. With that they started to spank my ass, but with the sweatpants on the hits weren't even penetrating. I was laughing, which made the black girl ask if it would be as funny if my bare ass was hit. Without thinking about it I said, "No."

Before I knew it, I was completely naked, on my back, before six girls.

The black girl, who I sort of fell in love with, began spanking me which hurt like hell. My cock was hard as a rock and it was hurting more than my ass, due to the way it was being pushed into the mattress. Then Sally, a very heavy-set girl, suggested that I be put across her lap, while Ginger, a very tall and skinny girl, would administer the beating. While I was perched on Sally's lap, my prick, which was about ready to explode, was dangling between her legs. As I looked around for Angela, the black girl, she entered the room naked, and I completely came right there as I have never seen a black girl in the raw before. She noticed the juice dripping from the end of my cock and said that I was a very bad boy once again for not letting her drink my come.

Nancy came out of the bedroom with a pair of scissors and cut off every damn piece of hair around my pubic area. Then Angie proceeded to perform the best blow job I have ever had. None of the six girls could believe that after two orgasms my cock was still hard. It was also strange to me. To make a very long story short, within four hours I ate seven pussies (Angie's twice), got fucked three times, and blown three times.—*D.M., Portland, Oregon*

How to lose your virginity . . .

I would like to tell how I lost my virginity two years ago when I was attending high school. I developed a habit of getting to class early, usually before anyone else would come into the room. One day, I was waiting there for an unusual length of time before another student walked in. She said that there were two boys fighting at the other end of the school and that was where everyone was. This student was a beautiful young girl with whom I had had a secret crush for about four years. She was about five-feet three-inches with a perfect body, radiant face, and a gorgeous head of auburn hair.

Since the teacher was out of the room at the time, she asked me to show her how to do a homework problem that was due that day. I got up and walked to her desk and proceeded to explain the problem to her. As I was pointing to her paper, I accidentally brushed my fingers against her blouse. As I am fairly shy, my face immediately turned a bright red. My pants also bulged forward slightly and I guess she noticed this. She suddenly got up from her desk and had me follow her.

While everybody was watching the fight in the hall, we walked out the back door of the school. It was pouring rain so we ran to the football field. We climbed into the press box, a six-foot cube situated about twenty feet above the ground next to the football field. No one could see us because the view of the football field was blocked by a row of buses. By the time we got into the box, we were soaked with rain. We immediately embraced and I began to unbutton her blouse and unfasten her tightly-fitting bra. She removed her short skirt and gently slid her panty hose down her smooth lovely

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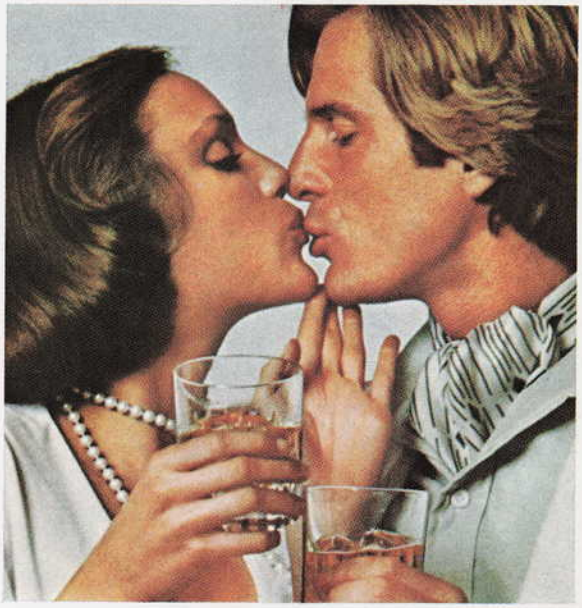

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legs. Before me sat a virgin of fifteen years with possibly the most beautifully proportioned body any person had ever seen. I quickly pulled off my wet clothes and then I began to kiss her on her brilliantly red nipples. She passionately moved my penis into her down-covered vagina and we both exploded into each other.

The day stayed extremely dark and it continued to rain against the spindly tower which shook with the strong wind. Since it was early April, it was cold, but we kept warm by staying embraced in each other's arms. We stayed in that damn structure all day fucking our hearts out. We missed school that day, the first time either of us had ever skipped school, but I think we learned more that day than we had all the previous year.—*S.L.G., Imlay City, Mich.*

. . . on the beach

Last year when I was in Denmark, the place was loaded with chicks. This was when I was still a virgin. I was asked out to a party by a friend and we were about the first ones there, but that didn't stop us from smoking our brains out. But as the people started showing up, I noticed it was three girls to every two guys.

When everybody had arrived I was formally introduced. Then the music was turned up and pot filled the air. I was sitting there just minding my own business when this beautiful chick sits down beside me. I said hello and we tried to talk to each other. She was drinking beer and I was drinking schnapps—pretty wild stuff that I had to chase down with beer. I offered her some and she took it down like it was water. We were both pretty high when this fellow came in with some porno books. I was getting an erection just looking at them, and this chick beside me noticed the bulge in my pants. Next thing I knew she grabbed me by the groin and bit my ear. When her hand touched my penis, I froze, and just about came in my pants. But one thing led to the other and we kissed a few times. Later I asked her if she'd like to go for a walk and she said yes.

The party was in a little town called Lokken, a hop, step, and a jump from the ocean. When we got down to the beach she just went wild. This being my first time I didn't quite know what to do. But you learn fast. There were about two minutes of foreplay and then I was inside her. Boom—I was in a heaven that I'll never forget. We made it again on the beach, and next in the ocean. To any young readers who are still virgins, I say: Talk your parents into going to Denmark.—*Tonni Lyng, address withheld*

. . . tennis anyone?

I have to relate my "dream come true" adventure that I had when I was eighteen and still a virgin. I had been playing tennis with a friend, and after playing I said I would walk home, instead of riding home with him. About a block from my home, a blue '68 Mustang pulled up beside me and these three pretty girls (with beautiful tans) asked me if I would like a ride home. When I bent down to look in the car window all three had on tight shorts and see-through blouses. The minute I saw that, I became aroused and knowing I only lived a block away, I said I would take the ride.

Once inside the car they asked me if I'd like to cruise with then for a while. I said yes. Then one girl said that she had forgotten to feed her cat. She asked to be taken to her apartment right away. When we got there she invited us up, so we all went in. But for some reason I knew this was planned to get me up there.

Well, I felt it was too late to chicken out so I went along, and when we got to her room I didn't see a cat. So the three of them said they were going to sunbathe naked on the balcony and asked if I cared to join them. But before I could say yes or

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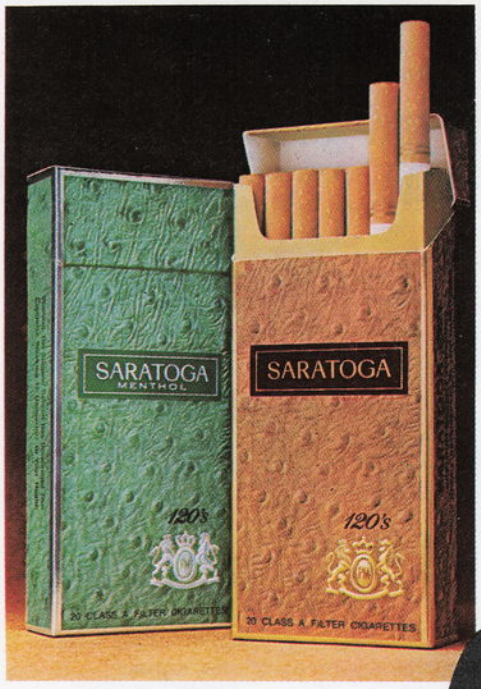

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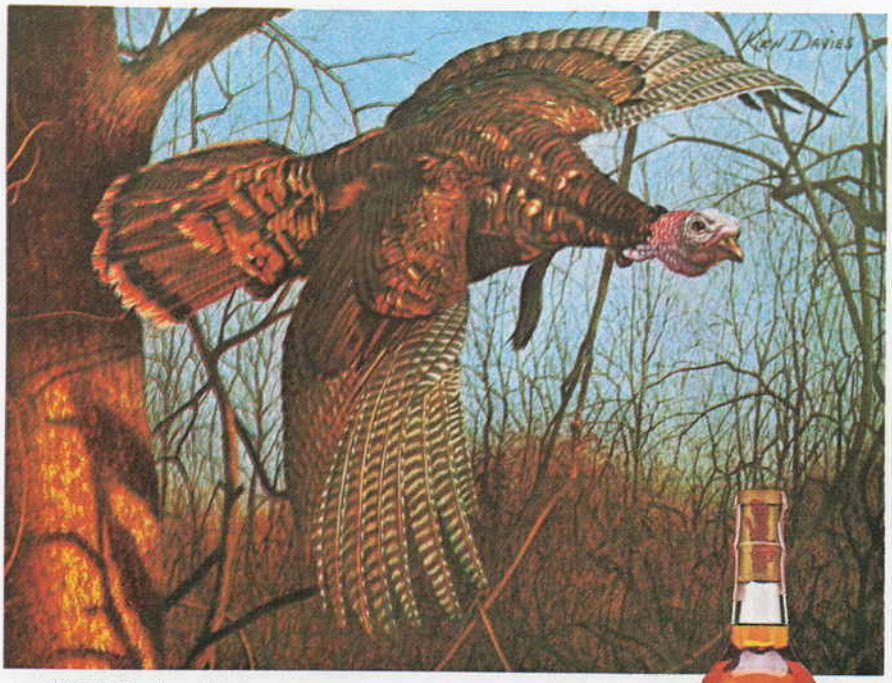

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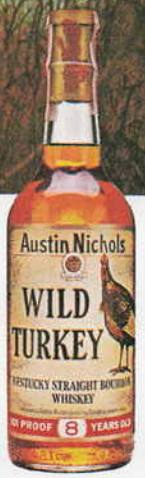

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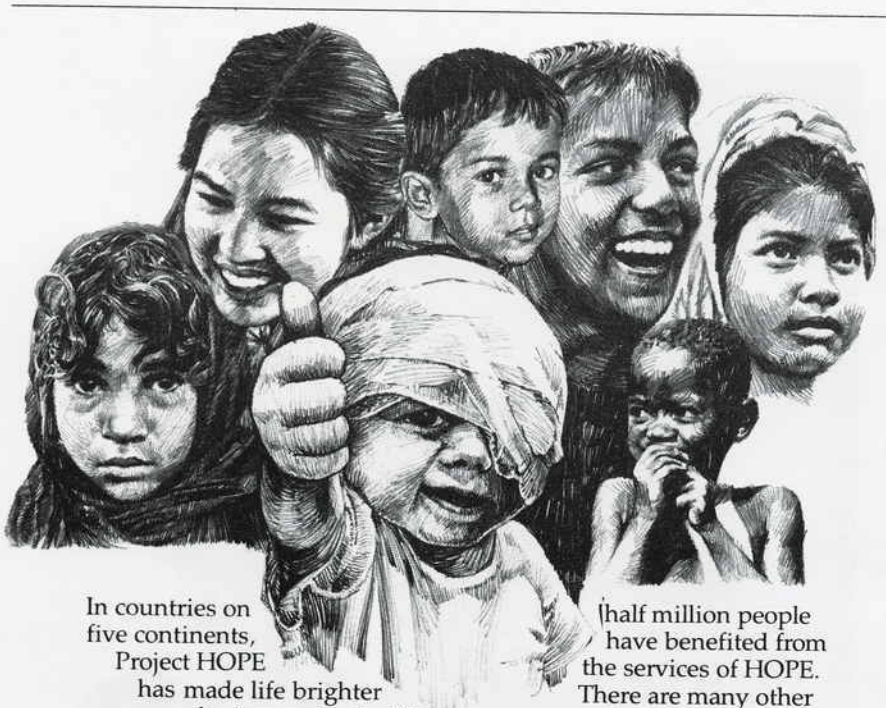

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no, they were all naked and looked like goddesses to me.

By now I was as hard as a brick wall, but shy as can be. Seeing and sensing that I was shy, they decided to play with me. All three naked dames grabbed me and in less than fifteen seconds my clothes were off, and there I stood with my prick as hard and tall as a ten-story building. I was also wet as can be. Instead of going sunbathing, they laid me on the waterbed and made me eat one girl's hairy beaver. The other two gave me a blow job. I went nuts having never experienced anything like this in my life. They rotated having me eat each one of them for nearly five times. When this dream of mine finally ended, they carried me into the bathroom and gave me a bubble bath. They finally took me home and asked if I could teach them to play tennis. Hearing that, I knew I would be on the tennis court and in bedroom more often than I ever dreamed before.—*Name withheld, Topeka, Kans.*

The jock's on her

I have always been a physical fitness buff. I have participated in many college sports and belong to a health club. I am six-feet two-inches, and weigh 198 pounds. I date fairly frequently, and many of the women I have had relations with are "women's libbers" who spout antimale, and particularly antijock sentiments. A strong, virile man is something they put down—at least publicly.

However, these same women are all very eager to feel my muscles and apparently get off on having sex with a jock who's got a good body. I will give you an example. I met this girl, I'll call her Karen, who is a member of the women's lib organization at my school. In class, and with her friends, she is always putting men down. She called the members of the football team "animals" and "air heads," and thinks of them as too stupid to do anything but chase a pigskin.

Since we're in the same course and sit near each other, we decided to cooperate on a project together. To do this she began coming up to my room in the evening. One night she surprised me by coming up when I didn't expect her. I was only dressed in a pair of sweatpants when I answered the door. Instead of letting me put something else on, she proceeded to come in and make herself at home.

We worked on the project for a while, but I noticed that she kept looking at my arms and chest. Finally she steered the conversation to physical fitness and complimented me on my build. I thanked her and asked her if she would like to feel my arms. I was really surprised when she shyly, but enthusiastically, agreed. I flexed my bicep and allowed her to run her cool hand over it. She squeezed the bulge and her hand explored my whole arm. I could see that she was more interested in my body than in any health project.

Taking a chance, I asked her if she would like to see me display the muscular development of my chest. A big smile lit up her face and she almost squeaked with delight. Standing up in the middle of the room I struck a muscleman pose—throwing my chest out, sucking in my gut, and curling my arms. In a minute she was all over me. Her hands explored my torso, feeling the tensed pectorals and flat abdominals. She couldn't get enough of my biceps.

Having a good-looking chick run her hands over your bare chest is enough to turn anyone on and she soon observed the hard lump in my sweatpants. Coyly she asked, "I bet that's pretty well developed too." I asked her if she minded if I exercised it.

The next thing I knew, she had sunk to her knees in front of me. First she nuzzled her face against the stiff bulge of my manhood and actually began

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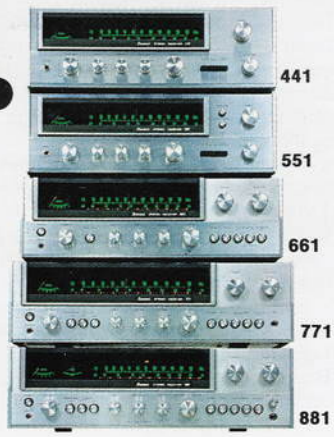

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mouthing and biting it through the material of my sweats. While she was doing this I was unbuttoning her blouse and playing with her boobs. Her nipples were hot, stiff points. Hooking her fingers in my waistband she dragged my sweatpants down over my knees to the floor. My dick sprang to attention, and she began to kiss and lick the length of it.

First she took only the head in her lips and gently pulled on it, while running her tongue around it—separating the head from the clinging foreskin. After it was free, she began to take more and more of it into her mouth. She began timing the sucks with the throbbing of my organ.

Disengaging my dick from her warm mouth she told me to let her know when I was about to come, because she didn't like to have sperm in her mouth. I told her I would, and she went back to sucking on it. Using my thumb and index fingers I began to pull her erect nipples. A few minutes later I felt that I was going to cream. I was about to pull out, until I remembered her comments about jocks and "animals" and decided that this was one jock whose sperm she was going to swallow. Taking my hands from her breasts, I pressed her head to my groin and began to pump my ass harder, until the warm jets of my scum began to fill her mouth.

She didn't like it, but she swallowed my whole load. A little pissed off, she left shortly. Though I've seen her again, she really is quite cold to me. But now, even when she puts me and my friends down, I have the secret satisfaction that I know she really digs a good pair of arms—not to mention a mouthful of jock sperm.

So what gives? Do you "women's libbers" secretly desire to be fucked by a muscular he-man? And you guys who are well-built, have you noticed that these women like feeling your muscles? I would really be interested to see some letters on this subject.—*Name withheld, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J.*

Saturday night seduction

I would like to enlighten many college men who think that the best place to pick up chicks is at mixers or at bars. I had an exam coming up the following Monday, so for the first time in my three years at college, I spent a Saturday night at the library. I was depressed because I realized that all my friends were at a party at one of the horniest sororities on campus.

There were no more than five people in the library and none resembled the opposite sex. After about an hour of studying, I walked around the library to relax a little.

At the back of the library I caught a glimmer of golden hair moving furiously up and down. I walked to a bookshelf and through a breach in the books, I observed a thin blond with small braless breasts pushing against a tight T-shirt. She was masturbating, using the heel of her foot to rub her clitoris through her worn jeans.

She was obviously enjoying herself because she was having a difficult time muffling her sighs of enjoyment. I had by this time the stiffest erection I have ever had. The cream-faced girl finally stopped, whereupon I stepped out from behind the bookcase and offered my services. She was startled by my quick appearance but upon seeing the bulge in my pants she smiled.

She stood up, gave me a seductive kiss, and quickly slid to her knees. She undid my pants and pushed them down to my ankles. She ripped apart my boxer shorts and began kissing and sucking my ample penis. Immediately, we were so overcome by passion that neither of us were concerned in the least if someone was searching for a book in our part of the library.

She quickly made me come, which she eagerly licked off my penis and her hands. She smiled and pulled my pants up, after which we sat down to relax and talk. It seems that she too was studying but was so horny that she couldn't concentrate for more than a second.

I then slipped my hand up her tight T-shirt and caressed her firm breasts. She kept whispering to rub them harder and faster. In another minute I had another hard-on. We both agreed that we shouldn't chance another sex act out in the open in the library of conservative Cortland State.

So I grabbed her by the hand and led her into a stall in the men's room. She sat down and I pulled her tight jeans off to reveal a golden fluff. I quickly parted the amber bush with my willing fingers and tongue. She was quickly hot and moist whereupon we switched positions. I sat on my bare buttocks on the toilet seat while she eagerly placed her hips on my throbbing penis, and we were soon engaged in clutching, hot intercourse. Our cries of passion were unabated as we both climaxed simultaneously.

Later that night, my buddies were bragging about some of the acts that the horny sorority girls had performed on them. They were trying to make me envious, but I only smiled. The rest of the semester, my buddies thought I was crazy because every Saturday night I went to the library! —*H.B., Cortland, N.Y.*

Wild in the woods

I read your *Penthouse* Forum every month, and thought I'd write about an interesting and satisfying experience my friend and I had recently. We were hitchhiking in our town, when we were picked up by two of the hottest and horniest chicks I've ever seen. We asked where they were headed, and they said they would take us anywhere we wanted to go. So my friend and I began getting in. At this, one girl got out of the car and sat in the back, telling me to sit with her, and ordering my friend to sit in the front with the other chick. We told them where we wanted to go, and as we were coming up to our stop, I pointed it out to the chick who was driving. The chick sitting in the back with me suddenly proceeded to unzip my pants, exposing my half-hard penis. She began to feel me gently, and I was hard as hell in no time. The chick in the front had done the same to my friend, who was beginning to undress her.

I finally noted to myself that we were quite far from our destination, but who cared! I then suggested that we pull into a secluded spot in a wooded area. My friend had gotten the chick who was driving so hot that we were swaying all over the road. I told her where to go and she barely heard me since she was so hot. But we finally got on the way. The chick with me started sucking my cock, gently swirling her tongue around the head, until I came violently. She swallowed the whole load and seemed to enjoy every bit of it.

I climbed on top of her and began to undress her. By the time I had all her clothes off we had reached the wooded area. I heard moaning in the front seat and saw that my friend was fucking the other chick already!

I began licking my chick's pussy. I found and licked her clit and she came almost immediately. She had the most violent and enjoyable orgasm I'd ever seen in my life! By this time I was quite hard again. I got on top of her and began fucking her. She was moving all over the backseat and we fell on the floor. It was unbelievable how much she was squirming all over, and I was enjoying every hot, throbbing minute of it. We both came at the same time, and she shook even more!

I was tired from all the action, but she felt and licked my cock and balls. I was hard once again. She told me to lie on my stomach and I did. She

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started to feel my ass with her fingers, then to lick and kiss it. After ten or fifteen minutes of this (who the hell cared about time, anyway!), she had me lie on my back and gave me another blow job, only this time before I came she pulled her mouth away and took all my sperm in her hand. Then she rubbed it all over her breasts and abdomen. This really turned me on again, so I began licking and kissing her breasts. She almost went wild! I ate her out, and we fucked again. When we were finally through with hours of balling and making out, the girls took us home. I hope that all hitchhikers have an experience like ours. It was really beautiful!—*M.K., Verona, N.J.*

The happy hustler

I have been an avid *Penthouse* fan for years but I do not masturbate in blenders or screw women with baseball bats. I am one of those rather strange men who feels that one should give a woman a little consideration in and out of bed. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those men who neglect their wives in bed and insist on fucking their wives with the consideration of a bull elephant. Their lack of interest in satisfying their women has helped to fill my bed with women wanting a decent fuck.

You see I am a young man in my early twenties who supplements his income by satisfying these frustrated women. Give me a woman who's thirty-two, or older, any day. Not only are older women more appreciative than their younger tight-assed counterparts, but on the whole they are much better lays. Now don't get me wrong. I like young women also but I am not blind to the attributes of an older woman. Take more time with your women in the bed, give them consideration and respect and you will make fewer trips to the bathroom to jerk off after she has told you that she's tired.—*M.C., Charlotte, N.C.*

A doll's house

I am writing to tell you what my husband and I do for kicks—maybe it will give the readers some ideas. My husband is twenty-seven and so am I, and we both agree as to who will wear the pants in this house. Me, of course!

When we had our home built out in the remote hill country, I ordered that one whole wall of the bedroom be a one-way mirror on the other side of which was another large bedroom. The former was my bedroom, the latter my husband's.

My husband goes wild when he sees me make it with other men. Knowing this, two or three times a week I bring an acquaintance or pickup to my bedroom about fifteen minutes before Ed gets home from work. Ed looks beautiful in drag and together we look smashing. So Ed always goes right to his bedroom to get dolled up. By this time I am usually on my knees greedily blowing my pickup's dick. Usually I can maneuver it so the guy I'm sucking off has his back up against the mirror and I am looking right into my husband's eyes on the other side of the glass. Although I can't see him, I know that his seeing me hungrily blowing his black accountant will give him a hard-on that doesn't quit. Ed can wear my dresses as we are both the same size (9), and usually he has one on while watching me blow some other guy. After my "date" leaves, I whack the daylights out of Ed's pretty, pantied fanny, and then he eats me out.

Many times after dinner we go out on a "date" to pick up unsuspecting guys who we bring home. We give them (and ourselves) a real treat. Ed becomes "Winnie" and we put on a real show for our two friends. I wear over-the-knee, lace-up, black boots with black opera hose and a silky black short dress. Winnie is the submissive, feminine partner who wears sheer pink nylons, little white pumps, a short hot-pink slip and skirt,

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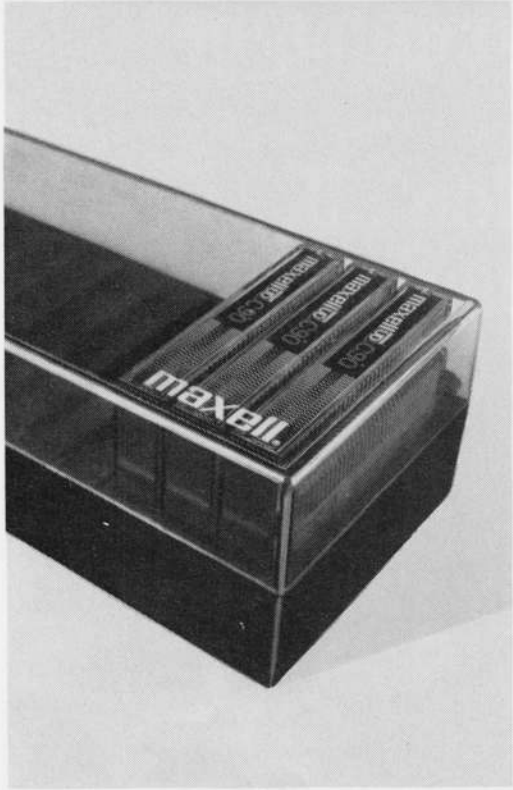

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and a see-through chiffon blouse. Winnie kneels before my whip and I instruct her to pull down my ruby-red panties and start eating cunt. By this time, our two pickups are cuckoo-eyed and have their tongues hanging out. Winnie eats until I release my clasp on her blond hair faking a tumultuous orgasm.

Winnie hangs her head in submission while I commence blowing one of our friends on my knees while the other guy fucks me in the rear. Then when the two guys get off, I have the one who did my fanny go over to the kneeling Winnie and I suggest why we tie her up on her stomach on the bed so the guys can butt fuck "her."

After this, I invite the two pickups to leave and then I spank the stuffing out of Winnie.—*Name and address withheld*

What you see is what you get . . .

Twelve of my buddies and I are sophomores at a small college nestled in the foothills of the Alleghenies. When we were freshmen we formed an intramural softball team which we called The Bench since we would have been on the bench on any other team. After a 25–0 loss in our first game it looked like we would be the doormat of the league.

In the meantime, we had always joked about getting ball girls. At least it was a joke until the second game when one of the guys showed up with what proved to be just that, The Bench Ball Girl. She had a great figure and huge jugs. Frenchy (his nickname) told us that he had been to a party the night before where he had met Jackie and jokingly offered to make her the official Bench Ball Girl. To his surprise, and subsequently to ours, she accepted! We were all skeptical until she proved to be as good as her word after our next game.

We lost by eight runs but had scored two of our own. While sitting in one of the dorm rooms discussing the game, Jackie proclaimed that it was time she earned her title. And boy, did she! She reached her hand into the pants of the guy nearest to her and proceeded to beat his meat. She then proceeded to do the same for everyone who had gotten a hit. For those who had earned an RBI there was a special reward as she led the object of his manhood to her full warm lips. Two hours, six handfuls, and two mouthfuls later, we begged her to go further with every guy on the team. But that, she said, was a special reward reserved for the end of the season.

Well, needless to say, such an incentive led us to a hitting streak you wouldn't believe, and we almost emerged as the champions. But as long as we were rewarded for just hitting the ball we were satisfied. But when the season was over we looked with anticipation toward the party we had planned and the special reward we had been promised. Two hours and a quarter-keg after we had started, Jackie finally showed up. We wasted no time demanding our reward. But to everyone's dismay she refused, saying that the promise had been made on the condition that we became champions.

Amid our loud protestations, Frenchy, who was roaring drunk, grabbed at her and pulled back. He emerged with his hands full of blouse and bra. But no one said a word as we all stared speechless. Bouncing across the floor were her beautiful set of jugs! She was flat as a board! Frenchy hadn't even noticed and was not to be denied. He lunged at her skirt and off it came. To our dismay this act displayed a jock, and it wasn't used to keep her hair in place! Our ball girl was a ball boy! We couldn't believe it! Our Jackie was a Jack and we were all jack-offs! You can bet we'll screen any future applicants more carefully before we accept them as Bench Ball Girls!—*The Bench, address withheld*

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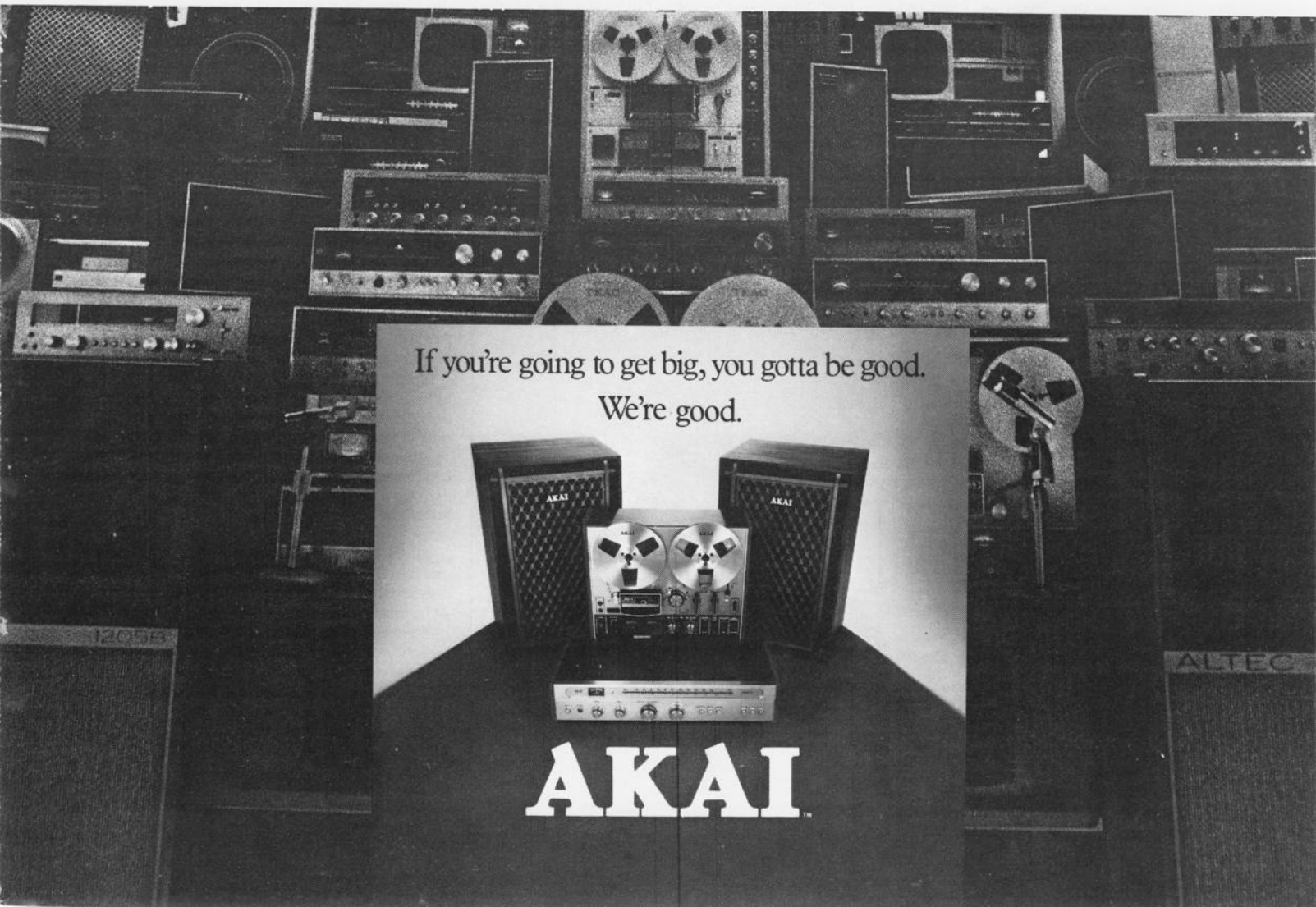


. . . pleasure or perversion?

I am a male student at the University of Toledo and I recently had a very weird experience in my dormitory. I was cramming for exams one night and to take a break from my studies I walked down the hall to see who was doing what. I stopped at the drinking fountain where I encountered a very horny black girl. She asked me my name and I told her. Then I asked her what hers was and she told me it was Andy. We began talking and she asked me if I would like to have some fun. By this time I was so turned on I could no longer resist. We went into my room and I began to strip. To my surprise she kept her clothes on. I asked her why and she said she was having her period. This immediately shot down my ultrahard erection. She then said she would blow me (which would at least salvage part of the night). So I kept right on stripping.

She began sucking my cock with her big soft lips and I thought that I would go insane with pleasure. I finally came and she took it all in her mouth and kept right on sucking until I was hard again. After about another fifteen minutes, I came again, and this one was even better than the first. While I was coming I was grabbing her ass and everything else I could get my hands on, but she was positioning herself in such a way so that I couldn't get down her pants or blouse. She finally finished her work (which was great) and said she had to leave and go see a friend. The whole thing was so unreal because I had only looked forward to a hard night of studying.

The next day I was the talk of the dormitory. Everybody was envious because they didn't see this chick first and they asked how it all happened. I felt great because I had scored a really great unexpected blow job.

It wasn't until a few days later that I found out the weirdest thing I ever imagined could happen to me. The girl was really a guy dressed like a girl. I said they were crazy but the more I thought about it, the more I thought she was a guy.

Well, at any rate, it was one of the best blow jobs I ever had and if she ever comes around again I might be ready.—*Name withheld, University of Toledo, Ohio*

Texas tales

I have been an avid reader of your Forum for quite a while so I feel it is about time that I contributed something.

I am a student at the University of Texas at Austin and as a result I have classes in large auditoriums. One day we were scheduled to view a film and as I walked into this large room, my eye was caught by this beautiful blond who had a figure you just wouldn't believe. Naturally, I sat down next to her and tried to get to know her a little better.

We were carrying on an avid conversation when the lights went off for the film. It wasn't but thirty seconds later when I felt a hand creeping up my leg to my crotch. Needless to say, it was the beautiful blond sitting next to me. She unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock, which by then was hard as a rock. She bent over and gave me the best hand and blow job combination I have ever had. In my excitement, it wasn't long before I shot my load right in her mouth. Fortunately, it was very dark and the people around us couldn't see what was going on.

Next she guided my hand to her vagina which was dripping wet. As I played with her clitoris she became more and more excited until she actually climbed on top of my cock which was hard again, and we both fucked very quietly till we had a satisfying orgasm.

Believe me, I was extremely glad the film was long and the room was dark and not too crowded. The only part I regret is that I missed the film and the points on the next exam. But I think it was worth it, don't you?—*R.T.G., Austin, Texas*

. . . tonsorial Texans

The last time I got a haircut is an experience worth sharing with your readers. For several weeks I had noticed a new barbershop near my bus stop. Or rather, I had noticed that both the barbers at this shop were good-looking females. My curiosity got the best of me and I finally stopped in there for a haircut. It began normally enough as I watched the blond move around me intent on her duties. She began trimming my sideburns and I got my first look at her heavy boobs. I remember thinking how great it would be to go to bed with her.

As I became aroused, I moved my hand to loosen my briefs, which were now binding somewhat. I didn't expect that she'd notice this because I was covered with a large sheet to keep the hair from falling on my clothes. However, she caught a glimpse of my movement in the mirror, and things soon began to get interesting.

She leaned across my chest to trim my forehead and the view I got of those luscious melons was almost too much. When she put her hand on my thigh to steady herself as she continued trimming, I thought I'd explode. She leaned even further across in front of me and pressed her boobs into my chest, and as she did so, I placed a hand on her side to help steady her. To my surprise she jumped back.

I was somewhat embarrassed, but she asked if I might be interested in the deluxe haircut for ten dollars more. Of course, I said I would. After collecting the additional fee, she locked the door and closed the blinds. Her sister barber excused herself and went into the back room. I could hardly contain the hard-on in my pants.

She then undid her unform to reveal the most gorgeous set of tits I'd ever seen. I too began to undress, but she stopped me by saying that I was paying her, and she would do all the "work." She reached over and undid my pants and slid them down around my feet. Then she began preparing me for a shave. At first I hesitated, but after some gentle persuasion on the head of my cock, I allowed her to proceed. In a few moments, I was pubic hairless. She then removed her slacks and panties, and to my pleasure, I saw she was cleanshaven.

We then fucked on the floor till the second barber returned to tell us that it was closing time, and I have since returned for several deluxe haircuts. Only female barbers for me!—*Bill, Austin, Texas*

The *only* way to fly

I am twenty-three years old and wish to relate my first experience with bisexuality which convinced me it's the only way to fly.

My friend Tim invited me to see the country for an hour from the twin-engine Piper Aztec he had leased. At the airport, I was introduced to his stepsister Janet and her girl friend Mary Ann, who were coming for a ride. I sat in the back of the four-seater beside Mary Ann, a cool brunette with medium-sized tits and a slim round ass.

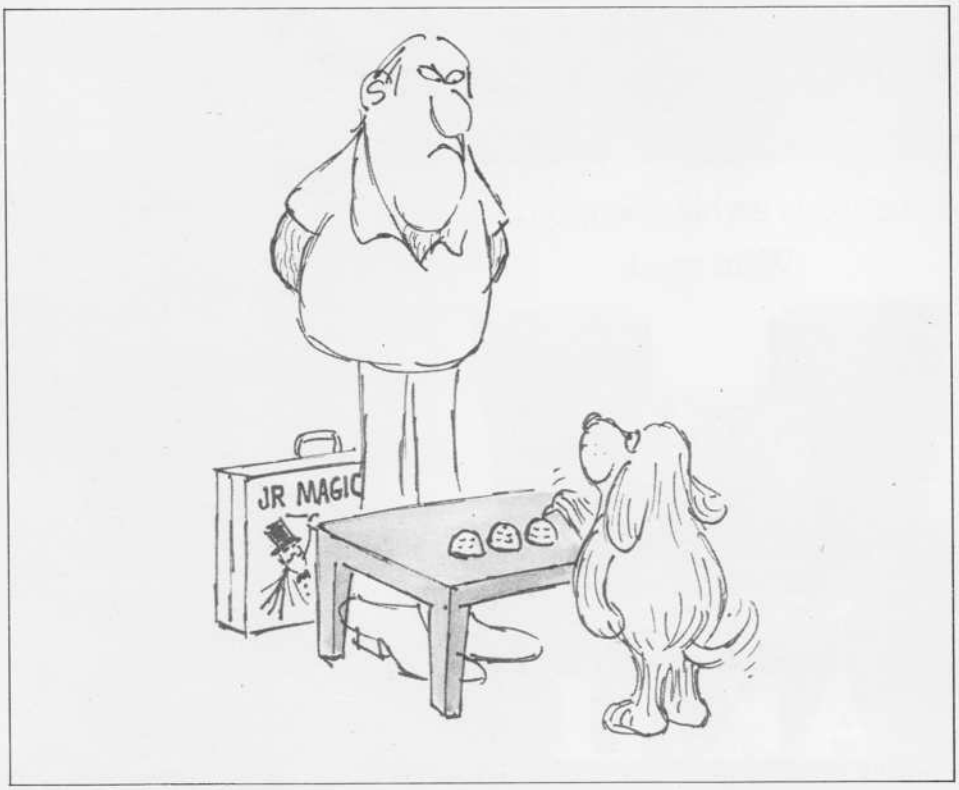
Janet is a well-built blond with a pouting mouth and big eyes that almost melted me. She slid into the front seat and we were airborne in minutes.

Mary Ann and I were getting along great and I was getting horny looking ahead to the possibilities of the coming evening. Suddenly she undid her seatbelt and moved right beside me and licked me tenderly with her tongue.

She sensed my instant hard-on, undid my seatbelt and pants, and started playing with my cock. Hoping she would put her mouth on it, I was surprised when Janet looked at us and crawled in back.

She melted me at once with her eyes and proceeded to give me a beautiful blow job, wrapping her sensual tongue around the head of my cock. At the same time she was fingering Mary Ann who had her pants all the way off. I almost exploded to see her beautiful pink cunt being teased by another girl. After another minute of Janet's lips, I exploded like a volcano in her throat. Tim was super-horny and had his dick sticking in the air. Janet suggested that I blow him and I suggested Mary Ann eat Janet's cunt. It was a bit tricky getting arranged, but soon everybody had come at least once, and we headed for home.

We didn't get to see much countryside—mostly just a lot of *bush*.



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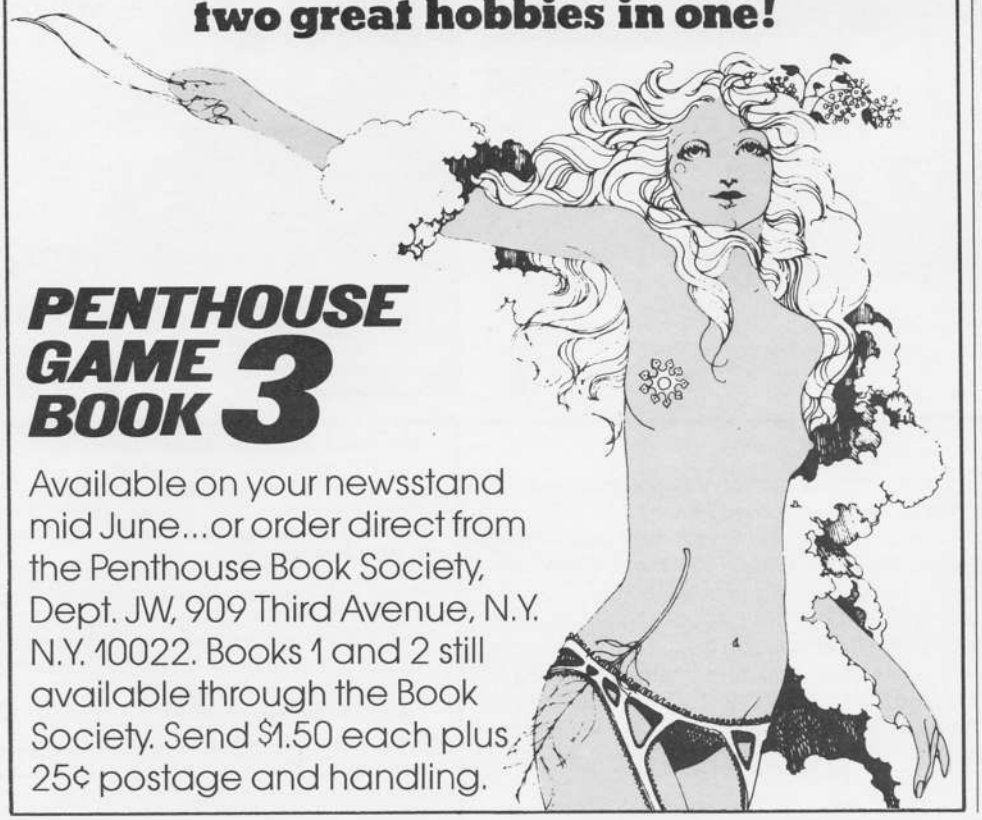
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We all get it on now on the ground—where it's safe. We try so many super variations we can't remember who was eating and fucking who. But I'll never forget my initiation into the "mile high club."—*Name and address withheld*

Masturbation fascination . . .

I wonder if any of your readers have ever discovered this wonderful way of self-stimulation. One desperate night about a month ago, I was watching TV when a commercial showed a woman pulling out the center of a loaf of bread. This gave me a great idea!

I ran to the kitchen and grabbed a loaf of Italian bread. I cut off one end and hollowed out the center to the approximate width of my organ, which was stiffening in eager participation! Once hollowed out, I generously spread soft butter around the inside of the loaf, slid the bread over my shaft, and manipulated it until my proud peter exploded with warm, thick relief!

A few days later my girl and I were trying to think of new "pathways" to pleasure when I told her of my "loneliness lover." She demanded to see it in action! So we bought a fresh loaf, prepared it, stripped, and I started the then familiar routine. She was so turned on, she started eating the bread from the other end, and upon reaching my cock, she started licking and sucking the head. This gave me such a strong and violent orgasm that I was almost *blown* over! After we recovered, my girl friend told me the butter gave my organ and its juice a rich, sweet flavor.

It is now a regular practice, whether my girl is in town or not! I hope your readers will find this pleasing, but here are some hints for the horny: 1) Use a fresh loaf, for hard, stale bread will cause pain and minor lacerations. 2) Warm the butter to room temperature first, for cold butter causes quite a shock.—*B.D.F., address withheld*

. . . Jello jollies

While attending college last year, I lived off campus in an apartment with two other guys. One day, while reading one of the many porno books that circulate in an all male apartment, I got an idea. I went to the corner store and bought the necessary articles. Taking a balloon, I filled it as full as I could with Jello. Then in water-balloon style I stuck it on the faucet and filled it with water. Instead of tying the end of the balloon in a knot (because it would burst when cut) I tied it closed with a piece of string. After a reasonable hardening time in the refrigerator I was ready for my experiment.

Being an athlete I had a vibrator on hand to relieve muscle spasms. I untied the balloon and slipped my cock into the balloon and set it on the vibrator. It was a bit cold at first, but after a few seconds the vibrations were all I could sense. When I came, it was like the Fourth of July. I've done it many times since and each time it gets better. I hope to get some feedback on this fantastic form of self-stimulation.—*Name and address withheld*

Female forum

After reading *Boob talk* in the February issue, I felt I had to write to you in reply. I think that lady has a problem! She's confusing sex with intellect. Most men that I have come in contact with happen to like women who look like women.

For instance, take a woman who walks into a room filled with people. Size ten or not, the gents aren't gonna be looking at her brain size. She comes in wearing a suit-type outfit. She gets introduced to a few men, and she starts showing her smarts by quoting the latest stock market figures, or whatever. If the same girl wore a slinky low-cut outfit with half her boobs showing, she'd be really smart if she didn't do very much talking at all.

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Admit it or not, but nine out of ten men aren't interested in your brain. They're more tuned in to a cute little ass, nice boobs, and sexy eyes. Personally, I don't mind men's eyes twinkling when they look at my big boobs. It makes me feel very much the traditional woman, and as for being a sex object, if you're really a modern woman why don't you look at those men as sex objects too. Equal rights you know. I am Big Boobs and proud of it.—*Randa Mabrey, address withheld*

. . . our bodies for ourselves

I'm a twenty-two-year-old nursing student (female), and I had my first gay experience last night with my roommate. The reason I'm writing is to tell your other female readers what a gas it is. Don't mistake me, I still love big, hard cocks and won't go gay, but it sure is a treat now and then.

My roommate Ellen just exudes sex. She's a topless dancer and waitress who gets really big tips because she can turn the guys on with just a wiggle of her ass. She has giant tits, which doesn't hurt, either.

We were sitting around our apartment smoking lots of dope and being really bored. After our fourth joint we began to talk about sex and we both commented how horny we were. I told her how great it would be if there was a guy in the room with us right then. We were both too stoned to get us a guy, or even move from her waterbed where we were sitting, so it was just a fantasy. Anyway, I told Ellen about what I'd do to a big cock if it was dangling in front of my face right then. Then she told me what she'd do. Any red-blooded guy would have creamed in his jeans just hearing us talk about it. We both got incredibly worked up, and knew deep down inside that we'd either end up masturbating together, or in each other's arms.

Ellen was wearing real short shorts that just let the bottom curve of her ass hang out and she swiveled around in the bed to let me get a better look. Teasing is her profession and she's a pro. Then she began to move her hips around and really spread her legs so I could get a good look up her shorts at her pubic hair.

I told her how much she was turning me on and asked her to dance for me. She got up and put on a record, while I put on a pair of scanty panties. I just let my tits hang free, so Ellen could see the hard nipples. She began to do this really sexy, teasing dance that would have got her busted if she tried to do it at the club where she works. I was in the bed massaging my pussy, when she asked me if I would take off her shorts.

Next thing I knew she was lying back on the bed and I had my tongue buried in her wet, sweet cunt. She had two orgasms before I came up for air. Soon we were 69ing and licking each other's nipples. We spent the next few hours just playing with each other in the raunchiest way we could.

Now I guess we're lovers as well as roommates. The novelty sure hasn't worn off, and as soon as Ellen comes home from work, I plan to be dressed and looking as sexy as I can because I want her to crave my body. And I don't feel a bit of shame. How can you be shameful about the best pussy licking you've ever had in your life?—*Name withheld, Austin, Texas*

. . . sweet sweat

I've been following the comments in Forum over the last few months on odors (pussy and otherwise). This prompts me to make what is probably a rather naive observation, but I've been naive most of my life, and was never more so than at the time I made my discovery. Odor in the human sexual world is just as important as in the rest of the animal kingdom. The first thing I notice about a guy is his physical build. However, the very second thing is when I notice how he smells—just

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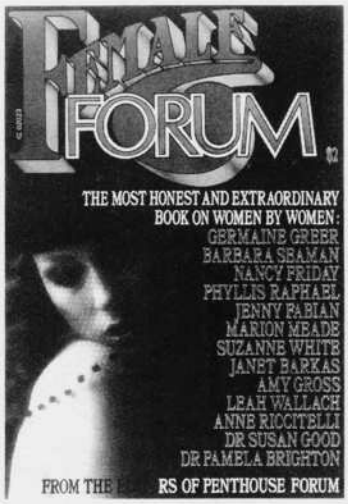

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his own sexy, natural odor! I remember snuggling up to my first real boyfriend (and real love) and telling him that not only was I mad about his devastating good-looks but he also smelled so damn good that I thought they ought to distill him into a perfume! The way he smelled drove me wild. I never make love twice with a guy whose odor, as he sweats on me, doesn't turn me on, while a guy whose scent does appeal to me would seem twice as sexy!—*Name withheld, Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Phallic follies

I'm a teaching assistant in the English Department here at a midwestern university, and I've been reading the letters you've been printing lately concerning teacher-student relations. I'd like to share with your readers an experience I had lately in one of my composition classes. It all started one late Friday afternoon in my final class of the day when I was teaching a short story by D. H. Lawrence, and trying to get across the concept of a phallic symbol. I picked up one of the blackboard erasers and said, "In the hands of a writer like Lawrence, even this could be a penis symbol." The class was a slow one, and I thought everybody in there was bored stiff, like me.

But in the back of the room I saw one of my more attractive female students smiling at me in a rather peculiar way. Her name was Anita, and though she always wore slacks, today she had on a short dress, and her long slender legs caught my attention—to the point that I kept forgetting what I'd just been talking about. Finally, after I'd dismissed the class early, I saw her lingering after the others had hurried out. As I erased the board, she walked up next to me and took the eraser out of my hand: "I like the way you handle that," she said.

Well, to make a long story short, I agreed to give her some "tutorial" help that night in my office. Now, the teaching assistants here all share one big office (a fine but not too private place), and when I arrived there that night I saw my friend (who I'll call Jim) at his desk. I quickly explained the situation to him, and he said he wanted to hang around to catch the action. "Okay," I said, "but I want you to keep out of sight—at least for a while." He agreed to hide behind a desk. It was just in time, for I heard footsteps coming down the hall. Anita stepped into the office, but she had someone with her, another female who was (if possible) even more gorgeous. They both had on long coats so that I couldn't see at first what they were wearing underneath.

"This is Anne," she said. "I hope you won't mind—she needs help in English, too." I nodded. Anita then turned and closed the office door. She and her friend looked at each other, then at me, then suddenly whipped off their coats—and I was shocked to see they had nothing on at all except for high patent-leather boots. Anne immediately sat up on a desk, and as I watched the movements of her beautiful young cunt facing right at me, I developed an erection that almost ripped the front off my pants. Anita sat on the desk next to Anne—and there, in front of me—was the most fabulous display of fresh, feminine flesh I'd ever witnessed.

When I was thinking about what to do next, I saw Jim's face appear between the two pair of bulbous, golden breasts. His eyes betrayed what he had on his mind. He went behind Anne and placed his arms around her, settling both hands on the young, erect breasts. Anne squealed and jumped. I said, "It's okay. He can help you with your English. . . ." He pulled her against him and she started to moan as he caressed each breast. Anita giggled, jumped off the desk, and walked over to me. She stood between my spread legs, placed her hand on my crotch, and began to rub

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slowly in a circular motion. Anita smiled as I picked her up and set her on the desk. Her legs brushed against some composition textbooks and sent them sprawling across the floor. We both laughed. I then got on top of her and entered as quickly as possible. She was hotter than I was, really wet between the legs, and sweating like mad. The themes on the desk beneath us were sticking to her back, and I could hear them crumpling under her churning hips. Over on the other desk Anne was reaching her second or third climax from the sounds of it, and I could see papers flying all over the place. Jim was laughing and shouting lines from somewhere in *Don Juan*. Anita, too, had climaxed violently, just as I had come in what seemed like torrents (Kansas cunt can really do it to you). Exhausted, we sat up on the desk. The papers on the desk were stained and wrinkled. Jim and Anne were now down on the floor, and Anne was certainly learning something about phallic symbols.

We switched partners after a while, and eventually all four of us ended up in a heap on the floor together, squirming and laughing and fucking like mad. At one point I recall both girls were tonguing my cock while Jim entered Anne from behind. As it happened, we both came at the same time—I in Anne's hot mouth and Jim in her steamy cunt. It was a fantastic night, and we've repeated it several times since (on other desks).

Anita definitely is going to get herself an A, but we can't do much for Anne: her teacher's an old lady who would probably have a heart attack if she had any idea what went on in the office that night.—*Name and address withheld*

Military maneuvers . . . at Garmisch

I have been reading *Penthouse* for quite some time now, and have enjoyed reading most of the articles. However, in all the time I have been reading *Penthouse*, I have not read a story such as the one I will tell you.

Being in the army has its ups and downs when you're stationed in Germany. When I took a trip to the Armed Forces Recreation Resort in Garmisch, what happened to me there was one of the up times. I went there to take skiing lessons, and the first day I learned all the basic stuff, such as how to stop, turn, etc. I figured I would get out on the slope ahead of all the other beginners and do a little bit of practice before the hill got too crowded. The hill looked easy enough, so I started on my way down with no problem, and it was when I reached the bottom that I found out differently.

At the bottom of the hill was this real foxy-looking broad, so I tried to outdo myself. Once reaching the very bottom I finally got a better look at my one-person audience. This chick had the most succulent set of tits protruding from her sweater that I almost ran into a tree while I was hawking them over. After coming to a complete stop she approached me and said that I must be the new instructor since the other instructor was down sick, and I had handled myself so professionally coming down the slope. I told her that anybody could go down that slope since it was for beginners. Pointing to a sign she said, "Don't shit me. That sign says professional slope."

At that time my knees turned to jello. After getting my shit together I said, "So you want to learn how to ski like that? Okay, I'll try my best to teach you." One thing led to another, and another, and it was at this time that I noticed that her suit was starting to come unzipped. (My lizard was about to jump out of its cage.) When she turned to face me she noticed this huge bulge in my pants, and without further agony she came over and withdrew my protractor from its home. My hands were also doing some exploring over her little fur burger, and not to mention those watermelon-sized lungs of hers. We were both hot and ready to get down to the business at hand. We finally managed to shed our clothes without ripping them, and started fucking on the pro slope under a pine tree. We must have fucked for an hour or so with two climaxes past, when suddenly the snow under us gave way and sent us down the hill with me still banging away in all my glory. When we came to the end of the slope we had our third and last climax with about two inches of snow between us. After getting dressed we went back to my hotel room to shower and freshen up, and she finally asked me if I could teach her to ski like a pro without any interference from our bodies.

It was at this time I got around to telling her that I wasn't the instructor and the hill I went down was an accident, because if I had known it was not for beginners, I wouldn't have gone down it in the first place. Before I left Garmisch to report back for duty, we made love four times a day in the remaining three days that I had left. And up to this day, she still thinks I was bullshitting her about not being the *skiing* instructor.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . at Okinawa

I have read some very strange and bizarre articles in this column, and I would like to pass on to the readers an experience which I had.

I am a serviceman stationed in Okinawa, Japan. Well, one night about five of us went downtown to Koza City and we met up with a few Okinawan women. We took a cab to the Hilton Hotel, and after a couple of bottles and a couple of joints, we were all feeling pretty loose. Then one of the guys came up with a new party game called "musical face."

It is based on the same principle as the kid's game of musical chairs except it goes as follows: five guys lie down on the floor while six nude women march around them to the music. When the music stops, all the women rush to sit on a guy's face, who in turn performs cunnilingus on her. The unfortunate woman who doesn't get a guy and the last guy who has a woman sit on his face are out. Then the game resumes with four guys and five women and keeps going till one dude and two women are left.

I thought I'd let a few people know about this game because if you get a buzz on, it can be fun. The only thing to remember is to be careful of your noses.—*Name withheld, M.C.B. 40, Delta Co.*

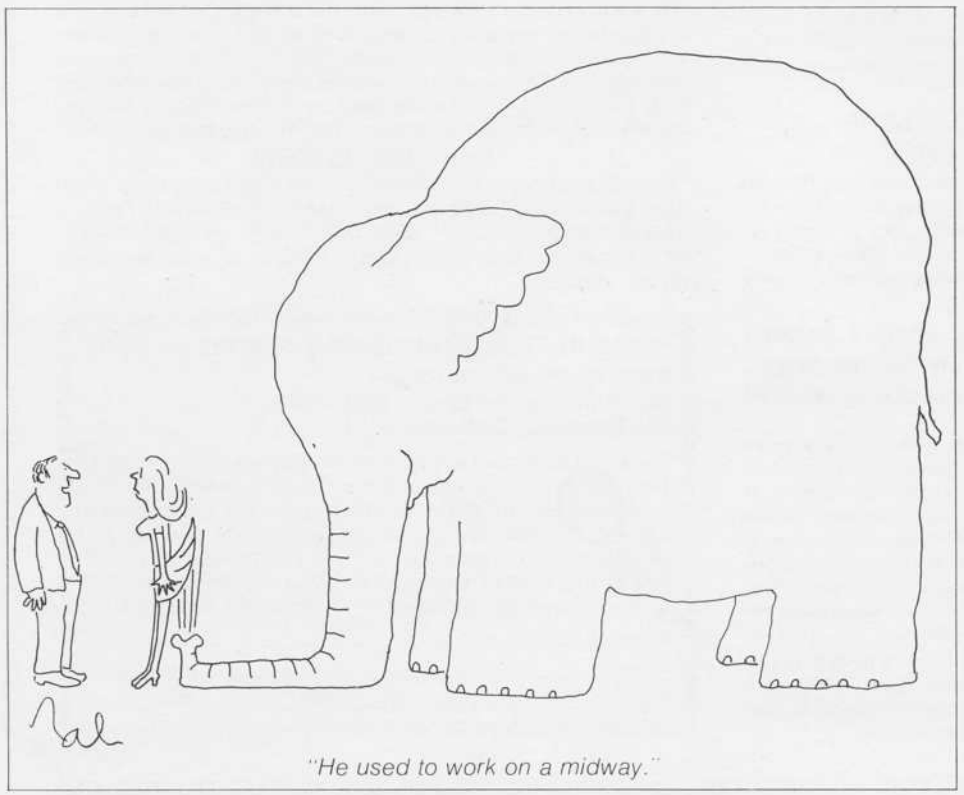
. . . R&R

I would like to tell the readers of *Penthouse* about one of the kinkiest sexual experiences I have ever had. I am an officer in the army and last weekend I was on leave visiting three wild and fun-loving chicks in Boston. All three of us engaged in all forms of lovemaking with me as the center of attraction.

The next day Lorraine (her real name) and I decided to tour the Boston waterfront to get some lobster for my birthday dinner. It would be just the two of us because Pat and Sandy had dates for the evening. We found a waterfront shop and bought two live lobsters to cook at the girls' apartment.

We returned home and since we had several hours before dinner, we put a two-pound and three-pound lobster in the bathtub. There they were splashing around in the tub, and there we were—a soldier back from a lonely assignment and a very sexy and uninhibited brunette.

We tore off our clothes and smothered each other with kisses. Lorraine decided to cool off and she jumped in the tub. I screamed at her to watch out for the lobsters, but to my surprise she placed one on her firm belly and really enjoyed having it crawl all over her body. Its feelers and feet scampered over her creamy breasts and played with her furry mound. She invited me in and before I knew what was happening, she shoved a lobster between my legs. At first I was extremely apprehensive about having a lobster stroking its feelers on my penis, but it created sensations that rippled through my body. Lorraine loosened the plug controlling the claws and let it pinch her nipples. It drove her wild. I loosened the plug on my lobster's claw and wrapped it around my seven-inch organ. What a fantastic sensation as its claw stroked me up and down. Higher and higher we went until we both collapsed in each other's arms after reaching the most powerful orgasm we both have ever experienced. As for the lobsters, we boiled them for dinner and as we ate



"He used to work on a midway."

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them we thought of the afternoon we had spent together with two creatures of the balmy deep. *—Name withheld, Fort Meade, Md.*

Viet vets . . . army pride

In my opinion the army doesn't make or break a man. People set their own values from what they have learned.

The letter from the young man in the Maryland correctional training center was disgusting. Does he really think the American people want to listen to excuses as to who is to blame for his mistakes? He says he incurred the drug habit while "in faithful and observant" duty to his country. I would like to know how faithful and observant he could have been while stoned.

I would also like to venture to say that this individual was probably in trouble prior to his entering the army. I would also venture to say that if you checked the statistics of veterans who are in jail, you would probably find that they were in trouble before the army ever got hold of them.

I wish some people would get off the charge that the army is a breeding ground for killers and drug addicts. The army is a proud profession and career. I'm a staff sergeant in the army and a Vietnam veteran *without* a drug problem. If anyone would like to see today's army, I welcome them to visit the Rangers at Fort Stewart, Georgia. *—Steven Bishop, Ft. Stewart, Ga.*

. . . artificial arbitration

While you are training your big guns on the problems of the vets, start looking into military law in general. As a prison guard in the maximum security section, I saw a lot of wrong being done as far as legal and constitutional rights are concerned. People were being proven guilty of things they had never done. It is a constitutional right to be innocent until proven guilty, but this is not so in the military as you may already know. Facts, witnesses, and alibis are often fixed to fit the needed conviction.

The defense lawyer that the military assigns to a person is more concerned with his military career than with the client. I have seen many guys doing time for something they have never done and know nothing about. I even ran across a few guys I know from other commands. It was very sad to see them and be unable to help.

The military is a comedy act from the start. The officers and senior staff NCO's are all booze hounds and they chase the junior enlisted men around trying to catch them taking drugs. It is a never ending circle. This is also why a lot of staff and officers got a lot more shots fired at them overseas. The junior men were helping the gooks get rid of the rats.

There are two brands of law in the service, one for staff and above, and one for the enlisted or "flunkies." In the time I spent in the service I have never met a cool or honest officer. When enlisted into the service, the officer is given a big can of whitewash and the enlisted man is issued a bigger drum of Vaseline! So bend over because "it's a small price to pay to be part of the world's finest."*—R. Formosa, Portsmouth, N.H.*

. . . "Show us how to help"

I am a twenty-three-year-old female who has spent two years in the service. I now work for the Veteran's Administration as a nurse, and I thought that I had seen most of what the Vietnam War was all about. I find I was *very* wrong.

Your articles on the Vietnam vet were far beyond excellent. I, like so many others, feel they should be mandatory reading for each and every American. They have expressed what many have been unable to say: that the Vietnam vet feels very dejected. I am presently dating a former staff sergeant who was in Nam approximately one year. How many times can one individual live through the hell of one year? How many times can he wake up in the middle of the night strangling someone he loves and totally unaware of his actions? We have to realize that there are innumerable scars left by a war no one understood. The psychiatrists can't understand. They've never lived through it. Not one person can fully understand the emotional stress and the *ghosts* that haunt these men. No one can understand the dreams and nightmares these men continually experience. No one except a true Vietnam vet.

My question is this: Would it be possible to run one or two articles on the female side of the whole affair? I mean, not the female veteran, but the female who must help the vet return to society and rid himself of nicknames like "the executioner." Women must now accept things about their men that we never thought would be necessary before —like the sudden, wide-eyed awakenings in the middle of the night. (Don't ever sneak up behind a Vietnam vet. You'll experience some pain.)

I believe this would help many wives and girl friends to understand their men and make them able to meet daily life more easily. Show us how to help these men we love. It's just a thought. After all, we most thoroughly enjoyed your articles on the Vietnam vet, and we would like to see them continued in one light or another.*—Name and address withheld*

Was Oswald innocent?

Although the bold type declares "Lee Harvey Oswalk Was Innocent," the text of George O'Toole's April article fell short of that momumental conclusion. I don't mean to put down the article which was almost worth the copy price alone. But too much has been left unsaid about what went on in Oswald's mind.

As O'Toole's own research indicates ("Assuming that he [Oswald] was not suffering from a psychopathological condition that made him ignorant of his own actions. . . ."), Oswald may very likely have been telling the truth as he believed it to be. There is absolutely no serious evidence that Oswald was not mentally warped during and after the assassination. His absolute coolness when confronted by an armed officer in the lunchroom, and his absolute indifference to the tumultuous events happening in the midst of the book depository should indicate a possible state of psychosis. Read the Warren Commission Report, Appendix XIII, "Biography of Lee Harvey Oswald." It certainly doesn't support his innocence if you are inclined to accept the contents as factual. Congratulations for an interesting article. *—David C. Matteson, Sr., Warwick, R.I.*

". . . and to my nephew, the hemophiliac, my controlling stock in the Hodgkins Styptic Pencil Factory."

I am a high school student who has been studying the Kennedy assassination for over a year now. I found Mr. O'Toole's article very interesting and informative. I cannot understand how or why the Warren Commission came up with the conclusion that it did. It seems to me the commission knew what happened, and yet ignored the evidence. Could they have done it on purpose? Or was it plain ignorance.

President Ford was on the commission, and I wonder if he still feels the commission was correct in its conclusion. I feel they should reopen the case and find out who framed Oswald, and assassinated President Kennedy.*—Jeff Montgomery, Hollywood, Calif.*

On behalf of myself and a circle of friends, I wish to express our sincere gratitude for your article by George O'Toole entitled *Lee Harvey Oswald Was Innocent*. There are far too many unanswered questions and inconsistencies regarding the assassination of President John Kennedy that far too many Americans are unaware of. I am glad that Mr. O'Toole and *Penthouse* have the guts to bring some of these discrepancies out into the open. *—Bob Fleming, Lodi, N.J.*

When John Kennedy was assassinated, I was only thirteen. Somehow, I knew just from the television coverage that Oswald was arrested to satisfy the public, and to lead us to believe that Dallas police were top job cops.

Fortunately other people such as Garrison didn't believe it. Facts presented over the years,

even without the help of the PSE, have made it clear in my mind that this assassination was very well thought out. Oswald was a setup, just by being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Another question on my mind is why did Jack Ruby really kill Oswald? How did he gain admission to where the Dallas police were so securely guarding Oswald? Was Jack Ruby's death natural or induced? These questions (and there are too many more) deserved to be answered. We've been lied to enough.—*S. Burch, Huntington Beach, Calif.*

Vidal issues

Even what a very bright guy like Gore Vidal says can turn out to be a crock of shit. For example in his April interview he says the revolution is coming soon. "It's unavoidable," he says. "We're running out of energy."

Our scarcity of energy right now is man-made, premeditated, well organized, and very well propagandized. Tankers can't land here and are being turned back because our storage tanks cannot take any more oil.

In July 1973, *The Economist* (an English magazine) published a long article predicting exactly what would happen and it did. There is no true energy crisis right *now*. Check the oil and petroleum journals.—*J. Sloves, Pompano Beach, Fla.*

Since I have been meaning to write you for some time, I decided it was time to get off my ass and do so. Reading Gore Vidal's April interview, I must disagree with his views on homosexuals.

The gay movement will continue to grow, but the male aspect will eventually be eradicated. Society will still be male dominated, with women being tolerated, but unless the power structure is completely reversed we will see only lesbians in the near future—male homosexuals perhaps being subject to severe punishments if they are found out. The "American heterosexual dictatorship" will be preserved, and women, in spite of so-called "women's lib," will be kept in their places.—*Richard L. Hansen, Salt Lake City, Utah*

Give us liberty!

Every day in almost every state of the union some little old lady writes a letter to the FCC complaining about the licentiousness on television. The power of the pen must be applied to the FCC, and there is no better group than the readers of Forum. I urge each and every one of you to take ten minutes and write the FCC repudiating their puritanical standards in favor of the liberty which we are supposed to have. Their address is: Federal Communications Commission Office, 1919 M. St., Washington, D.C. 20554. Letters to the FCC are held in confidence and you need not fear exposure of your political (sexual?) views.—*Name withheld, Hamburg, N.Y.*

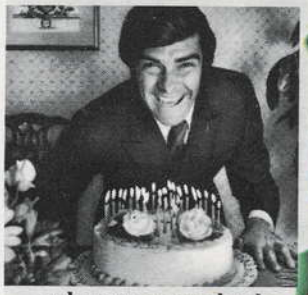
Hair's a suggestion

I found through conversations with others that there are two types of reactions by American males to body hair on women. One is that all hair except that on the head is a bummer. But the majority find body hair erotic.

Penthouse, you have been pioneers in many areas, most notably in the tasteful display of pubic hair. Please, once in a while, photograph a woman who is proud of her body as nature intended it to be.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Penthouse Forum** *magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send $1.25 to* **Penthouse Forum**, *Dept. HM, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.*

You've earned your stripe



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But whatever, the easiest part is liking it.

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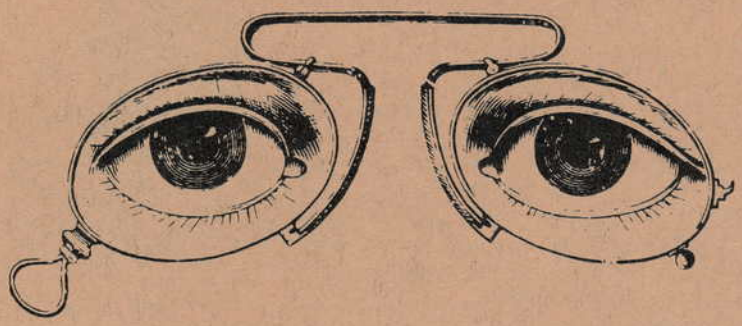


VIEW FROM THE TOP

BIG GOVERNMENT AND THE GOP

News that barely 18 percent of the population thinks of itself as Republican has finally reached Washington. When you realize that most people have forgotten their congressman's party affiliations, you can see why politicians of both parties are alarmed. Democrats, no less than Republicans, are anxious to keep the GOP viable, if only because its disappearance leaves the Democrats in the uncomfortable position of taking all the blame when things are botched up.

But the Republicans must assume the major task of self-preservation themselves. That was the burden which fell to two thousand GOP politicians who congregated in Washington not long ago. They were a glum audience, but an attentive one, since nothing so stimulates the minds of politicians as the prospect of losing an election and being forced back into an honest livelihood.

The first instinct of those attending was to assume that the party's troubles arose from projecting an image of unbending devotion to principle. President Ford and Vice President Rockefeller spoke to reassure everyone that principle is not important, and that those principles the Republicans have can be obscured by the proper selection of 1976 candidates. Their conclusion was that the GOP should curtail its devotion to principle in deference to that one principle of governance held dear by all politicians: elect *me*.

The Republicans also heard from Senator Howard Baker, who codified the general doctrines of opportunism permeating the meeting. Said he, this is not the time for a political party "with a specific ideology or point of view." What the GOP needs is new opportunists to restore the image Nixon, Agnew, and other assorted old-style opportunists tarnished.

That may have made sense to the Republican professionals. But it shouldn't have. Unfortunately, there was no one to tell the gathering that this reasoning was specious except Ronald Reagan.

When the so-called progressive Republicans converted their lack of principle into a virtue, they took still another inadvertent step toward elevating Reagan from his true role as an ingenuous and ambitious politico into a speaker of truth. Witness the good sense of Reagan's speech: "No one can quarrel with the idea that a political party hopes it can attract a wide following, but does it achieve this by forsaking its basic beliefs? By blurring its image so as to be indistinguishable from the opposing party? . . ." And that wasn't the only thing worth noting that Reagan said. He said that the best form of social organization is not one which involves massive bureaucratic power, that pluralistic free enterprise is better than corporate-statism, and that massive government budget deficits *cause* rather than *cure* inflation.

Reagan gave the meeting a speech with much truth, an appealing speech. But when Ronald Reagan tells truths which he would abuse if he had the power, the result is political confusion. . . and this land has had far too much of it.

Reagan, Barry Goldwater, and most of the prominent political conservatives of our time can give great speeches invoking political decentralism, individual liberty, balanced budgets, and a host of other high-minded ideals. But they are only speeches.

An analysis of the Senate's voting records showed that Goldwater, for all his talk against big government and budget deficits, was no more frugal than the average senator—in fact, he may be one of our least frugal senators. If all the government spending he proposed coupled with the spending he voted for was approved by Congress, it would have increased the budget deficit by $13,488,300,000. Statistically, Goldwater is no more likely to oppose a major spending item than was George McGovern. For all their posturing and rhetoric, our so-called opponents of big government have been contributing to its growth.

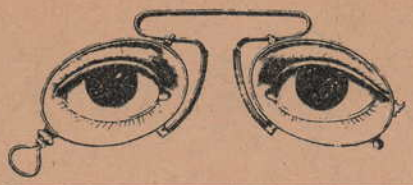
When the budget deficits of the last twenty years are totaled, the sum is less than the $200 billion we have squandered meddling in foreign wars over that same period. In all, thirty wars were fought between governments. In fifteen of these wars, the U.S. financed and supported one of the opposing sides. In another fourteen, we financed and supported *both* of the belligerent parties. If Goldwater had his way, we probably wouldn't have escaped from the one we managed to evade—when mainland China took over Tibet.

For all their talk, conservatives are wedded to the support of boondoggles—military boondoggles. And even nonmilitary boondoggles! Much of Reagan's and Goldwater's support comes from California industrialists who have made their fortunes bleeding the taxpayers. When Reagan waxes eloquent about the admitted evil of welfare cheating, you almost believe that he is against some people living at the expense of their neighbors. You *might* believe him until he has a chance to criticize the Bel Air defense contractors who are fattening at the public trough, but then he utters not one peep.

Goldwater was once reported to have been genuinely excited about the "space shuttle" program for shuffling people out to nowhere and back, which will cost between $50 billion and $150 billion.

It is thinking like that which shows why the Reagan-Goldwater crowd can never be trusted to administer their insights. They can see the abstract evils of big government, but they are among big government's sponsors when it lavishes billions on boondoggles. They make sound speeches but don't act on the thoughts they express.

We can appreciate the truth when Reagan and Goldwater say it. But before we applaud, we have to remember who they are, and that they are only politicians.—*Jim Davidson*



SCENES

Counting today, I have sat in prison 3,135 days for a crime I did not commit.

If I don't get a retrial, I have 189 years to go. 6 months ago the "eye-witnesses," who testified they saw me leaving a bar in which 3 people had been killed, admitted they gave false testimony. Despite this, the judge who sentenced me won't give me a retrial. Why?

RUBIN "HURRICANE" CARTER, NO. 45475
TRENTON STATE PRISON

THE LONGEST BOUT: RUBIN "HURRICANE" CARTER

New Yorkers, wise in the ways of Madison Avenue, thought they had seen ads for everything: ads for sales, ads for apartments and jobs, even ads for sex. But an ad for freedom? An ad from a prisoner calling for justice? The very thought of so refreshingly sincere an appeal to the best in men's hearts astounded the imagination—and stopped the busiest New Yorker in his tracks.

Yet that's just what readers of the *New York Times* have been confronted with lately as Rubin "Hurricane" Carter, former boxing star, takes his appeal for justice directly to the people. And apparently it's working: after reviewing Carter's case, a long line of notables from Burt Reynolds to baseball star Hank Aaron are rallying to Carter's defense.

Since 1966 Carter has been in prison; he was dragged from the heights of number-one contender for the world middleweight boxing championship and thrown into a jail cell in Paterson, New Jersey, his hometown. With his success and flamboyant personality, Carter had become a symbol of black pride in that racially troubled city. His civil rights activities and his appearances at press conferences where he made charges of police brutality had not endeared him to Paterson's "finest."

When three whites were fatally shot in a dingy Paterson tavern on June 17, 1966, the full wrath of city and county police descended on Rubin Carter. On that night, after chasing and failing to capture other suspects fleeing the vicinity of the tavern, police stopped a car containing Carter and John Artis, a twenty-year-old athlete he had just met, and took them to the scene of the crime and then to the local hospital to be identified by the only surviving victim.

"Are these the two men who shot you?" asked the cops.

The injured man stared at Carter with his only remaining eye and then slowly shook his head in a "no." Carter blew a sigh of relief.

"But sir!" one cop implored. "Are you *sure* these are not the men?"

Carter realized then that the police were trying to frame him.

"I closed my eyes and clenched my fists," he recalls in his autobiography, *The Sixteenth Round* (Viking).

Lacking any evidence, the police were forced to release Carter. But three months later, after hounding two white ex-convicts into agreeing to identify Carter and Artis as the men they saw leaving the tavern right after the shooting, police arrested the boxer and Artis and officially charged them with the triple murder.

The police could produce no motive, no murder weapon, no credible witnesses, but in the racial hysteria of those days none were needed. Tried before an all-white jury which dismissed the testimonies of six black defense witnesses vouching for Carter's whereabouts on the night of the shootings, Carter and Artis were found guilty after only a few hours of deliberation,

Carter in the ring . . .

and in May 1967 were sentenced to life imprisonment. Through it all, Carter, who received a *triple* life sentence, insisted he was framed.

Last September, seven years later, new evidence seemed to prove him right.

First, the two key witnesses for the prosecution recanted their trial testimony unbeknownst to each other, admitting their identification of Carter and Artis at the scene of the crime was a lie. Police promises of a $10,500 reward and leniency on unrelated charges one of them was facing were, they explained, the reasons they had agreed to commit perjury.

Then came another break in the case. The *New York Times* discovered discrepancies about a .32-caliber bullet police claimed to have found in Carter's car the night of the murders: time discrepancies of *days* exist between the time police state they turned in the bullet to the property clerk and the clerk's record of the submission. This new fact supported Carter's insistence that the bullet was planted by police. Moreover, the bullet was copper-tipped; the murder weapon fired lead-tipped bullets. Under questioning, the police admitted that they had not even made a ballistics test on the bullet after finding it.

Finally, while Carter's lawyers futilely argued for a new trial in a special hearing (November 1974) before Judge Samuel Larner—the same judge who had originally tried Carter and Artis with blatant displays of bias against the men—the Passaic County Prosecutor's Office, in attempting to rebut the recantations of its own key witnesses, inadvertently revealed that it had deliberately suppressed crucial evidence: the arrest of another suspect on the night of the murders, and secret tapes of police interrogations of the key witnesses showing their repeated inability to identify Carter or Artis—until, that is, the police offered leniency and the $10,500 reward.

Despite all these developments in the case, Judge Larner denied Carter's right to a new trial and even refused to hear all the legal arguments of his attorneys. So Rubin Carter, who is now thirty-seven years old, must wait another year before his appeal will reach federal court. Since Larner also refused to grant bail pending the appeal, Carter is forced to remain locked inside the horror called Trenton State Prison.

. . . and today at Trenton State Prison

"This will cost me another year—at least," Carter remarks. "I just hope I'm still alive in another year, the way things go in prison." Carter has already lost the vision in his right eye, a condition ascribed to poor medical attention in prison.

Carter still reads every law book he can get his hands on, however, and still refuses to work in the prison factory or wear a prison uniform. "If I did, I'd be acknowledging my guilt," he explains. "I refuse to give up my independence of mind or spirit and be warehoused into a uniform and prison life."

After eight years of being imprisoned by lies, Carter hasn't much faith left in New Jersey justice, "Madame One-Eyed Justice," as he sardonically describes it. He's now taking his case directly to the people through newspaper ads, and the response so far has been extremely positive in favor of Carter's innocence. A defense committee has risen on a swell of moral indignation throughout New York and the country, joining together such unlikely allies as heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali and New York City Comptroller Harrison Goldin. Milt Felsen, the leading member of Mayor Beame's Advisory Committee on Films, heads the fund-raising committee that pays for the $477 ads, while Jerry Pochkoff, president of Daybreak Films, has opened his offices to the committee's use (The Hurricane Fund, 352 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010).

"I don't think injustice is unheard of in this country," commented Milt Felsen. "But this case does focus for us, for me, on the character of Rubin Carter, who did not decide to become simply another victim. His strength, his decision to fight for his freedom, to resist enormous forces arrayed against him, is a fascinating universal lesson for all of us. He makes it possible for us to join with him in fighting injustice."

Felsen's words are also a tribute to the dedication of a young New York screenwriter, Richard Solomon. Convinced that Hurricane Carter was innocent, Solomon refused to give up a losing battle. For years he searched relentlessly for discrepancies in the prosecution's case against Carter. Finally, in the prosecution's key witnesses, he found it. And, unlike the proverbial Dutch boy, Solomon blasted the dam open with front-page articles in the *New York Times* by crack investigative reporter Selwyn Raab. The result has been a tidal wave of new evidence and demands for the release of Carter and Artis.

But for every Richard Solomon there is probably a Judge Larner, stubborn and self-assured. And Larner and Passaic County authorities may only be the front line of resistance. Behind them stand the remnants of the formidable political machine of ex-Governor Richard Hughes, who appointed Larner in 1966. Despite a battery of indictments for various home brews of corruption that always seem to ferment in New Jersey's county-based politics, the tentacles of patronage from the Hughes machine still function. Here in the back-room hush of whispered threats and mutual pledges, the admission of judicial error and willful wrongdoing raises the usual fears; the local domino theory depicts political careers caught in the mire of mini-Watergate cover-ups, even frame-ups. The sudden, unexplained (and fortunately, due to publicity, temporary) transfer of one of the recanting witnesses, Alfred Bello, to Passaic County Jail in Paterson, where he feared for his life; the suppression of evidence by the Passaic prosecution for years; the taped pledge by a top county policeman to Bello during one of his 1966 interrogations that he would "go to the top people in the state of New Jersey" to secure leniency for Bello in unrelated cases if he would testify against Carter—all of these raise many larger political questions not yet answered.

While the questions remain unanswered, Rubin "Hurricane" Carter is forced to remain behind bars, still pleading his innocence after eight years; continuing to battle in this sixteenth round of his long bout for freedom; publishing ads that prick the conscience of America; hoping someday to throw off the shackles of prison and rejoin the world that once called him champ.—*Gerard Colby Zilg*

FILMS

LARGER THAN LIFE

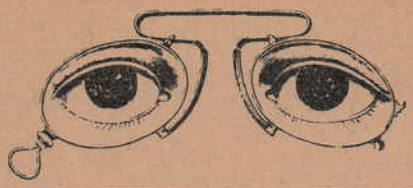
What I like best in John Schlesinger's *The Day of the Locust* are the people. They are not exactly a collection of charmers; the assortment includes creeps, phoneys, moochers, has-beens, never-weres, whores, a dwarf, a bitch-goddess, and an Artistic Sensibility to admire her. They spring from the pages of Nathanael West's 1930's Hollywood novel. They spring, not exactly "to life," as the film publicists might want it, but to something between life and still life, to a kind of flickering vitality that is wholly admirable, occasionally uncanny, and by far the finest achievement in this new movie.

You can see it sometimes in the middle of a close-up or a kiss (the kind of kiss that might belong to another age, and another film industry), when suddenly a face—say the face of the beautiful blond Faye Greener—will go from indolent expression to an iconic stillness, as if it had been frozen in time—and then return to its lifelikeness. This takes place in the course of one long moving shot that has all the while been circling its subject with the sort of rapt attention for which the movies have traditionally been famous.

In fact these people in *The Day of the Locust* are at the same time characters in a new movie and almost forgotten dreams, or nightmares. And the decision to keep them suspended between here and there, between then and now, is only the most interesting of all the film's intelligent decisions.

West's ironic tale about the detritus cluttering the lower lev-

Karen Black as her own film fantasy double



els of Hollywood-at-its-height poses special problems for the filmmaker. A downbeat movie about the movies; a cast of characters you wouldn't want crossing your front lawn, let alone filling your private life of fantasy identification. It has an unsympathetic heroine in Faye, a two-bit extra in tight dresses and platinum hair. It splits its point of view between two nonheroes: Tod Hackett, art-school graduate, aspiring studio designer, in love with Faye; and Homer Simpson, a former Iowa bookkeeper and present California vegetable, whose forty

Sutherland: Nightmares

years of self-suppression take their toll when he too falls for Faye. Beyond these, there are Faye's dad, Harry, a vaudeville clown reduced to door-to-door polish salesman; the head studio designer, Claude Estes, reduced to selling himself; the dwarf, Abe Kusich, and the other cotenants with Tod and the Greeners in the run-down San Bernardino Arms; and finally all the wan malevolent others, the legions of America's drab and cheated who have come West to die. They are all to form the subject of Tod's great projected painting, "The Burning of Los Angeles." Eventually he gets to live the painting rather than paint it.

But, like the painting, the novel is a canvas at once too large and too unfocused. A book can leave things sketchy and full of innuendo. A movie can't—not if it means to enter the marketplace and survive. So Schlesinger sharpens things up and solidifies them. He has added events and strengthened all of the relationships. He has done everything you might expect a film director to do; but he has *not* embalmed his source or treated it mainly for costume and color. *The Day of the Locust* succeeds where, say, the movie versions of *Daisy Miller* and *The Great Gatsby* failed, by being open and direct with its material—while always recognizing that the material has a life and nonlife of its own, the crucial challenge to any filmmaker's fancy.

Some basic problems remain. West's book ends with an apocalyptic Hollywood world premiere. So does the movie. But where the book can describe its holocaust, the movie must present one; and however good this one is, it is a film construction all over again—like *Earthquake* or *The Towering Inferno*—and the movie has to struggle towards a point of view. West meant his ending to signify something like the end of the world, or at least the end of the American dream, and for a lot of intellectuals in the 1930's, Hollywood held all the right symbolic potential. Now Hollywood holds mostly memories, and very little potential, and a 1970's movie about an apocalypse runs the risk of having all its urgency defused.

My own guess is that the American potential for mass violence is now about where it was in the 1930's (probably never very strong, Nathanael West to the contrary), and for the movie as for the book, the value of that huge climax lies in vision rather than actuality. Schlesinger's solution is to externalize the processes of Tod Hackett's mind —full of demon figures and fancies—and to make that his climax. It looks good, but it doesn't quite work, at least not with the

Meredith: Still life

clarity and intensity of so much else in the movie.

The film works best with what it stays closest to—the people. Those passages in the action—like the colossal production of *The Battle of Waterloo* (Tod's own set design) that ends with the collapse of half a studio sound stage—approximate theater more than ordinary life. The film's loveliest performances are its most theatrical: Burgess Meredith as old Harry Greener and Karen Black as the fatal Faye. Its least impressive performance is Donald Sutherland's Homer Simpson, not only

Daltrey as Tommy

because of Sutherland's limited range, but also because the film seems content to construct his character out of nothing better than bits and pieces of careful observation.

Its true vitality is more nearly magical, in an obsessive concern like that of young Tod (William Atherton) with the mysteries of Faye, in the failing heartsprings of Harry, or in Abe Kusich's (Billy Barty's) minuscule rage. I would be willing to put the combination of Karen Black's face and Schlesinger's ways of seeing it against anything else—*Darling*, *Midnight Cowboy*, even the many beauties of *Sunday Bloody Sunday*—in this director's career. Schlesinger's bent has generally been toward amelioration and decency, which he achieves this time by an act of double vision—for example seeing what Faye Greener *is* and *what she stands for*, so she becomes her film fantasy double without ever ceasing to be herself. Something like that, real and unreal, is one source of the movie's power. I suspect that Nathanael West may have mistrusted it. But in the film now made from his novel it has become a form of lucky revenge.

The polite audience of kids who surrounded me the afternoon I saw Ken Russell's *Tommy* seemed to love the movie. They cheered for Elton John, and they caught their breath and applauded when Tommy (Roger Daltrey) climbed the mountain of wrecked pinball machines into the orange sunlight at the end. I hate to dismiss popular opinion, but I think they're wrong about *Tommy*, the way their parents were wrong ten years ago when they went to see *Sound of Music* again and again. Certain movie audience phenomena, like *El Topo* or *Siddhartha* or *Billy Jack*, have always had less to do with film than with currents in human nature. Any mere critic might be wise to keep his own counsel and to leave general taste alone.

But the reviewers' response to *Tommy* is another matter. All the favorable notices I've seen without exception seem to proceed from the curious proposition that the music isn't much, and Ken Russell is too much, and so you put them both together and come up with something unaccountably good. On the contrary, *Tommy* is quite accountably bad, worse than I recall its seeming when the Who performed their rock opera here years ago at the Fillmore East; and worse than some other films by Ken Russell, like his version of *The Boy Friend* or his lovely early TV biography of the composer Frederick Delius before he learned to make everything big.

Ann-Margret: Sterile orgies

Tommy isn't, of course, an opera. It is more like an oratorio, or a tremendously loud song cycle, which suits Russell well enough because he can keep everything full face forward and very public, but which rather frustrates the meaning of the movies, because even in the largest theaters with the widest screens, the movies' real gift is intimacy.

In company with most other movie critics, I also don't like the music much, or the thoughts, or the words. But, in fairness, they need performance rather than the kind of so thinly dramatized illustration that Ken Russell provides. After you've finished admiring his conceits—the Church of St. Marilyn Monroe, Tina Turner's chromium maiden as the Acid Queen, the oceans of baked beans that burst through her TV screen to inundate Tommy's guilty mother (Ann-Margret) in her sterile, solitary, drunken, self-annihilating orgy—you are left with little beyond the easy pieties and ironies that are among the worst legacies of late-1960's youth culture. Russell does nothing but amplify them. Maybe you'll see some special light, but I think you'll waste two hours in a theater where nothing interesting happens on the screen. *—Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

OSWALD WAS INNOCENT

The story shocked America when it broke in the April issue of *Penthouse*. Even those of us who had concluded earlier that Lee Harvey Oswald could not have acted alone in the assassination of John Kennedy were startled to find Oswald described as an innocent victim of the conspiracy that killed the president. Those who have clung tenaciously to the Warren Commission's scenario of Oswald, the lone assassin, and Jack Ruby, the lone avenger, have sought to dismiss the *Penthouse* story as based on a couple of scraps of tape.

Their hope is no longer possible. George O'Toole has backed discoveries first reported in *Penthouse* with a detailed—and exciting—book, *The Assassination Tapes* (Penthouse Press, $8.95).

O'Toole, a former intelligence analyst with the CIA, has split the assassination case wide open a decade after the Warren Commission declared it closed—not just by turning up new evidence, but by producing a new kind of evidence. In *Penthouse* (April 1975) O'Toole told how Oswald's recorded voice was analyzed by a potent—and fearsome—new police tool: the Psychological Stress Evaluator (PSE), a lie detector that works through the medium of the voice. The analysis of Oswald's denials on tape convinced O'Toole, and experts he consulted, that the suspect was telling the truth.

This dramatic highlight of PSE evidence on which O'Toole's article centered is only the beginning of his book. Driven by this shocking discovery, O'Toole analyzed the mass of tape-recorded statements by witnesses and investigators of the assassination. Still not content, he journeyed to Dallas and interviewed forty key figures anew. Even without reference to the PSE evidence of lying, he uncovered significant contradictions to be added to the mass of doubts about the official account of the assassination. With acceptance of PSE evidence he has established a conspiracy.

The hard evidence of the PSE is that members of the Dallas police framed Oswald. O'Toole's conclusion is that the assassination was a rightist conspiracy.

Penthouse editor and publisher Bob Guccione has asked President Ford to reopen the case. But Ford was a member of the Warren Commission; it will take powerful pressure to get him to move. Let's hope such pressure is building now, for as O'Toole concludes: ". . . the assassination . . . marks the point at which we took leave of the truth. Unless we find and fix this thing, we will never put ourselves right."

GLOBAL CORPORATIONS

Globaloney! In one word Clare Boothe Luce wrote the epitaph for the "One World" of Wendell Willkie, the World Federalists, and a generation of dreamers about the possibility of world brotherhood.

A generation later a new breed of hardheaded globalists has launched an attack on national divisions more radical than anything dreamed by "woolly-headed internationalists." "The men who run the global corporations are the first in history with the organization, technology, money, and ideology to make a credible try at managing the world as an integrated unit."

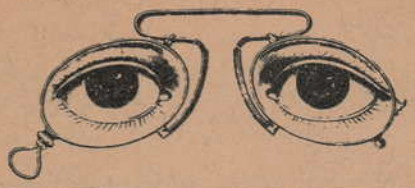
This is the considered conclusion of high-level political economists Richard J. Barnet and Ronald E. Müller in *Global Reach: The Power of the Multinational Corporations* (Simon & Schuster, $11.95). The authors believe they are setting the scene for the greatest political drama of our time: the confrontation of the global corporation and the nation-state.

It is not mere size that makes the global corporation a revolutionary force, although the few hundred corporations that have come to dominate world economy are bigger and more powerful than most nations. It is their world view: the world is a single economic unit. It can thrive only under national management by those who are completely objective, who are motivated by a single, simple, universal goal: profit. Clean! The profit motive is not hampered by any messy entanglements like patriotism.

What's to control unbridled greed? The market. But there's the rub. When a corporation is big enough, it *makes* the market.

Since the World Managers are committed to a philosophy of "grow or die," the corporations are wasting natural resources at a rate that their own "objective" analyses show cannot continue long.

The profit motive, with no moral restraint beyond the rules of the game that make profit possible, can destroy more than it builds. In fact, Barnet and Müller challenge the World Managers to "demonstrate that the maximization of global profits is compatible with human survival."*—Norman Hoss*



SOUNDS

PYTHON PASSION

Like England's Lord Privy Seal, *Monty Python's Flying Circus* is a complete misnomer; it has nothing to do with the circus, flying, sinister snakes, or dead World War II field marshals. The fictitious Monty Python is actually a collective alias for five of Her Majesty's finest satirists and an American illustrator who always seems to add his surrealist two cents' worth to their common endeavors. They've been featured on their own BBC television show on and off for the last five years. But until recently the group was known only to U.S. audiences by way of two relatively obscure albums and one rarely seen feature film—perfect fodder for a cult following which went beyond snob appeal and camp considerations.

The Pythons finally made their American TV debut last winter over a few local public stations. Their British brand of absurdist humor made them the surprise hit of the season. In cities as different as New York and Dallas *Monty Python's Flying Circus* was the hottest noncommercial television program since the Watergate hearings. By now most of the member stations of the Public Broadcasting System are airing the show. Critics who described it as an English version of *Laugh-In* must have had their eyes closed. When did Rowan and Martin ever show tits on the tube? Or have a lumberjack sing about putting on high heels and a bra when he goes into town?

In retrospect it's hard to understand why TV executives took so long to introduce Monty Python to these shores. The standard answer—that the Pythons' sense of humor was too parochial—was not convincing, especially in view of the American popularity of *Beyond The Fringe* veterans Jonathan Miller, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. Even the favorable response to a few Monty Python skits shown on summer replacement programs a few years back failed to convince American television executives. They pointed to the disappointing sales of the group's U.S. albums, *Another Monty Python Record* (packed in a scribbled-over classical record cover) and *The Previous Monty Python Record* (on which Alistair Cooke is attacked by a duck in Philadelphia). What they failed to notice was the number of Monty Python addicts who began to appear on college campuses from coast to coast. No one suspected just how many students had the Python on their backs until they turned the first Flying Circus movie, *And Now for Something Completely Different*, into a cult classic despite a less-than-enthusiastic release by its distributor. There were even hard-core fans who smuggled in Python paraphernalia then only available abroad: *Matching Tie and Handkerchief*, the world's first three-sided record album (one side has two concentric sets of grooves), *Monty Python's Big Red Book* (in a blue cover), and *The Brand New Monty Python Bok* (sic) complete with fresh-printed smudges on the dustcover and containing some of the group's funniest material.

Thanks to the TV show's impressive ratings, Python propaganda is now becoming as easy to buy as Kentucky Fried Chicken. And there's more coming: a live album of their hit London stage show of a year ago, and their long-awaited second feature film, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* ("Makes *Ben Hur* look like an epic!"). The multimedia assault on America's sanity (or what's left of it) will continue with another batch of thirteen TV episodes due in the fall. The group itself is tentatively scheduled to do a five-week tour of the U.S. by this winter.

As for the Pythons themselves, they're baffled by their sudden if rather belated success in the States. Wary of personal publicity to the point of never identifying themselves individually on the air, they've been surprised by the American penchant for matching up their names and faces. John Cleese, the tall one with a jaw like Gibraltar, is probably the most distinctive of them. He's always impersonating bobbies, nannies, and total loonies. Graham Chapman, the tall lanky blond who's often a straight man for the others, is an M.D. All that's officially known about Eric Idle is that he claims to be nine and a half—and a legend in his own lunchtime. Round-faced Terry Jones was born in Wales, and according to his press bio, "like all Welshmen he is shifty and a natural liar." Idle, Jones, and Michael Palin were responsible for a BBC kids' show, *Do Not Adjust Your Set*, which turned out to be Monty Python's forerunner. When Palin turns up on TV, it's usually as some bizarre con man, like Luigi Vercotti, London Mafioso, or Norman Vales of Gravesend, who claims he wrote all of Shakespeare's plays, "and my wife and I wrote all the sonnets." In a weak moment the Pythons will admit that inspiration for their zany skits comes from their everyday lives. As long as they continue to inhabit a whimsical and oddly exotic world of Tony Jacklin golf clubs, Watney's Red Barrel, and Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Eggs, Bacon and Spam, America's Python passion will flourish.—*Steve Ditlea*

JOHN CALE AND NICO: UP FROM THE UNDERGROUND

The Velvet Underground refuses to die. Formed in 1965, promoted by Andy Warhol, praised by most rock critics, and mostly scorned by the general public, the Velvet Underground was the ultimate cult band. When the

The Monty Pythons: Going beyond camp considerations

Nico: The grandest depression

Velvet members broke up in 1970—adjourned by financial pressures and internal ill-will—even their most fanatic adherents considered them to be a New York City legend rather than an actual rock 'n' roll band. They were saddled with every conceivable bad break: an indifferent record company (MGM), bad management, and, ironically, the Warhol cult, which proved to be the kiss of death since the general public concluded that any rock band associated with Andy had to be a put-on.

Nor were they the most accessible rock group in history. Only one member—John Cale—was accomplished musically, but what they lacked in technical talents was compensated for by Lou Reed's prodigious composing ability and an ensemble sound that worked best on the level of sheer monomaniac drive. Their second album, *White Light, White Heat*—recently rereleased under the title *Archetypes* (MGM)—and its masterpiece, "Sister Ray," are thundering, relentless exercises in demonic intensity. ("We were so loud that we blew out the control board," snickered Lou Reed, who calls the "Sister Ray" cut "just pure amphetamine.")

Their vocals are harsh epitaphs; when they tried for ballads or anything more melodic, they went flat, off-key, which didn't encourage most people to delve deeper into the songs' subject matter: hard drugs, sexual deviance, and finally, the futile search for redemption through love.

The Velvet Underground were at least five years ahead of their time—and they paid the price. But today their influence is felt everywhere. David Bowie has publicly acknowledged his debt to Lou Reed. Roxy Music and Mott the Hoople are just two of the more successful bands who have listened to the Velvet Underground and incorporated that primal throb in their sound. Even bubble-gum groups like Brownsville Station and Blue Swede have started to record Lou Reed songs. What began as a supreme example of subterranean culture has, at last, entered the mainstream.

For proof of that, we need look no further than the solo career of Lou Reed. While few of his songs written since the group's demise have matched his previous output, he has grown increasingly popular in serving his audience a kind of homogenized deviance. Both his first hit single, "Walk on the Wild Side," and a later album, *Sally Can't Dance* (RCA), hit the Top 10. At this time in rock history the movement of any fringe group is inexorably toward the hollow center—and Lou Reed's career is no exception. It's strange having Lou Reed put out anything just in order to stay on the charts when only a few years ago the Velvet Underground could barely get a record company to put out one of their albums.

One fortuitous aspect of Lou Reed's present success, however, is the kindling of new interest in the solo careers of other ex-Velvets. Unfortunately, drummer Maureen Tucker has dropped from sight, rhythm guitarist Sterling Morrison is teaching school in Texas, and bassist Doug Yule is now in Reed's touring band. However, the first two members to leave the group, chanteuse Nico in 1967 and singer/multi-instrumentalist John Cale in '68, have been producing brilliant, sublimely bizarre solo albums for years. Now, at last, the time has arrived for them to achieve greater public acceptance.

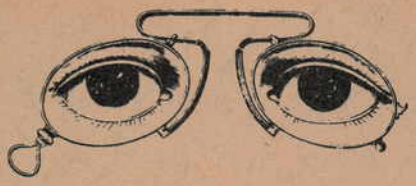
It's one thing for Lou Reed to titillate the masses with sex and drugs, but John Cale's and Nico's music can be positively forbidding. John Cale is conservatory-trained, a musical prodigy, and possibly one of the great, unrecognized modern composers; Nico appears to be barely proficient musically, singing her simple haunting dirges in a deep, gloom-laden voice—she accompanies herself on harmonium. Cale has produced all but the first of Nico's four solo albums, and both Cale and Nico use the talents of such heavily Velvet Underground-influenced musicians as Eno and guitarist Bill Manzanera.

Nico may be the strangest female singer-songwriter extant. Today there's a lot of flak about women in rock—the Joni Mitchells, Bonnie Raitts, Maria Muldaurs—who one would like to suppose are challenging male dominance. But Nico is seldom mentioned, and it's easy to see why. She just doesn't fit into anybody's ideological bag. Actually, Nico doesn't really seem to fit *anywhere*, except her own remote, desolate *Desertshore* (Reprise), where the severe sense of oppression assigns the victim to the living dead. And so Nico's music carries a heavy European sense of guilty doom that is positively medieval, and yet the paradoxical delight in listening to Nico is that she makes her death trip so compelling.

Much of the credit for Nico's fine recorded work must go to John Cale, who arranges and produces with an austerity so severe it becomes a kind of grandeur. In *The End* (Island Records), her latest album, the music is enriched with a silken vortex of strings, organ, and glockenspiel as Nico's harmonium sounds like the heavy breathing of someone in his death throes. Her voice is as dolorous as ever, weighted with a sadness of centuries as she describes an ancient conflict: "It has not taken long/To feast our naked eyes upon/The open glade/The hungry beast/The hunter calling 'help me please,'" or, "When I remember what to say/You forget to answer/You seem not to be listening/The high tide is taking everything." This is the world's loneliest music, and Nico's is the grandest depression.

John Cale's latest album, *Fear* (Island), is the finest realization yet of his experiment in the avant-garde, beginning in 1970 with *Vintage Violence* and continuing through the Terry Reilly jammings of *Church of Anthrax* on to the classicism of *The Academy of Peril*. But the phenomenally low sales of both *Academy* and the more conventional *Paris 1919* forced Warner Brothers to drop Cale's solo option. And so he's produced a lot of other artists for Warners and other companies down through the years—from Nico to the Stooges to MOR acts like Jennifer. He's brought the same consummate touch to each new

Cale: Instrumental brilliance



project, and as much strangeness as the vehicle will carry. It's also refreshing to note that he doesn't hurl the kitchen sink into the mix of his own albums. His thoughtful compositions are always meticulously crafted.

In spite of Cale's often-grim subject matter, the mood of *Fear* is consistently brighter than Nico's dank catacombs, but then again, she could make even Leonard Cohen sound cheerful. Cale doesn't have the world's greatest vocal equipment, and so he occasionally overcompensates for his lack, as with the unnecessary screams at the end of "Fear Is a Man's Best Friend." John Cale deals in the music of disease, depression, and demise, but for all his efforts he sounds healthy and not quite depressed enough for his subject matter. But that's okay—his compositions and instrumental textures carry him through brilliantly.

"Gun" is a lumbering, ominous track—not the kind of material Cale sings best. He just doesn't sound like the kind of guy who would "go for your neck with a chicken wire." But he's still effective, owing mainly to Phil Manzanera's ragged, slashing guitar.

"Fear" and "Gun" on *Fear* are the kind of cuts Lou Reed could be writing now if his imagination had not short-circuited. Unlike much of Reed's recent work, the music of John Cale and Nico is never thin, nor euphemized, nor needlessly lurid. It is the kind of music that does the Velvet Underground tradition proud, and that's something to live up to.—*Lester Bangs*

TOSCANINI OF TWANG

Everyone in Nashville seems to have his favorite Billy Sherrill rumor. There's the one about how, on a beery whim, he had Tanya Tucker cut "Would You Lay with Me (in a Field of Stone)" because he wanted to see if her career could be ruined by a single song. Then there's the one about his dubious compliment

Charlie Rich, Billy Sherrill: Gold out of lead

to a young Columbia Records executive: "You're a Jew, you got long hair, and you're from New York—I don't know why I like you." And there are tales of his 1938 Steyr, the only car of its kind in the United States. At the bottom of all this color is a simple, pervasive fact: Billy Sherrill is the most successful, most influential producer in Nashville.

The son of a Bible-thumping evangelist preacher from Alabama, Sherrill, now thirty-eight, began working as a producer for Epic Records in 1964. Over the last decade, he has been responsible for at least 90 percent of Columbia-Epic's country hits.

In 1966, after being turned away by five other labels, Tammy Wynette approached Sherrill; within a few months, Wynette had her first hit. In 1968, Sherrill helped her write a song called "Stand by Your Man," which not only became one of the biggest country hits of the last ten years, but also hit the pop Top 20.

Charlie Rich, the country-pop superstar of the seventies, is another good example of Sherrill's alchemy. Rich had been involved in music since the late fifties, but, despite two minor pop hits, "Lonely Weekends" (1960) and "Mohair Sam" (1965), he had never been able to achieve a solid footing. When he came to Sherrill in 1968, Rich had already recorded for five different record companies without much commercial success. His first single with Sherrill, "Set Me Free," hit the country charts, and seven more hits followed during the next four years. Then, in 1972, the masterstroke: "Behind Closed Doors." After years of futility, Charlie Rich was the hottest name in both country and pop markets. Sherrill had realized exactly what Rich's music was all about—progressive Muzak—and gone on from there. He had done his stuff again, Sherrill had—gold out of lead, superstar out of nobody.

And then there's Tanya Tucker. Were it not for Sherrill, Tanya at this very moment would probably be slouched over her desk in American History, just another high-school teen-twat. Who but Billy Sherrill could have envisioned that country music would bow the knee of fealty before the image of a virgin whore? Not Chet Atkins, that's for sure.

Like Phil Spector before him, Sherrill has used electronics and intuition to create a sound all his own. In Nashville, being produced by Sherrill is the equivalent of being knighted. Tammy Wynette says, "Billy is always right."

In country music, a music which often relies too much on played-out trends and stale paradigms, Sherrill is one of the few who are comfortable with their own aesthetic instincts. He once told one of his singers that the first straight country record with a four-letter word in its lyrics will sell a million copies. When and if that record happens, it's a safe bet that Nashville's King Billy, the Toscanini of twang, will be working the console.—*Nick Tosches*

CURRENT RELEASES

Physical Graffiti/Led Zeppelin (Swan Song SS2-200). Rock critics have attacked Led Zeppelin for attempting nothing more than heavy metal gruel. This LP, however, covers an extremely diverse choice of material: there are teenybopper cuts ("Houses of the Holy") and some vividly arranged tales of revelation ("Cashmere"). An album for all those critics who have dismissed Zeppelin's previous efforts.

Two Sides of the Moon/Keith Moon (Track-MCA 2136). Moon's solo album is a rare combination of good music and humor. Many tunes, like John Lennon's "In My Life," are well-performed, although Moon's prankishness is often thinly veiled.

Young Americans/David Bowie (RCA APL1-0998). Bowie left the glitter phase to let the movement collapse around somebody else. Bryan Ferry beat David Bowie to this new matinee-idol stance, but no one has yet performed it better than Bowie. The stretched-out phrasing and high steps of the band are exceptional.

Natty Dread/Bob Marley and the Wailers (Island ILPS 9281). Bob Marley and the Wailers are the finest exponents reggae has to offer. Everyone from Clapton to Streisand has recorded Marley's material. Cuts like "Natty Dread" and "Rebel Music" are breezy and sunny, but they also deal with the Jamaican ghettos where the Rastas people and the law are constantly at odds with each other.

Visions of the Emerald Beyond/Mahavishnu Orchestra (Columbia PC 33411). John McLaughlin is once again contemplating his own religious experience. Minus drummer Billy Cobham and guitarist Jann Hammer, the sound is still intense, but sprinkled with lazy interludes that can be read as either suspenseful or languid.—*John Gibson*

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THE SPY AMONG US

THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT OF ALL CITIZENS TO BE SECURE IN THEIR HOUSES IS VIOLATED EVERY DAY BY THE STRANGE BUREAUCRATS OF THE INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY

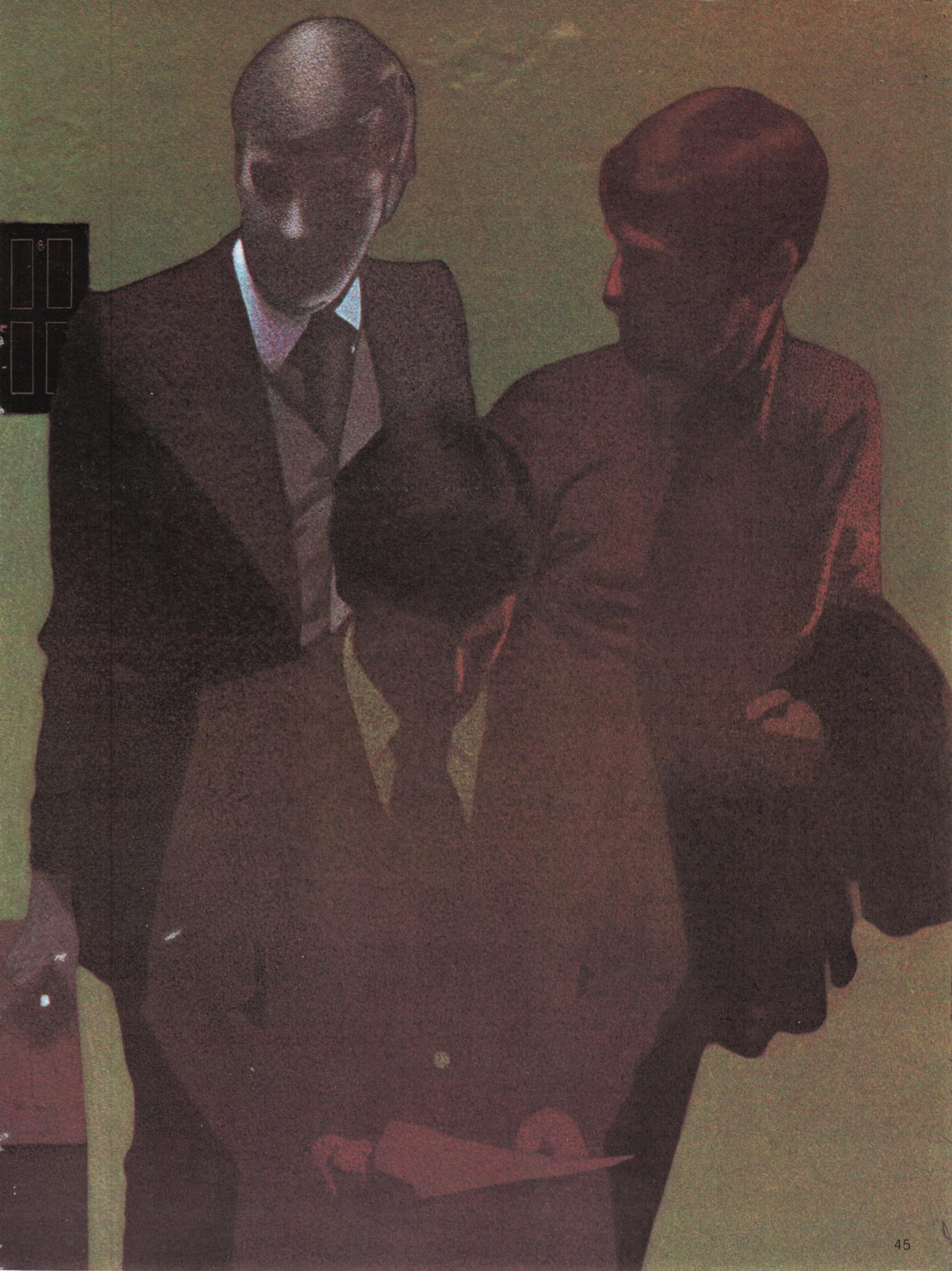
BY TAD SZULC

Americans have always believed that the right to privacy is sacred. We shudder at stories told by travelers to the Soviet Union and other dictatorships who take for granted that their hotel rooms and phones are bugged and that they are followed. But now we discover there is literally no place within the United States safe from the illegal snooping of the CIA (which is restricted by law to foreign operations) and the many other government agencies known as the "Intelligence Community."

One extraordinary example is the tiny laser-beam transmitter embedded in the wall of the Oval Office at the White House. This transmitter picked up and relayed to a remote recording center every conversation between Richard M. Nixon and his aides, friends, and visitors during at least several months in 1970, the year the former president launched his secret domestic intelligence program. Presidential telephone conversations, including those conducted over "secure" scrambler lines, were also picked up by the laser transmitter.

The existence in the presidential office of this highly sophisticated device, known by the code name "Easy Chair," remains one of the most sensitive, closely guarded, and intriguing secrets of the Nixon period. This knowledge is restricted to about a dozen key past and present officials of the Intelligence Community. But the precise purpose of the operation, the exact identity of those who ordered the installation of the laser device under a coat of fresh paint on the Oval Office wall, and the ultimate disposition of the instrument remain unclear. Nor do we know if tapes were made of

This is the third article in a monthly series on America's Intelligence Community, including the CIA.



these transmissions—which is, perhaps, the most crucial question.

It is also not known if Nixon himself was aware of and consented to the installation. If he did, the laser system complemented his hidden recording devices that produced the famous White House tapes. (In any event, the laser device picked up with infinitely more clarity every word uttered in the Oval Office, eliminating the "unintelligible" gaps that affected the tapes. In addition, the laser system permits, unlike a tape recorder, the identification of every individual voice in a room and the separation of several simultaneous conversations.) It is not known where the laser beam signal was received, but technical experts believe that such a device has a transmission range of under a half mile along a clear line of sight. The laser beam must be aimed out a window—it would be deflected by a wall. In the case of the Oval Office it had to go through the panes of the French doors leading to the Rose Garden.

Highly reliable sources told *Penthouse* that one or more senior officials of the Secret Service and the Central Intelligence Agency are familiar with the "Easy Chair" situation in the White House, although they could not say whether they learned of it only when the laser device was discovered and removed early in August 1970, or whether they knew at some earlier date. The sources would not rule out that the late J. Edgar Hoover, then director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was also privy to "Easy Chair."

In any event, this super-bugging of the presidential office looms as one of the most bizarre episodes in the still unfolding story of domestic spying carried out by six successive administrations, but climaxing most spectacularly during Nixon's tenure.

Penthouse learned of this bugging of the Oval Office as a result of a lengthy investigation. According to highly authoritative sources, the person who installed the laser transmitter, possibly on a second attempt when an original device did not function properly, is a foreign-born individual employed as a painter by the government and apparently controlled by one of the intelligence agencies. His name as well as a number of other relevant details are withheld from publication to avoid causing suffering and embarrassment to persons innocently involved in this operation.

Investigations by *Penthouse* have also produced the significant fact that officials of the General Services Administration, which is responsible for the maintenance of government buildings, have been under strict orders from the Secret Service since 1970 not to discuss with outsiders anything pertaining to the painting of the interior of the White House. The Secret Service also issued orders that all inquiries on the subject be immediately reported to it. These orders apply to painting foremen and their crews as well as to other GSA employees. *Penthouse* sources were unable to say, however, whether these orders are exclusively related to the "Easy Chair" incident.

Beyond the new disclosures of White House bugging, recent investigations, including those by *Penthouse*, also strongly suggest that the cover-up of secret domestic spying activities by U.S. intelligence agencies has continued in 1975, despite President Ford's instructions that all relevant information be supplied to the investigating panels: the Rockefeller Commission and the two special congressional committees. But the White House has excluded certain top-secret material from information given to the Senate and House panels. These are the facts:

- Civilian and military intelligence agencies maintain political files on tens of thousands of American citizens, ostensibly for reasons of "national security" and criminal investigations, but just as often to satisfy the political curiosity of overzealous government sleuths. There are files on sexual, drinking, and other personal habits and problems of politicians, government officials, artists and writers, civil rights militants, dissidents in general, and real or suspected radicals.
- Court records, disclosed in April of this year (months after Ford ordered the investigation of the Intelligence Community), show that at least twenty federal agencies still maintain electronic surveillance of Americans at home and abroad. Overseas, particularly in Germany, the targets are U.S. military personnel. This surveillance includes telephone tapping and the secret recording of face-to-face conversations either through hidden devices or informers secretly wired for sound. (It is unclear, however, whether all this surveillance is based on court orders or is conducted illegally.)

The immense scope of this activity can be appreciated from this list of agencies engaging in domestic and foreign electronic surveillance of Americans: the FBI; the CIA; the National Security Agency; the Defense Intelligence Agency; the Department of the Air Force; the Postal Inspection Service; the IRS Intelligence Division; the IRS Inspection Service's Internal Security Division; the Drug Enforcement Administration; the Treasury's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms; the Naval Investigative Service; the Administrative Services Section of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; the Defense Mapping Agency; the Defense Nuclear Agency; the Defense Security Assistance Agency; the Defense Supply Agency; the Defense Civil Preparedness Agency; the Defense Advanced Projects Agency; the Defense Communications Agency; the Defense Contracting Audit Agency; the 502nd Army Security Agency Group; the Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Intelligence of the U.S. Army in Europe; the Investigation and Police Information Division of the U.S. Army in Europe; the Army Criminal Investigation Command; and the Defense Investigative Service. *It must be kept in mind that all this spying is outside normal criminal surveillance by law enforcement agencies.* In addition, acting on requests from nineteen federal agencies and scores of local law enforcement units, the U.S. Postal Service (which has an intelligence unit) is currently tracing and recording the origins of mail delivered to thousands of American citizens. Our government, from the federal down to the state and municipal levels, appears to have embarked on a veritable snooping binge. (It should be recorded, however, that the Pentagon makes a point that *only* five of its agencies are authorized to conduct electronic surveillance.)

- CIA director William E. Colby informed President Ford of possible illegal activities by his agency, including domestic spying and conspiracies to carry out assassinations of foreign leaders, only after a part of the veil of secrecy was lifted in press reports last December. This information had been withheld for nearly two years even though former CIA director James R. Schlesinger, now secretary of defense, ordered CIA employees as far back as 1973 to report to him activities exceeding or violating the CIA charter. He received a number of such reports. Colby inherited this material in 1973 and secretly requested the Justice Department to investigate illegal CIA actions—raising the possibility of criminal prosecutions against certain CIA officials—but he reportedly failed to inform Ford of it until the presentation of his fifty-page written report last December and his supplemental "oral" report on assassinations.
- The CIA maintains its own secret list of enemies, known as the BIGOT file, in addition to 10,000 name files of Americans suspected in some manner of foreign intelligence connections or some vague form of subversion. The latter list includes antiwar and civil rights activists. *Penthouse* reported in its June issue that the CIA maintained since the 1950s separate dossiers on the late senators Joseph McCarthy and Robert Kerr, as well as on Senator Hubert H. Humphrey—in addition to New York congresswoman Bella Abzug, the only member of Congress that the CIA has publicly admitted keeping a file on. The BIGOT file is made up of persons who are regarded as "bigoted" against the agency.

Besides keeping dossiers on thousands of Americans, the CIA is also known to have maintained surveillance on Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas; Representative Claude Pepper, Florida Democrat; former representative Cornelius Gallagher, New Jersey Republican; and the late senator Edward Long, a Missouri Democrat. The CIA's interest in Douglas and Gallagher was apparently based on their contacts in the Dominican Republic. Douglas visited there in 1962 and had close ties to former president Juan Bosch, one of whose advisers had CIA links of his own. (And allegations have been made that the CIA played a role in the 1961 assassination of the Dominican dictator, Rafael L. Trujillo.) Pepper was reportedly a target because of his ties to Cuban refugees in Florida, a major area of CIA operations. Long, according to sources, aroused the agency's interest because of links to foreign corporations operating in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Eddie Mack Is Coming Back!

(We thought you'd like to know)

Eddie Mack's show business career started at the age of four, with the notorious misanthrope, W.C. Fields, who called the boy, "a little brat!", from the moment of introduction.

Eddie is the son of Charlie Mack of vaudeville fame, and of Mary Louden, who appeared in many of George M. Cohan's musicals on Broadway.

He has appeared on stage, in films (before the age of six), he had made twenty-six movie comedy shorts), on television, and since his stage debut, has sung and played piano for audiences encompassing the entire North American continent.

Eddie's appearances have included the Phillip Morris Show, Tom Breneman's Breakfast in Hollywood, the Sands in Las Vegas, the Stork Club in New York, the Cal-Neva in Lake Tahoe, and Bill Harrah's Blackout in Reno, just to name a few.

Although the birth of Eddie Mack coincided with the death of vaudeville (which wasn't his fault), the old vaudeville style plays a major part in Eddie's act. He considers the old days to be the Golden Age of Entertainment. "In those days, if the material died at the matinee show, it would be rewritten for the supper show."

There is one more thing about this amazing man you may care to know. He had cancer so badly that he almost hemorrhaged to death on stage at a Toronto theatre. After being speechless for thirteen months, out of show business for the better part of three years, losing his hair and some of his teeth through the Cobalt treatments, having his neck swell to a size eighteen, plus learning to speak all over again, Eddie found his most difficult adjustment was getting confidence enough to appear on stage again. Eddie Mack is the greatest representative of the complete entertainer we could ever recommend. We urge you to visit him when he is appearing at a theatre or club near you.

You Can Get In On The Act by joining

Eddie Mack's Open Face Sandwich Club

WE SAY:

Finally, after all these years, we at SANDWICH RECORDS are proud to introduce a club for the connoisseurs of the fine art of cunnilingus. This great International pastime has undoubtedly been brought to prominence in part, by the dedicated efforts of our own bacon and bean sandwich-faced boy from Boston, Eddie Mack. Should you be so possessed by a total lack of inhibition and an uncontrollable urge to exhibit your enthusiasm for this magnificient act of appreciation, consummated on a regular basis by descending adults, we must insist on an immediate application to the OPEN-FACE SANDWICH CLUB.

YOU SAY:

Well . . . maybe, but what the hell is this club, anyway?

WE SAY:

It is an amalgamation of people who may demonstrate their solidarity towards the cause, by sharing the same vehicles of communication.

YOU SAY:

What the hell are you talking about?!!

WE SAY:

This club promises not to weight you down with any unnecessary burden. What we are offering is, probably the best party album ever produced, featuring EDDIE MACK's incomparable voice, lyric mastery, and unyielding keyboard style. How about a beautiful full color club shirt, showing your love for the finer thing. Don't forget the club card, without which, the all-consuming act is almost a crime

YOU SAY:

Well . . . okay, I'm with you so far, but is that it?

COMPLETE PACKAGE $12.95

WE SAY:

You bet your butt it ain't!!! What would you say to a chain of International OPEN-FACE SANDWICH CLUB's, admission to lavish VEGAS-style productions, and parties in your own area featuring the man himself, EDDIE MACK?!!! It's an enormous task, but we're well into it.

YOU SAY:

Okay . . . I'm too hungry to argue with you. How much do you want?

Sandwich Records
507 5th Ave. N.Y. City
10017 N.Y.

Please send me . . . . . complete Open Face Sandwich Package(s) including Eddie Mack album, Open Face Club Shirt, and Membership Card at only $12.95.
Shirt Size: S☐ M☐ L☐ XL☐ (additional club shirts available only with purchase of complete Open Face Sandwich package)

WIN A TRIP TO HAWAII

The purchase of each complete Open Face Sandwich package, entitles the buyer (named on order form) to win, by a random draw, one all-expense paid round trip for two to Hawaii.

Please send me . . . . . Open Face Club Shirt(s) at only $6.00. Size S☐ M☐ L☐ XL☐ (please add sales tax where applicable)
(please add 50c to partially cover cost of mailing and handling)

☐ certified cheque ☐ chargex
☐ money order ☐ bank americard
☐ master charge

master charge
bank number ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ (please print clearly)

☐ **Album Only** $6.95

Card No. ..... Expires .....

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ADDRESS ..... APT. .....

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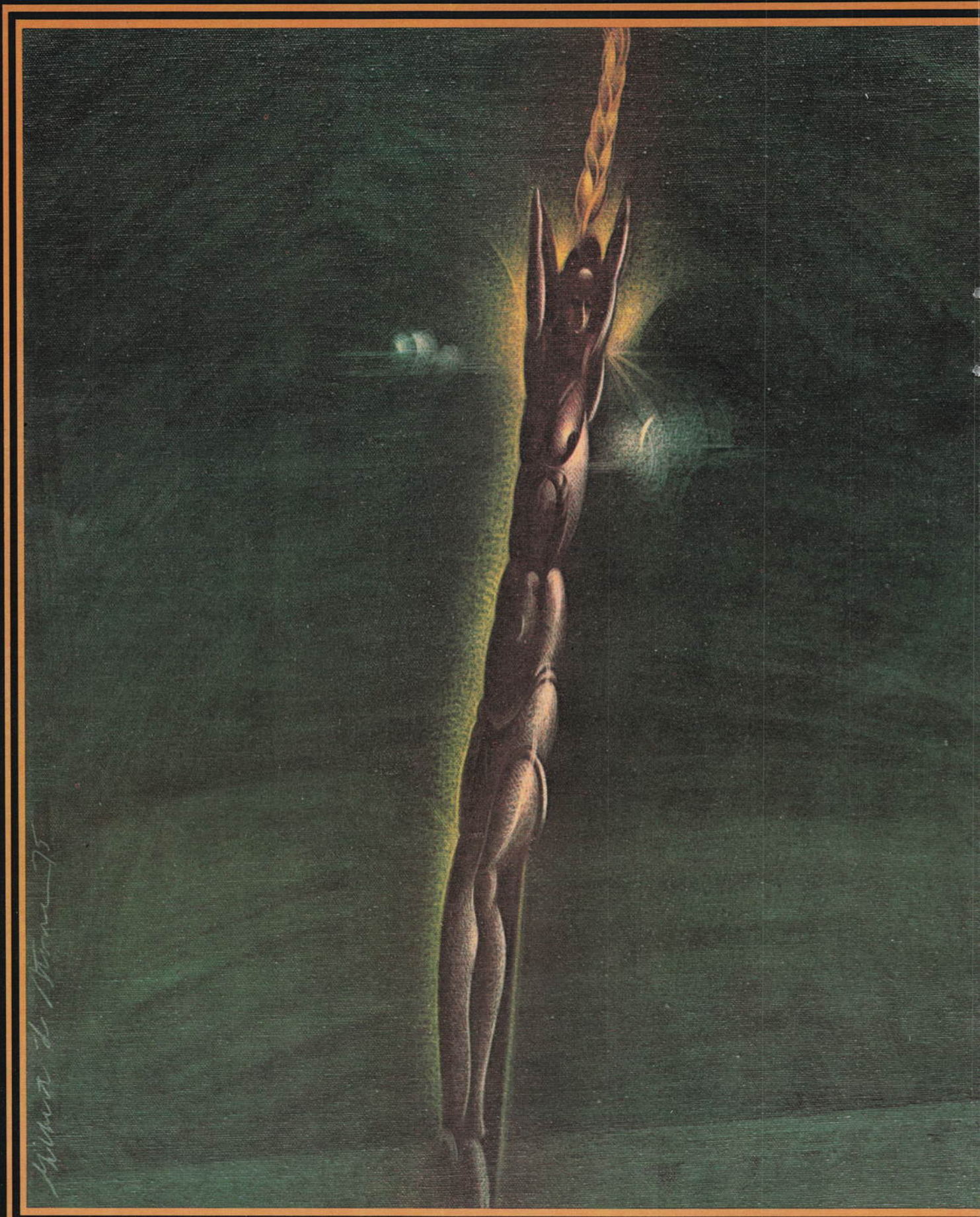

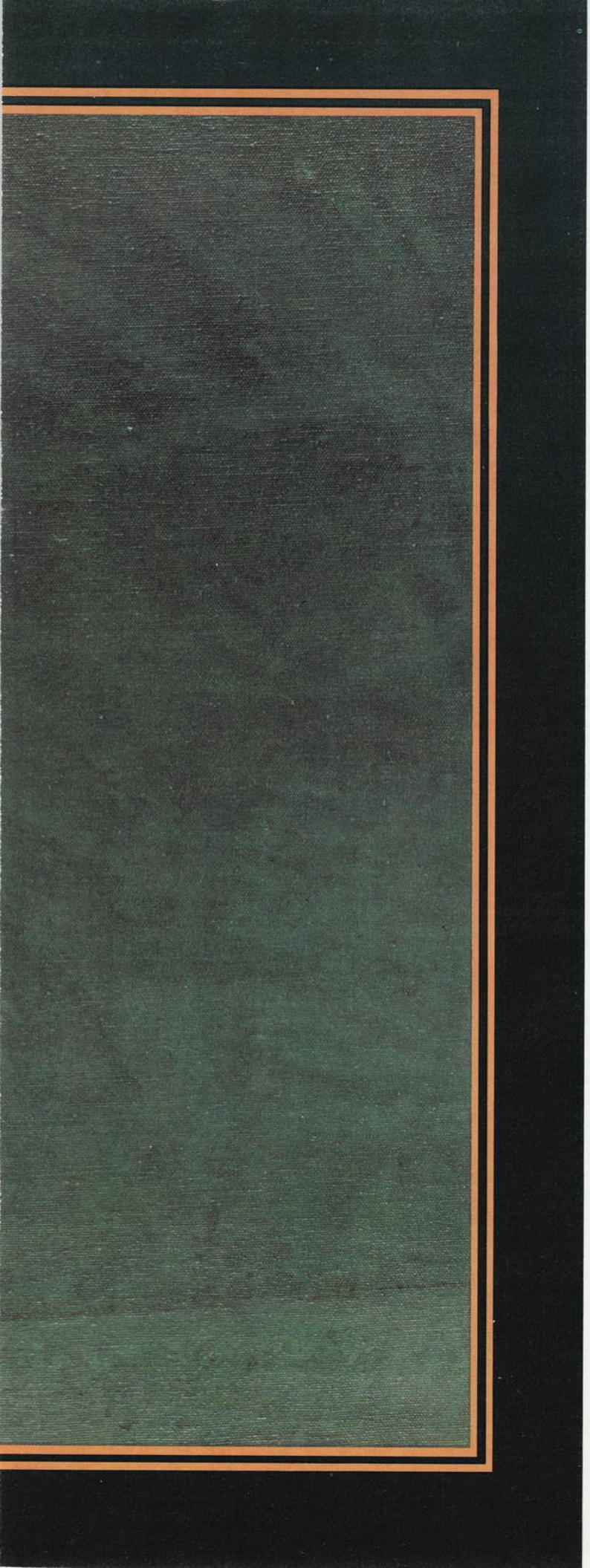

Our government wants to use grain as a "weapon"; but, according to two of America's foremost ecological experts, such thinking could destroy us all.

STARVATION: 1975

By Anne and Paul Ehrlich

In India recently a mother cooked and ate her own year-old baby. Last fall in that troubled nation, there were grain-shipment hijackings and food riots. Entire families flung themselves into rivers, preferring watery deaths to slow starvation. Similar tragic tales have emanated from Bangladesh and parts of Africa. For most of mankind the cupboard is now bare. In sub-Saharan Africa and southern Asia alone, enormous numbers of people are in danger of starving to death this year. Tens of millions have died already. And this is only the beginning.

The food deficit for the first half of 1975 has been estimated by the UN Food and Agricultural Organization (FAO) at between 8 and 12 million metric tons of grain. (The spread is due to India's reluctance to reveal exactly how bad the situation is there.) Our guess, based on crop damage caused by last summer's monsoon and other reports, is that the 12-million-ton deficit may even be an underestimate. And, of course, this is in addition to the past ten year's chronic food shortage which has resulted in as many as 20 million people starving to death annually—most of them children.

Some people believe the overfed, overdeveloped countries (ODC's) should not make sacrifices in order to feed the starving. This view is logical, although it

ILLUSTRATION BY GILBERT STONE

may seem inhumane. If the rapidly growing populations of the hungry nations are fed today, they may continue to multiply until no amount of assistance could possibly save them. Eventually even greater numbers of people would starve. Others who oppose food aid cite the ineffectiveness of past and present programs to reach the neediest.

Moreover, the availability of free or relatively cheap food from abroad in recent years has inhibited many underdeveloped countries (UDC's) from making serious efforts to increase their own food production. Instead, the governments of many poor nations have put their major investments into industrialization, which usually has the effect of raising living standards for a small proportion of the population while providing no benefit to the excluded majority. In many countries, military investments have far exceeded agricultural investments, which are much more essential to the well-being of the people.

Indeed, neglect of the vital importance of agriculture also pervades the ODC's, where research and education in agricultural science rates far less respect and prestige than so-called pure science, social sciences, or even other applied sciences such as medicine and engineering. The resultant isolation of agriculture from the mainstream of science, especially ecology, has probably been a major factor in the inordinate amount of environmental deterioration caused by our agricultural systems. This topsy-turvy value system has also had a disastrous impact on developing countries whose leaders—educated at Oxford and Harvard—have adopted the intellectual values of those institutions. Many UDC's have universities offering broad training in arts and pure sciences, but give agriculture short shrift. Yet, of all subjects, agriculture must be taught where it is to be practiced because soil conditions and climate vary from place to place.

THE USDA AND THE FOOD CRUNCH

Overconfidence in mankind's ability to feed indefinitely an ever-growing population has been the prevailing attitude in the agricultural establishments of most governments since the famines immediately following World War II ended. This is particularly true of the U.S. Department of Agriculture—which could more accurately be called the Department of Agribusiness. This complacency has until now remained unshaken, despite the continual, quiet, worldwide attrition from hunger; occasional large-scale famines like that in Bihar in the mid-1960's; and warnings of impending disaster from numerous prominent agronomists over the last ten years.

The USDA was warned that food supplies were becoming very tight early in 1972, when predictions of poor harvests in Asia and the Soviet Union came from the State Department. That year there was a 3 percent *net drop* in world grain production—the first reduction in twenty years. Since the world population grew by 2 percent, the per-capita drop was about 5 percent. That same year the Peruvian anchoveta fishery—a major source of protein for livestock feed—nearly disappeared. Yet all the early reports interested the USDA only because they meant a booming market for American grain and soybean exports. That summer, despite the warnings, Secretary of Agribusiness Earl Butz held 62 million acres of farmland out of production, at a cost of $4 billion to American taxpayers.

Then came the "great grain robbery," in which the Soviet Union, dealing secretly with each of six grain-export companies, bought 18 million tons of American grain, with a $300 million price-support subsidy from American taxpayers. China also made large purchases, as did several smaller countries in addition to the usual buyers—Japan and several European countries. The consequent shock to the world grain market tripled wheat prices within a year, with rice and soybean prices not far behind. And the amount of free or low-cost grain available to poor countries—who needed it most—was drastically reduced.

Weather improved in 1973, and agricultural production rose again. The consensus among the optimists was that our troubles were over. Far from it. The 1973 harvest was not able to make up for the 1972 disaster, and by June 1974 world grain reserves had declined to the lowest level in a generation: enough food to supply the world's population for only twenty-six days. In 1961 there had been a ninety-five-day supply.

The last few months of 1973 brought a new, unanticipated threat to world agriculture—the energy crisis. The grain revolution—that is, the use of specially bred high-yielding crop strains to increase grain production—is very dependent on petroleum for producing fertilizer; on fuel for machinery, transport, and irrigation pumps; and on oil for pesticides. All of these products are essential if high yields are to be obtained. When the Arab countries first cut off oil exports and then quadrupled oil prices, Americans were inconvenienced and European economies were thrown into disarray. For countries like India and Bangladesh, however, it was complete disaster. Just to purchase the needed oil and fertilizer required more than India's available foreign exchange, including foreign aid received from abroad. Still worse, our government suspended its exports of fertilizer in the fall of 1973. Altogether, the UDC's were short of fertilizer by 1.5 million tons—half the amount Americans use for their lawns, cemeteries, and golf courses. The fertilizer shortage alone is estimated to have cost UDC's 15 million tons in grain production.

As if that were not enough, bad weather also returned in 1974. Asia's monsoon faltered, then ruined the crops of West Bengal and Bangladesh with catastrophic floods. The U.S. fared no better: first corn and soybean plantings were delayed by huge floods; then severely damaged by midsummer drought; and finally polished off by early frosts. Corn production, already hindered by shortages of fertilizer and fuel, was down some 16 percent below 1973, and the soybean harvest was down 19 percent. Wheat escaped the worst weather effects, but was still down 7 percent. Meanwhile the effects of the seven-year drought continued in sub-Saharan Africa, and weather problems were also reported for the Soviet Union, China, much of Southeast Asia, and parts of East Africa.

What was the USDA doing all this time? Mostly denying there was any problem. Land was withheld from production until 1974. Even as late as the Rome Food Conference in November of last year, Secretary Butz was insisting that there was "no food crisis." To him, purchase contracts from wealthy nations should be honored first and the needs of the starving poor come last. What grain is available for humanitarian purposes, according to Butz, should be used as a diplomatic "weapon." An appeal by Senators McGovern, Humphrey, and Clark for an increase in food aid beyond the vague promises issued by Kissinger at the beginning of the Rome Conference was turned down on the grounds that it would disrupt the domestic food market and raise food prices even higher. And in August 1974, before the Conference, a report prepared by the Central Intelligence Agency's Office of Political Research concluded that potential world grain shortages "could give the United States a measure of power it had never had before—possibly an economic and political dominance greater than that of the immediate post-World War II years. . . . Washington would acquire virtual life-and-death power over . . . multitudes of the needy." Small wonder the recipients of American generosity have become alienated and cynical! And by this summer, the hungry countries are likely to have even less reason to trust us. Unless foreign buyers delay or cancel some of their orders for American grain, we will not be able to increase our donations.

It was quite clear by January 1974 that the fuel-and-fertilizer shortages would inevitably cause substantial reductions in the grain harvests of South Asia and many other areas—and possibly our own. Why was so little done by the U.S. government? President Nixon gave American farmers first priority in fuel allotments and released all withheld acreage from crops, but absolutely nothing seems to have been done to ensure that the U.S. could send fertilizer or food to those who needed it most. Why wasn't a large amount of grain reserved much earlier for food-aid programs? If it wasn't needed, it could have been sold on the world market later. The USDA dropped the ball.

But then, as long as Cargill, Continental, and the other giant grain dealers continue to reap obscene profits from their overseas sales, and as long as Americans can still find food in their supermarkets, shouldn't we be satisfied that Mr. Butz and company are doing their job? The answer, of course, is hell no! At the very least, one would have expected the Department of Agribusiness to encourage the establishment of an ecologically sound agricultural system capable of providing a flavorful, varied, and nutritious diet for all Americans—now and in the fore-

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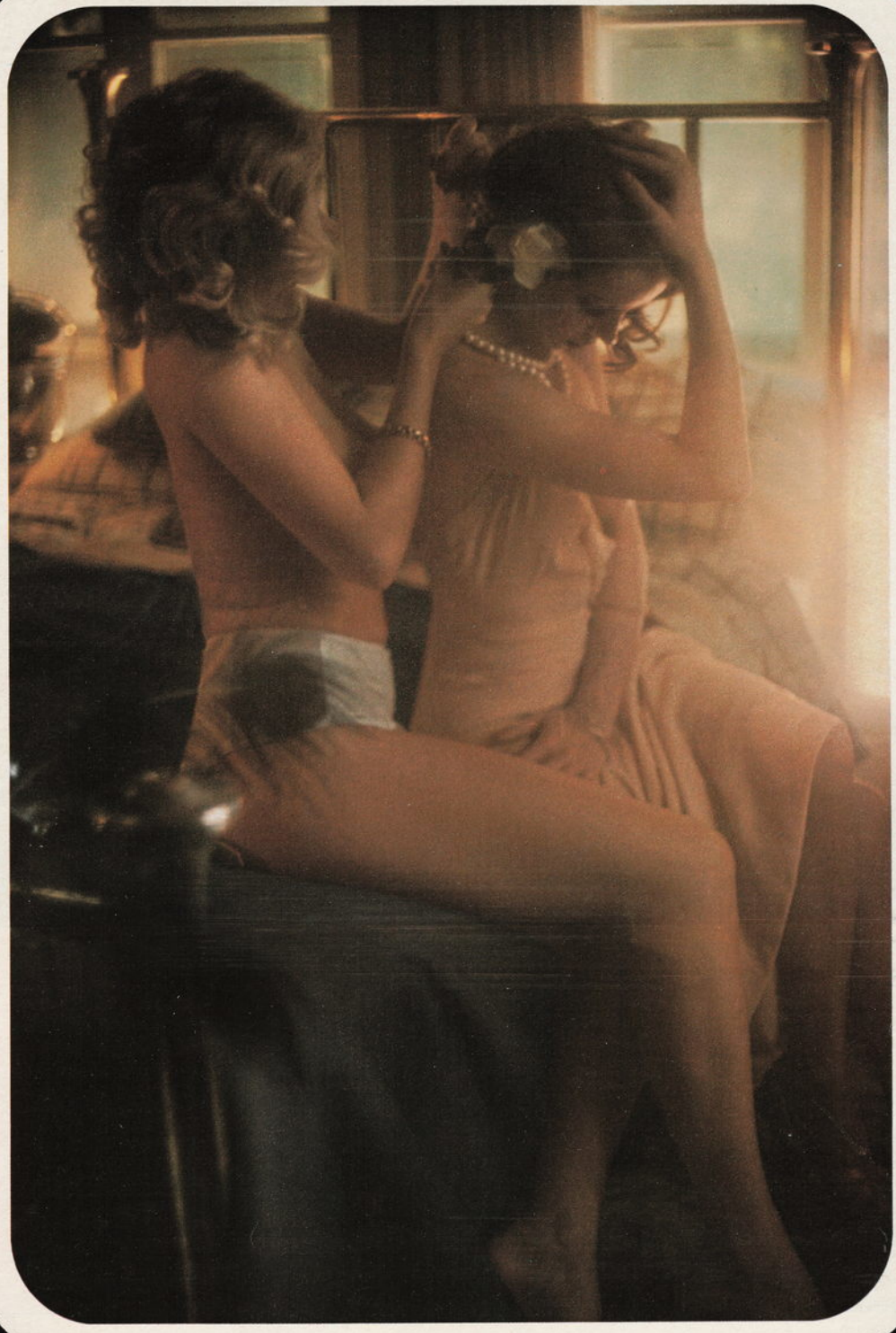


THE CASTAWAYS

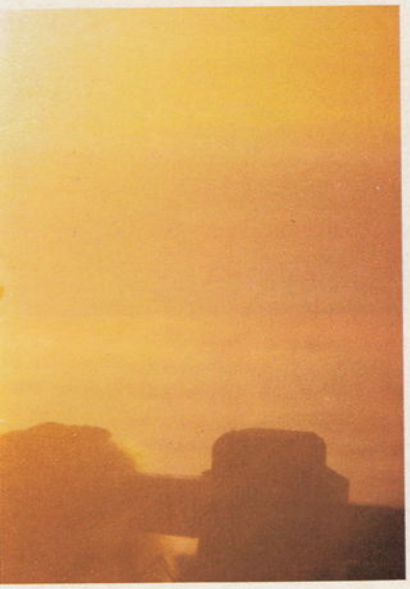
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

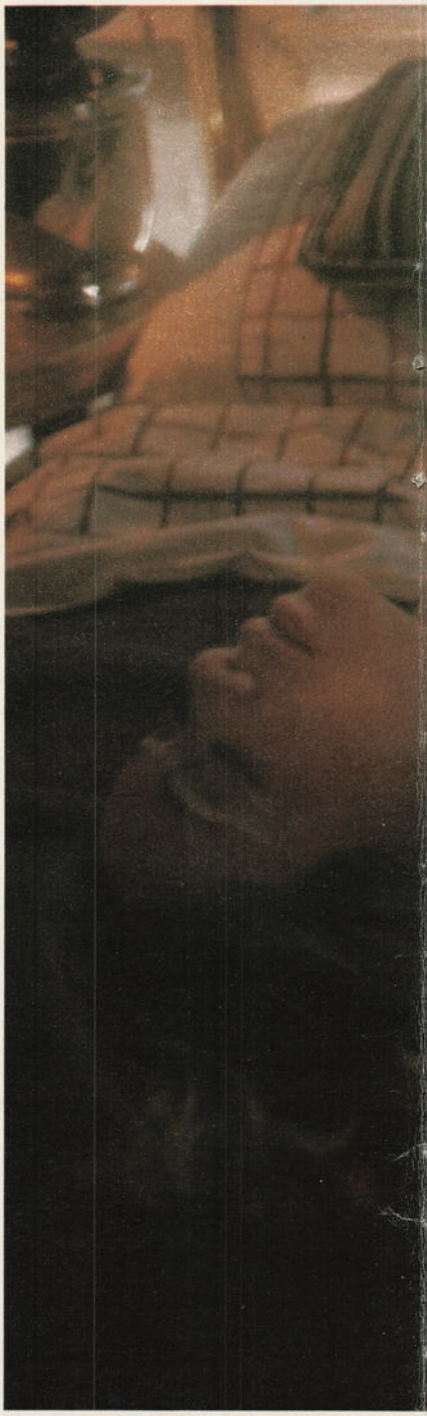
The sun is high in the heavens and the elements are in motion. For the friends at the beach, the summer warmth is a soothing balm, and as they talk they become gently aware that their long relationship is about to embrace new horizons of sensual enlightenment.

It is a slow and deliciously subtle awakening. For years they had discussed—on this same beach—what it would be like to be survivors, isolated, alone together without the comforts and counsel of their men. And suddenly a mysterious new sweetness is born, an excursion into new sensations commences, an experiment begins....They know they are about to bestow upon each other those same private and personal favors usually reserved for their lovers. It is as natural as the sun's heat warming the soft afternoon breeze.

Slowly, easily, once-hidden urges become more potent. The light touch of warm caressing fingers takes on a fresh sensitivity. Their newly awakened responses are soft and intensely feminine, each movement becoming more suggestive to remind them again that they are women—and that woman is capable of unbounded,

"Suddenly a mysterious new sweetness is born, an excursion into new sensations commences, an experiment begins...."





Make up for Geminesse by Babiz/Hair Design by Arthur Mondragon/Furnishings by Tiberio Art Deco Shop

unfettered emotion. They have discovered themselves. At their apartment, among familiar things that seem somehow different, they stretch on the cooling linen and travel together into secrets once shared only with their men. They become castaways indeed, absorbing every new taste and sexual nuance their agile minds and bodies provide.

What was once an idle curiosity between friends develops into a fledgling quest for perfection. Time stops. For them, there is no more hesitancy, no guilt, no fear.... Only the sensuous enjoyment of supple bodies. The removal of a wispy petticoat, a string of pearls, unleashes the unknown depths

of their individual passions. Their eyes and lips give credence to their new understanding of what it is to be a woman.

Even though they were friends and companions for many years, their bodies now tell them that they were mysterious strangers before this initiation into a brave new world of uninhibited communication. Sure of themselves and of their womanhood, they find they are beyond the fears of jealousy and competition that often cloud their relationships with their menfolk.

Now a soft inner glow fills their exhausted

Men's hair and beard design by Frank DeMille of Beverly Hills/Antique car courtesy of Rondal Huff

bodies, and they drift into a haze of happiness with no worries about what tomorrow may hold. They have accepted each other, finally and completely, and their lovemaking has become a transition of friendship, untouched by the outside world. Outcasts from the more conventional forms of womanly pleasures? The friends think not. Their own private excursions into the wonders of feminine companionship will only embellish their future relationships with their men. For now they know pleasure at a deeper level. Now they can give much more of their womanhood to their lovers—and to each other.

Worshiping the Southern Bitch

One of the cornerstones of antebellum Southern civilization was the white woman's untouchable image. In order for the Southern woman to keep a really firm footing on the pedestal that Southern men had thoughtfully erected for her, she had to be aloof, aristocratic, and haughty. These chilly qualities have always been required of women in societies based on vast agrarian estates, but they were especially necessary in the states of the Southern Confederacy. They enabled the white woman to maintain her sanity when she saw light-skinned slave children who were the very spit of Ole Massa running around the plantation.

When the icy disregard she cultivated was mixed with the inevitable disgust she felt, the result was often frigidity. Southern gentlemen have actually been known to drink toasts to the sexual coldness of Southern women and one of the very best of these florid paeans has been recorded by Carl Carmer in *Stars Fell on Alabama*: "To Woman—lovely woman of the Southland, as pure and chaste as this sparkling water, as cold as this gleaming ice, we lift this cup, and we pledge our hearts and our lives to the protection of her virtue and chastity."

By Florence King

Photograph by Wu Tze Chiu

Southernese loses a great deal in translation. Here's what the toast really means: "To Woman, without whose purity and chastity we could never have justified slavery and segregation (both of which made money), without whose coldness we wouldn't have had the excuse we needed for messing around down in the slave cabins and getting plenty of poontang. We pledge our hearts and our lives to the protection of her virtue and chastity because they are the best political leverage we ever did see."

As Southern male propaganda continued through the years, Southern women came to actually believe these fulsome testimonials to their purity and tried to find a middle road between their normal desires and their male-manufactured image. After all, *anything* can happen in a land where men drink toasts to frigidity, so the Southern woman often decided to enjoy sex as much as possible while remaining a virgin—a compromise that won her a reputation as a sadistic flirt.

As time passed and other American women began to gain greater sexual freedom, the Southern woman evolved another compromise. It was easy for her to do this sort of thing because she was the product of a region that had spent two centuries justifying itself to the rest of the country. After performing the kind of mental gymnastics it takes to prove that slavery is God's will, rationalizing mere sexual peccadilloes was child's play. She hit upon an idea that would permit her to lose her virginity, enjoy a regular sex life, and yet soothe her male-induced guilt. She would throw away her hot pantalettes, do as she pleased, and convince *herself* that her hymen was still intact.

She became a self-rejuvenating virgin.

But, in order to recycle her pearl beyond price, certain ground rules had to be established. First, premeditation was forbidden. The self-rejuvenating virgin never planned ahead, she was always "swept off her feet." If she could not make herself believe this, she engineered bizarre sexual encounters that were never *quite* the real thing, so that the next morning she could tell herself, "It didn't really happen because. . . ."

(1) I was drunk.
(2) We didn't take all our clothes off.
(3) We didn't do it in a bed.
(4) He didn't put it all the way in me.
(5) He didn't come inside me.
(6) I didn't come.
(7) . . . well, not really.

The self-rejuvenating virgin never bothered with contraceptives because that was premeditation. If her date wanted to use one—well, that was *his* business. They might drive past two dozen drugstores on their way to the woods, but she never said a word until the very last minute—at which point she would shriek, "Do you have something?"

The woods, of course, was the only place a respectable self-rejuvenating virgin could possibly make love. The very idea of making love in a bed threw her into terrible conflict—it was too official, too premeditated, and too comfortable. She preferred to mortify her flesh in the woods, where she could count the ticks and chiggers for punishment.

When I was at Ole Miss in 1958, the boys were so used to self-rejuvenating virgins that they automatically headed for the woods even when a bed was available. Every car trunk contained both a blanket and that most Southern of all contraceptives, a bottle of warm Coke, because the self-rejuvenating virgin would walk over hot coals before she would buy a douche bag.

She would much rather shake up a bottle of Coke and let it explode in fury all over her pudenda because such an experience colors lovemaking with an unmistakable aura of surprise. Nothing could be further from premeditation than finding herself in the middle of a pitch-black forest with Coke running out of her vagina and down her legs.

If her date failed to use a rubber and if the douche that refreshes didn't work, the self-rejuvenating virgin could claim the best excuse in her rule book: "It didn't really happen because I'm pregnant."

This is the webby Southern mind at its best. She meant: "I let him do it to me and I enjoyed it, but now I'm being punished, which wipes out the pleasure and therefore the entire act."

The typical self-rejuvenating virgin would unzip a man's fly and fondle him as he drove to the motel, but when he pulled up to their cabin she refused to go in.

"Let's just sit here a minute," she said, and the next minute she was all over him. A steamy petting session ensued, and when she became aroused to the point of no return she gasped, "Let's go somewhere!"—meaning, of course, the woods, the only place a really respectable Southern vixen can go to earth.

Sometimes she got drunk enough to actually enter the paid-for cabin, tear off her clothes, and fall backward onto the bed. She landed in the missionary position and promptly passed out—or pretended to. The next morning, she would awake naked, next to a naked man, stare at him in horror, shake him awake, and ask: "Did anything *happen*? Tell me the truth."

Southern men always knew what to say: "No, honey, nothin' happened, I swear it didn't. I just held you—that's all."

The self-rejuvenating virgin always had a ladylike orgasm, a pelvic shudder that she infused with fey girlishness. When she felt it coming on she giggled—a feat that ought to be worth a Nobel Prize or two—and when it hit she trembled prettily in the zephyr range. Afterwards, she registered awesome astonishment and innocently asked her lover: "Oh-h-h, what happened to me?"

The self-rejuvenating virgin has all but disappeared from the South because the birth-control pill has thrown out her plea of *crime passionnel*. She must now face up to the fact that she is guilty of canoodling in the first degree. I'm glad she is passing into history but I will miss her. She made life, particularly in college dormitories, most lively and interesting. One especially memorable self-rejuvenating virgin—I will never forget her!—was a Mississippi girl who, without a doubt, had the most active sex life of any woman since Pauline Bonaparte—and, of course, managed to convince every last one of her lovers that she was a virgin. Her secret weapon was an alum-spiked red mouthwash that assured her of having eternal pucker power.

Readers of those moonlight-and-magnolias historical novels so popular in the 1940's quickly became accustomed to certain words almost always used to describe a Southern heroine. Somewhere around the middle of the book, this creature promptly melted, becoming *languid*, *voluptuous*, sinuous, *sultry*, *abandoned*, and—above all—*wanton*.

"Isn't this what you want—*wanton*?" she breathed, her hot, *tremulous* lips fluttering against the hero's ear. Suddenly, she became *insatiable* and *demanding*, and what's more, she started to *pulsate*.

The motivation for this startling change was usually a last-ditch attempt to drag a Southern gentleman from the arms of another female character called, invariably, "the insolent, sloe-eyed Zerline." Naturally, Zerline was a slave—but always a very pale one—to whom the hero had turned for affection after Miss Lily had gone as stiff as a board for the four-hundredth time. In fact, Miss Lily had gone so stiff on her wedding night that our hero could have picked her up by her feet, and she continued to assume this Prussian posture every time he approached her bed—naturally driving him straight into the arms of Zerline.

All Southerners are easily challenged, and pride is never far below the surface. When the plantation novelist's well-bred heroine made her inevitable decision to "fight back," she was simply being Southern. The easy sensuality of slave women, for whom sex was life's only pleasure, became an ever-present challenge to the white woman, whose ego had been fattened by the code of chivalry. Gentlemen danced attendance on the Southern lady, showered her with extravagant gallantries, and generally egged her along the road to narcissism and boundless conceit. They even defended slavery with their talk of her tempting beauty and desirability. Black men had to be kept in chains or they would all make a beeline for the irresistible Miss Lily—who, after all, had the power to drive even quite respectable white men mad.

Being human, Miss Lily reveled in such compliments and soon came to believe them. Once the twin gauntlets of slave competition and the white man's press-agentry had been flung down before her, she responded in an easily predictable way and the cult of the delectable belle was born. Her motto was "Promise *anything*." She may have delivered nothing at all, except sidelong glances, but it is from such propaganda that myths are born.

Sometimes she didn't actually come across, but she performed all the pre-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

© 1975—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

I smoked the same brand of cigarettes for 16 years. Here's what made me stop.

The pleasure I get from a cigarette is important to me. And I've been pretty loyal to the taste I like.

But even up here in the small town I live in I've heard all the things they've been saying against smoking and against 'tar' and nicotine.

Yet I didn't want to quit. I enjoyed it too much.

So every once in a while I'd try one of those low 'tar' cigarettes.

To me they were like smoking cabbage.

Then one day my wife said, "Bill, here's a new cigarette I've been reading about."

It was Vantage. I lit it up skeptically. But was I surprised! It tasted as good as my old brand.

I found out that while Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette I can buy, it sure is the one I can enjoy. In my book that means a lot.

Because of Vantage I gave up my old brand without giving up anything I really wanted.

William Pixley

William Pixley, West Stockbridge, Mass.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

CESAR CHAVEZ

—the undefeated leader of the migrant farm workers.

In 1973 the International Brotherhood of Teamsters invaded the agricultural valleys of California. Their mission was to help the grape and lettuce growers crush Cesar Chavez and his United Farm Workers. They had political support (Nixon let Jimmy Hoffa out of jail). They had money to buy high-powered public relations men (stories appeared questioning the ability of Cesar Chavez and his fellow workers—those gutsy, ignorant, well-meaning little guys—to run their own union). And, of course, the growers were eager to throw out the UFW and welcome the Teamsters as saviors. Needless to say, the Teamsters had the usual advance phalanx of thugs breaking heads right in front of the admiring eyes of the cops.

By the fall of 1974 the Teamster invasion had stripped the UFW to eight thousand members, and only seven of their contracts were still in force. The little guys were nearly wiped out. But not quite.

Chavez and his people beefed up their picket lines along the country roads. In seventy-five cities in North America and Europe the boycott of grapes, head lettuce, and Gallo wines was intensified. According to UFW figures, the growers had been forced to put 40 percent of the grape crop into cold storage as compared to an average of 9 percent in the years when they held UFW contracts. Gallo—an early Teamster convert—reported wine sales down by as much as 13 percent.

Why should we believe the UFW and their statistics? Easy. Chavez has never lied to us. The worst crime Chavez ever committed was criminal trespass—he set foot on the sacred soil of a grower. But look at the proud record of the Teamsters. Two of their presidents have served jail sentences: Dave Beck for his casual treatment of union funds, and Jimmy Hoffa for jury-tampering. Who would you believe?

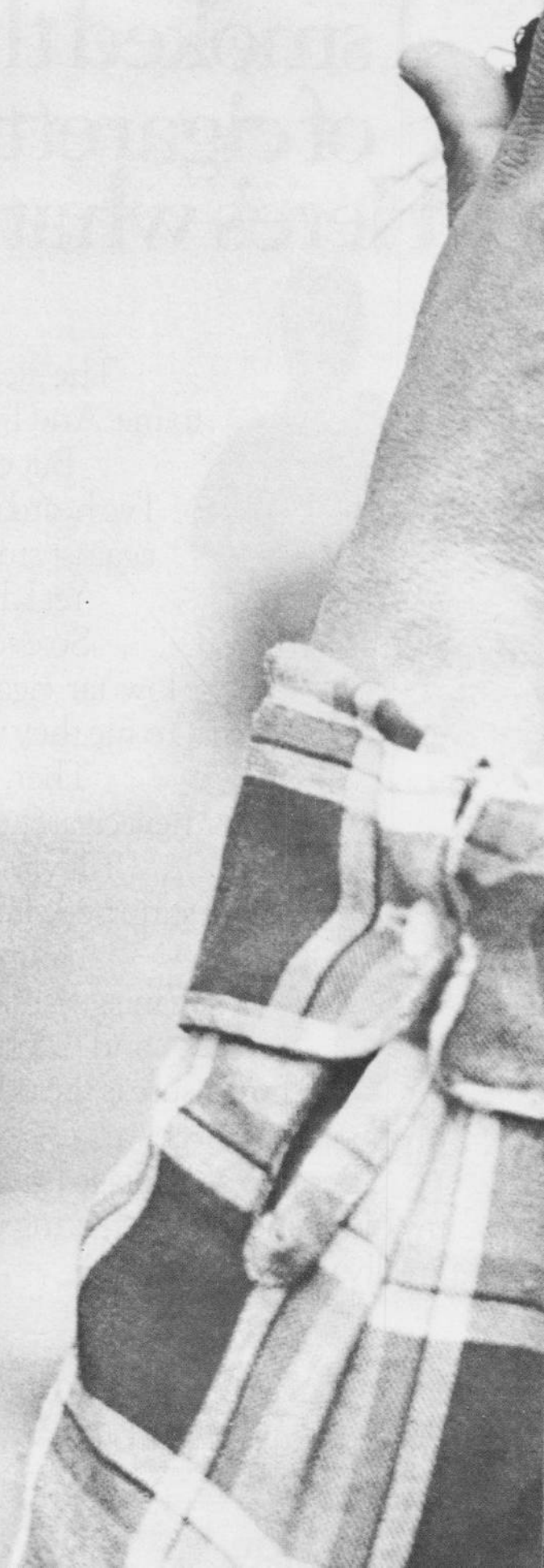
Cracks are already beginning to appear in the solid front the Teamsters claim they have constructed. Their first local, chartered in Salinas, California, is reported to be in chaos. The man charged with administering it, Cono Macias, says the Teamsters are trying to disband it. This dissolution is apparently the first step in a plan for the Teamsters' locals to assimilate the Mexican-Americans, nullifying their power and removing them as a threat to the growers. The Teamsters deny everything.

In Cesar Chavez, the UFW has one of the great organizers in the history of the American labor movement. He is one of the few uncorrupted heroes we have left.

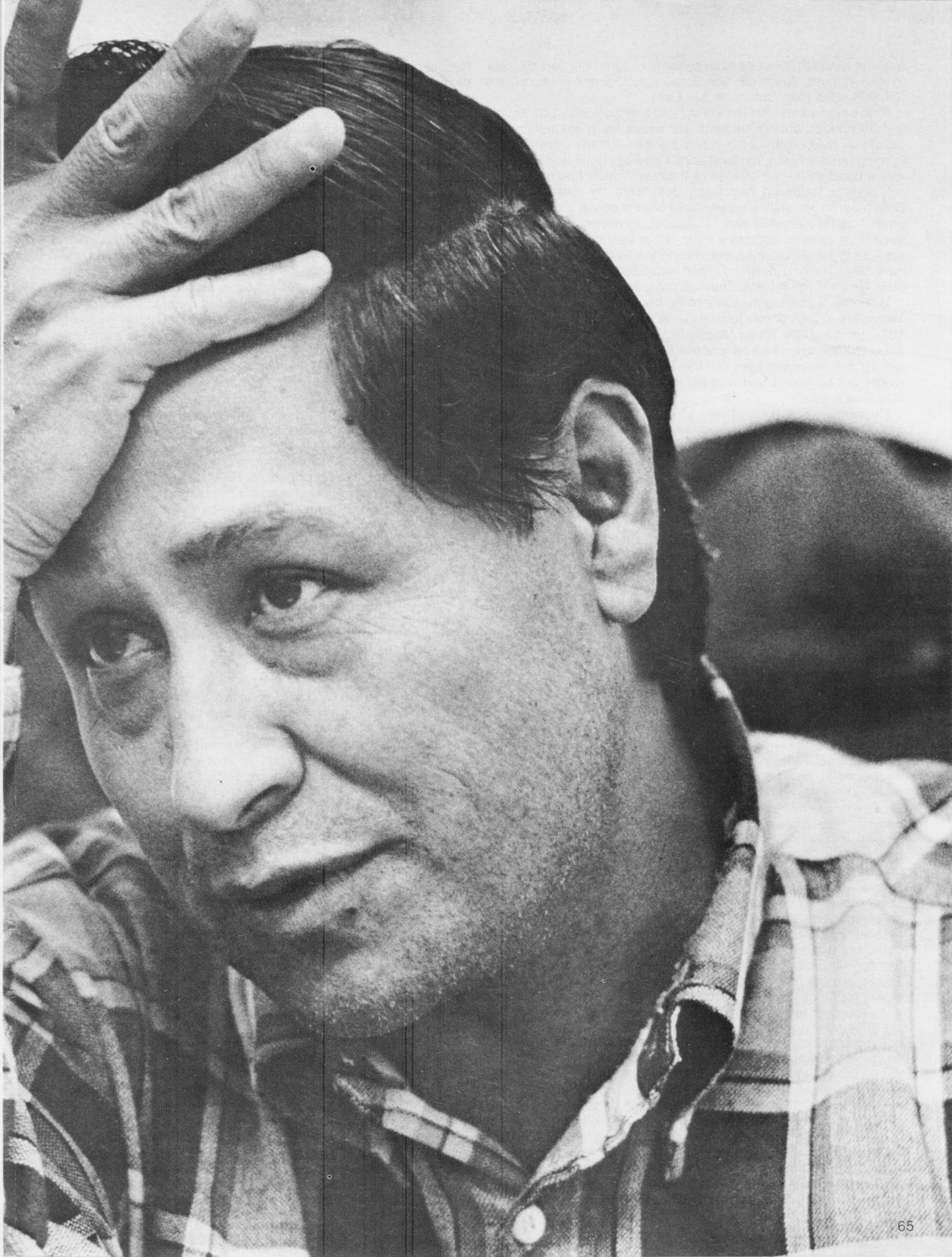
After almost twenty years of union organizing in California, Chavez attracted national and international attention in 1965, when the UFW grape strike began. For eight years thereafter, he waged strikes and led the first nationwide boycotts. He went on four protest fasts, one lasting twenty-five days. In the end he won more than 300 contracts from the corporate monsters and feudal-throwbacks who dominate our food supply. He did it once. He is confident he can do it again.

Cesar Estrada Chavez was born on March 31, 1927, on a small farm near Yuma, Arizona, which had been purchased by his Mexican paternal grandfather in 1889. In 1937 the farm was lost because of taxes. Ten-year-old Cesar hit the road, doomed to the life of a migrant laborer. He attended more than thirty schools, managing to finish the seventh grade.

He served for two years in the navy, seeing active duty on a destroyer in the Pacific during the closing months of World War II. In 1947 he married Helen Fabela whose father had been a colonel under Pancho Villa. They have eight children, four of whom live at



Paul Fusco/Magnum



home in a modest two-bedroom house in Delano. His parents, now in their eighties, still live in San Jose in the Chicano ghetto called *Sal Si Puedes* (Get Out . . . If You Can).

Chavez is five feet, six inches tall and weighs a lean 140, having lost 30 pounds during his fasts. He wears his black hair neatly parted far over on the left. He has the dark, steady eyes and the curving nose of his Indian forebears. He wears plain work trousers and a plaid shirt—the uniform of those who work for *La Causa*.

Chavez's following has been described by journalist Rick Beban as "more than a union, more than a social movement; at times . . . a religion of its own." These people eat beans. They sleep three, five, or even eight to a room, when they must. They ride to work, or to the picket lines, in cars and trucks which look as if they have been handed down by those legendary migrants, the dust-bowl Okies of the thirties. They do not give up.

Wittingly or unwittingly, some of the liberal press are helping the Teamsters in their efforts to seal Cesar's tomb. On September 15, 1974, the *New York Times Magazine* published an article by Winthrop Griffith, who is a free-lance writer based in northern California. Griffith acknowledges that the Teamsters have been playing rough, but he leaves you with the impression that it's all more or less God's will.

He writes, "The ascendancy of the Teamsters over the UFW indicates that maybe the passionate visionary, who was once victorious, must inevitably give way to the cool technicians of an entrenched organization."

Cesar may be a saint to the *New York Times*, but it's almost as if they resent his letting the Teamsters move in. Now they have to go back to reporting the same story which they thought had ended. So the *Times* heaves a liberal sigh and murmurs a few kind words over the body before moving on to fresher copy. It hurts their heads and bores them silly to keep writing about good guys who are slow to get computerized and who can't even learn how to put in the fix, for Christ's sake. If only the UFW would stop acting human and become "an entrenched organization" with "cool technicians." Well, what can you expect from a bunch of peons?

And that is how big media, big business, big labor, and big government batter and defeat the little man who has a just cause. People rally to the underdog but the big guys figure that if they are patient, if they spend enough, if they keep hammering long enough, maybe the underdog's supporters will quit. The lawyers may stop contributing free legal services. Housewives may abandon the boycott lines and even buy the lettuce, grapes, and wine.

Eventually, maybe even the *New York Times* will come up with a piece which asks, "Is Chavez Beaten?" and then spend several thousand words assuring us that sadly enough, he's through and though we can't help, everything might work out for the best.

(The *Times* did come back with a more accurate story. On February 8, 1975, they printed a short report by Ronald B. Taylor, an author who has specialized in the farm-labor story. But it could hardly balance the heavily weighted piece in the Sunday *Magazine*.)

Though pronounced dead by the Teamsters and their friends, the UFW corpse has proven very lively. Last March, after a seven-day, 110-mile long march from San Francisco, more than 15,000 people showed up at Gallo wine headquarters in Modesto to challenge Gallo to hold the free elections the company has constantly avoided.

Then, the week of May 4 was named National Farm Workers Week, not only here but in Canada and Western Europe. On the agenda were special church services in major cities, the premiere of a new documentary on the farm workers, and concerts (including one from Madison Square Garden) featuring major stars of the entertainment world.

It is a travesty to view Chavez as merely a brave man who organized a union for poor people. He is a continuing inspiration to common people everywhere who are being ripped off—physically poisoned and spiritually raped—by mindless corporations and out-of-control unions, unresponsive to the needs of humanity.

Chavez is not a minority leader. He is a majority organizer. His boycott is a way of rallying the consumer-victims against the plunderers of the earth and giving them a new incentive to fight for their lives and the lives of their children.

This interview was conducted by the author, a *Penthouse* contributing editor, in New York City and was followed up with several brief conversations with both Cesar Chavez and his brother and co-worker, Richard.—*Richard Ballad*

Penthouse: You have endured physical deprivation, insults, persecution, beatings, jailings. What are your personal feelings about all that has happened to you?

Chavez: I don't like to talk about what has happened to me. I am merely typical. So many others have endured so much more. That's why when I have been in jail we have had no "Free Chavez" campaigns. It's the union that counts. Concentrating on getting one man out of jail, that's what they'd like us to do. Then they could say, "You see, Chavez is worrying about himself."

Penthouse: But you must have some personal emotions about all this?

Chavez: Yes, of course I have personal emotions. I feel for all who are suffering and I feel for the ones who suffered in the past. The older ones. My father. I remember the signs, *No Dogs or Mexicans Allowed*. You think you ever forget that?

I remember one time when I was a little boy my father stopped our car at a broken-down café. It was such a beat-up place he hoped they would forget they hated us and be happy to get some business. But when my father said, "Please, could I get a jar of coffee?" they said, "No. Get out! We don't serve any dirty Mexicans here."

Okay. That's the past. Gone. But I can't forget. It still hurts. It still hurts when I hear the word *greaser*. Not the kids. It doesn't bother them. They can laugh at it. But I can't. Well, maybe sometimes when the person saying it or the situation is just ridiculous. But I can't really laugh.

Penthouse: What about the events since you started the union? What are your emotions about your whole struggle?

Chavez: Well, I remember people who have been hurt. Like a man named Hector Abeyia. He had an artificial leg and a grower beat him up. We had to go through a lot and call on state authorities before anybody would arrest the grower. After they did, he got a ten-dollar fine. I guess that was a victory.

I remember a girl named Magdalene who was working in the fields and who breathed insecticide and fell down unconscious. Later she got headaches, and nose bleeds, and her lungs hurt, but she could still smile and continue to work for the cause.

And there was a man named Chapa whose little boy fell between the rows. Nobody saw him lying there. The digging machine came along and killed the child. And a couple of years later his little girl drowned in an irrigation canal. California has child-labor laws—but the little kids come in the fields with their parents and there is no law against *that*. When the family is scrimping and trying to make a living on piece work, the temptation is to let the kids help fill the boxes. And who enforces child-labor laws, anyway?

Penthouse: In August 1966, in San Diego County, you, two clergymen, and several workers were arrested, abused, chained, and stripped of your clothes. If you won't talk about what happened to you, tell us what happened to your comrades who shared that experience?

Chavez: [Laughs.] I guess you figured out a way to get around it. Well, it happened at the Borrego Springs ranch. It was owned by the Di Giorgios. I was with the Reverend Chris Hatmire, who headed the California Migrant Ministry, and Father Salandini, a Roman Catholic priest. We had persuaded the people to strike, and we'd gone back to the ranch with them to get some belongings. The company guards grabbed us and made us get in a closed truck. It was 115 degrees outside and it was about three in the afternoon. They kept us in there for about four hours. Then they took us to a sheriff's station where the officers stripped us naked and gave us the most intensive body search I've ever experienced. Then they chained us together, hands and feet. They were trying to degrade us, to humiliate us.

We came to trial in this little town—I think it was Ramona—and the judge said we were three of the most dangerous criminals he'd ever seen. As bad as things were, I had to smile at that. He gave us a two-year probation. A week later we met with Governor Pat Brown. He said, "My God. They didn't use *chains*? I can't believe they did that in the

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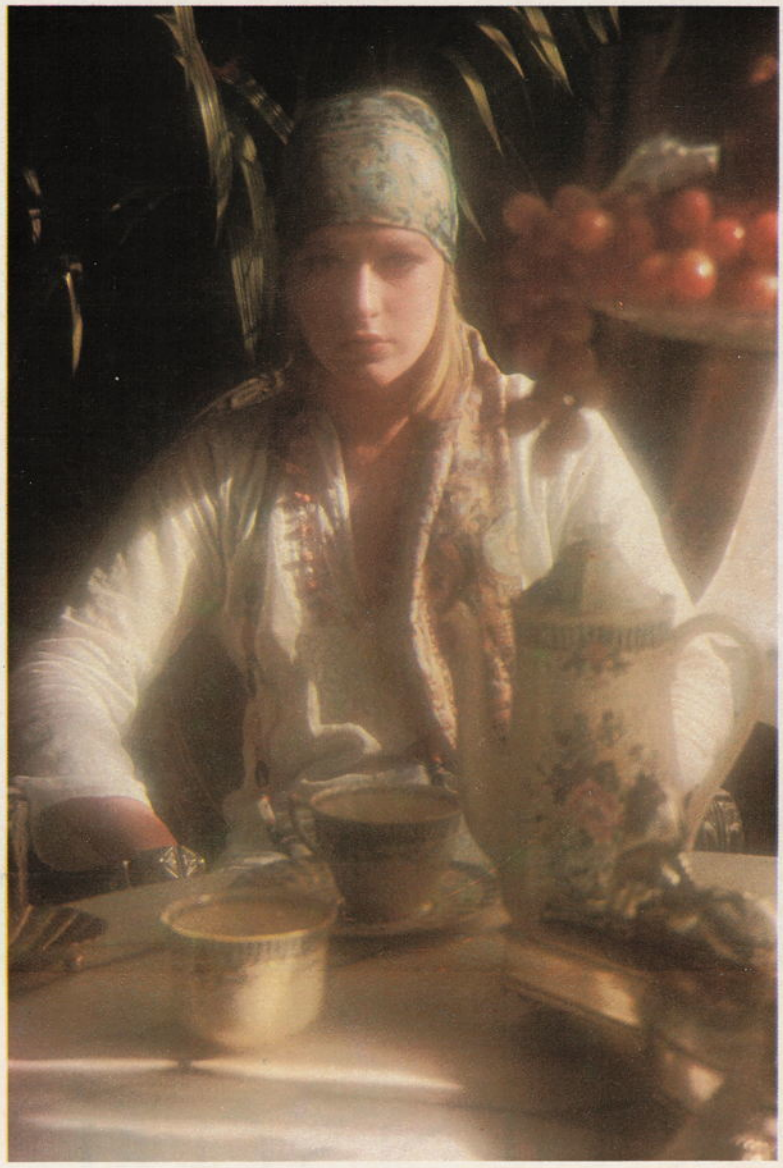


"An orgasm isn't that fantastically important to me. I get more of a kick out of giving my partner pleasure...."

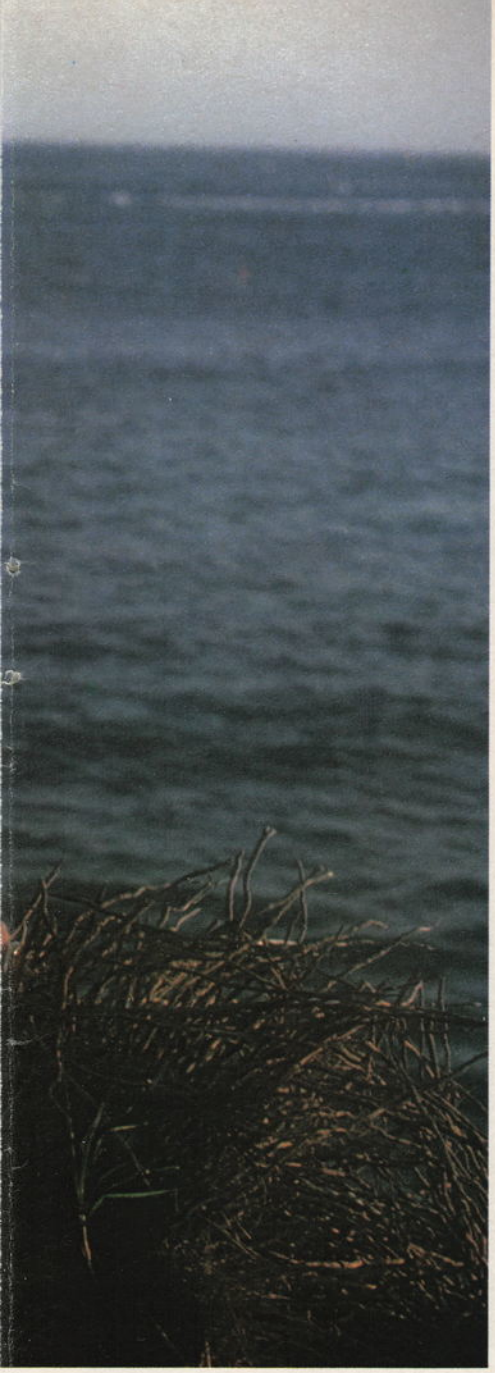
JANE

FORTUNE'S CHILD

A fortune-teller once told Jane Hargrave that if she nurtured her innermost drive for self-expression and didn't hold herself back, she was going to become famous. "Ever since," muses Jane, "I've really believed it—I know it's going to come true some day."

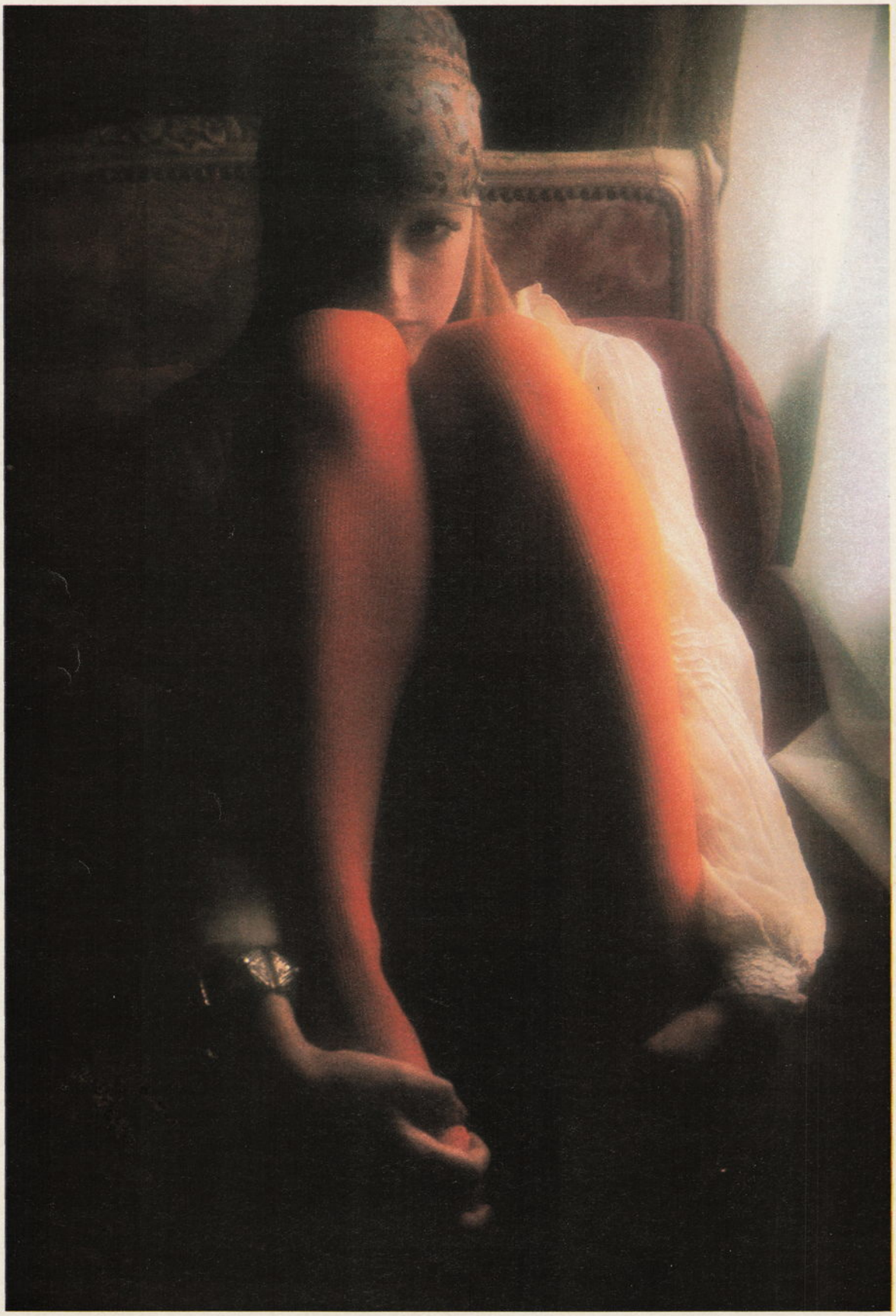
Even when she was locked away in an English convent school in her early teens, she managed to find an outlet for her budding creative powers. "I wrote a kinky historical novel, and I put in all the sexy bits that the history books *didn't* contain. It was the only way I could express myself. The isolated life made me shy, yet I was intensely

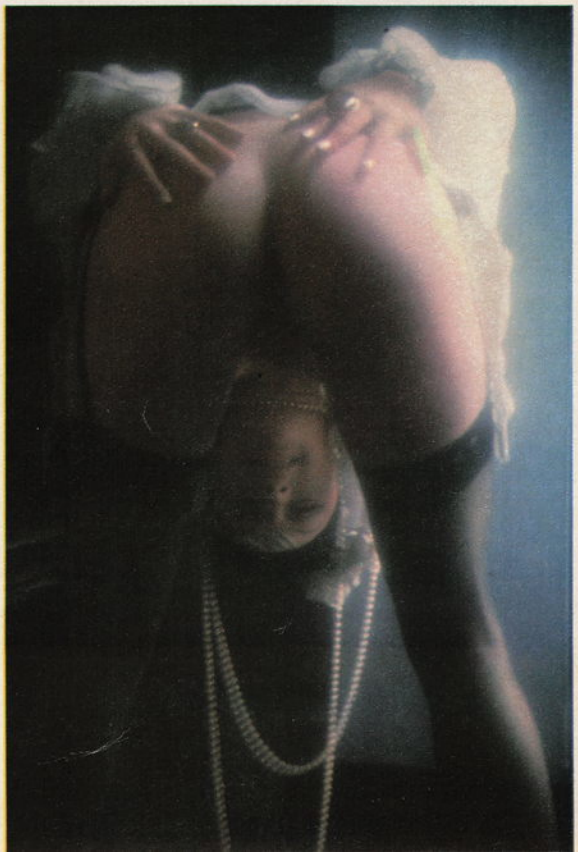
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



aware of my sexuality—long before other girls my age were. By the time my mother got around to telling me about sex, I already knew what it was all about."

Jane's isolation continued when her father was sent to Russia as a correspondent for a London newspaper. Moscow proved to be about as sexless as the convent school she'd just left—at least, for a while. "We didn't mix much outside the American and British embassies. Most of my time was spent going to a club for the U.S. Marines stationed at the embassy. There was a pretty good social life for everybody *except* me—a lot of swapping of wives and boyfriends went on—I suppose because it was such a very closed community. Anyway, I was too young to join in. Moscow is a very beautiful city but very old-fashioned. If a

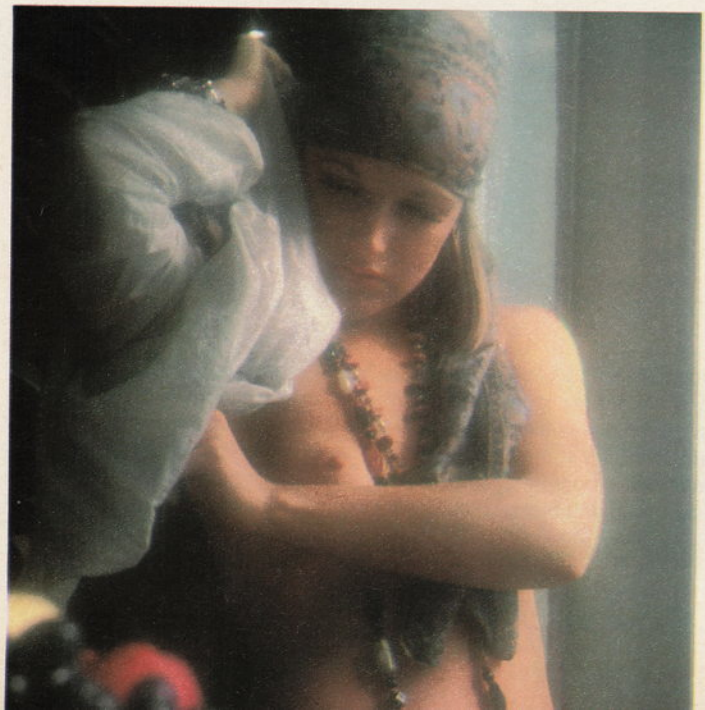




"What really turns me on is seeing his erection... knowing that the center of his masculinity is going to be inside of me."

woman smokes in the street, it's taken as a sign of prostitution. The old grandmothers would shake their fists at me when I smoked or wore a mini. Once the KGB came to the flat while I was out, and I found my private letters spread all over my room."

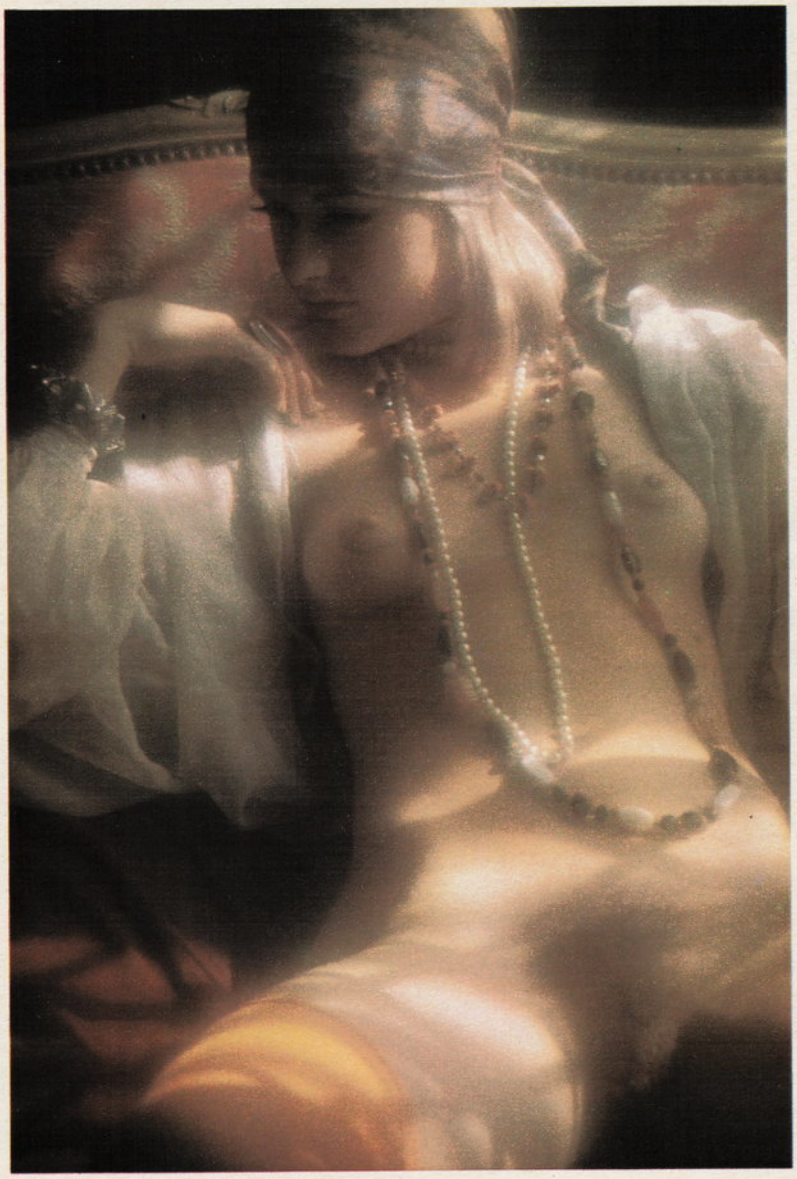
However diligent the government searchers may have been, they failed to uncover Jane's more intimate desires. But these were to be discovered soon enough by a young Marine security guard Jane met at the club. "He didn't know it," smiles Jane, "but I really fancied him as soon as I saw him. I was the one who decided we should go to bed before he even suggested it. It finally happened in his bedroom at the embassy. The first time I didn't enjoy it a bit—maybe because I knew he didn't mean anything at all to me. He intrigued me, though, and I was just anxious



to make love. The sex really started to happen when I began to feel something for the man. We all have to learn...."

Now back in London, Jane lives with her parents while studying at day school. "There's no sexual strain living at home—my parents are very open-minded and understanding if I want to disappear for a couple of nights," she says. "I like to have a good time, but I'm highly individualistic. I can't bear the discotheque scene that most English girls my age seem addicted to, and I don't relate to the kind of men they seem to prefer either."

This is not to say that Jane isn't aware of the need for the right man at the right time. It's just that she likes to do the choosing—and she knows what she likes. "I prefer dark-haired men with strong features... unusual features. Good-looking men are usually terribly self-oriented. I like them tall, well-mannered, considerate, and intelligent. And I'm rather attracted by the look of young Americans," she says. "Not the hippy look, but that freshly-scrubbed,



virile, crew-cut image. Maybe it was that marine....

Jane's idea of American youth may be an anachronism, but that doesn't mean her head is old-fashioned. "When I'm with the right man I get butterflies in my stomach if he so much as touches me. Sometimes I can be extremely randy and won't need much foreplay—an orgasm isn't that fantastically important to me. I get more of a kick out of giving my partner pleasure. But what really turns *me* on is seeing his erection... knowing that it's meant for me, that the center of his masculinity is going to be inside of me."

We'll leave the exotic pleasure of plumbing the depths of Jane's inner workings to your own imagination. We can only commend that wise old fortune-teller for knowing what was there in the first place.

MISS JANE HARGRAVE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Southern Bitch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

liminaries with a fiery abandon that many Northern men, especially those of immigrant Catholic background, had never encountered. Living in the myth-drenched South had made her a good actress and she had the Southern gift for playing to the gallery; she did more moaning, writhing, and scratching than Salvatore and Patrick had ever seen nice girls do. There was no doubt that she was "nice," for in her nonsexual moments she subscribed to the measured ballet of Southern life with exquisite propriety. She was a hot *lady*, a contradiction guaranteed to intrigue all men.

Many of the Southern woman's sensual talents can often be traced to her relationship with her father. The Southern father behaves very seductively around his daughters and is obsessed with sexual differentiation. He wants his sons to be manly and his daughters to be womanly—with no shades of gray in between. His attitude accounts for the "Miss America syndrome" that pervades the South. The Southern father will often say: "I want my li'l gal to grow up to be Miss America"—positive proof of womanly allure. Subconsciously he begins early in her life to ensure her proper development by training her to respond to men. His modus operandi includes a great deal of hugging, kissing, and lap-sitting—which sets a little girl well on the path of sexual response. She grows to like the way men smell, the feel of whiskers and hard muscles, and connects these things with the security of her father's love. *Providing this love affair does not go too far*, the Southern daughter often emerges from it as a very fortunate young woman. She is used to men, and she has also practiced her flirting on her father. Since she is the "apple of his eye," he always responds with elaborate fervor to her techniques. This instills supreme confidence in her and makes it virtually impossible for her to doubt her womanly charms. Used to a steady stream of male approbation and blandishments, she can hardly wait to get more of the same. And the best way to get them is to be good in bed—so she sees to it that she is.

The Hollywood casting office has certainly done its part in promoting the American near-nymphomaniac to almost legendary status, but she is a bona fide fixture of Southern life. I knew one, whose problems all quite clearly sprang from her father's Miss America complex.

She was his youngest child and only daughter. Overjoyed at her birth, he insisted upon giving her a name that, he felt, represented the sultry sensuality of the Southern woman at her tempting best. He called her Velvet, and she was baptized with this symbolic moniker in the poshest Episcopal church in town.

In case Velvet missed the point of Daddy's christening caper, he drummed it into her head that she was supposed to "grow up and become Miss America," "grow up and break men's hearts," "grow up and be a beautiful movie stah."

What Velvet did was simply grow up—in record time. As soon as she could walk, she put on her mother's high heels, smeared her mouth with a filched lipstick, and sashayed down the street like a half-pint hooker.

Her father tried to ensure her fastidiousness by telling her the story of "The Princess and the Pea," but all Velvet got out of it was a fondness for lots of mattresses. From the age of fourteen on, she oozed musk and wreaked havoc throughout a five-county area. Wives shot husbands; husbands shot wives; and private detectives made a fortune—all because Velvet devoted her every waking moment to living up to her name.

At no time in these nefarious growing-up years did Daddy speak of college, future careers, or constructive ambitions. The only time he mentioned Velvet's future was the day he made vague allusions to the fact that young ladies who become professional corespondents in divorce cases might hurt their Miss America chances.

Velvet did go to college, but only because it provided a happy hunting ground, and because Miss America contestants who are also coeds are better representatives of the American dream than those who never go beyond high school. In one of her rare nonsexual moments she expressed a desire to go to art school in Chicago, but Daddy wouldn't hear of it. He was afraid to let her out of his sight, so the vicious circle continued and Velvet eventually forgot about her ambitions.

The urge to excel remained, however, and Velvet turned her energies to sex "showings" instead of art showings. She craved recognition and exposure; she wanted to be caught in the act. Not surprisingly, she got her wish most of the time.

Velvet was discovered by none other than Miss Lulugrace Tewksbury, Clerk of the State Senate, who barged into a young legislator's office and found Velvet and the statesman locked into a complicated cubistic posture on his desk. Miss Tewk, as she was affectionately known throughout the state, took one look, screamed, and ran down the hall of the statehouse in such hysteria that she forgot about the lovely antebellum staircase at the end. She rolled like a ball down the entire flight, but—thanks to the lovely thick carpeting—she arose unhurt, just like Vivien Leigh's stunt girl.

She was barely on her feet before she was telling everybody what she had seen—which, of course, was just exactly what Velvet wanted.

"It's settled then, Mr. Dobbs, you'll stay the night—Ursaca insists!"

Movie bills of the thirties and forties left no doubt what the Southern woman was really like. She was Jezebel.

Drusilla was a clawing cat! A hot-tempered virago! Spoiled . . . self-centered, she always got her way!

In the middle of this splash of words stood Drusilla herself, ready to burst a blood vessel. Here was your true Southern vixen, full of sound and fury, her pretty mouth twisted into a red wound of rage and either a vase or a riding crop in her soft, dimpled hand. *No man had ever mastered her until. . . .*

Enter the hero on another movie bill:

Trask Fontaine was all MAN! A ruthless riverboat gambler, Trask tamed his women the way he tamed his horses—with a firm hand, a curb bit, and if necessary a WHIP!

In addition to being as cold as a witch's tit

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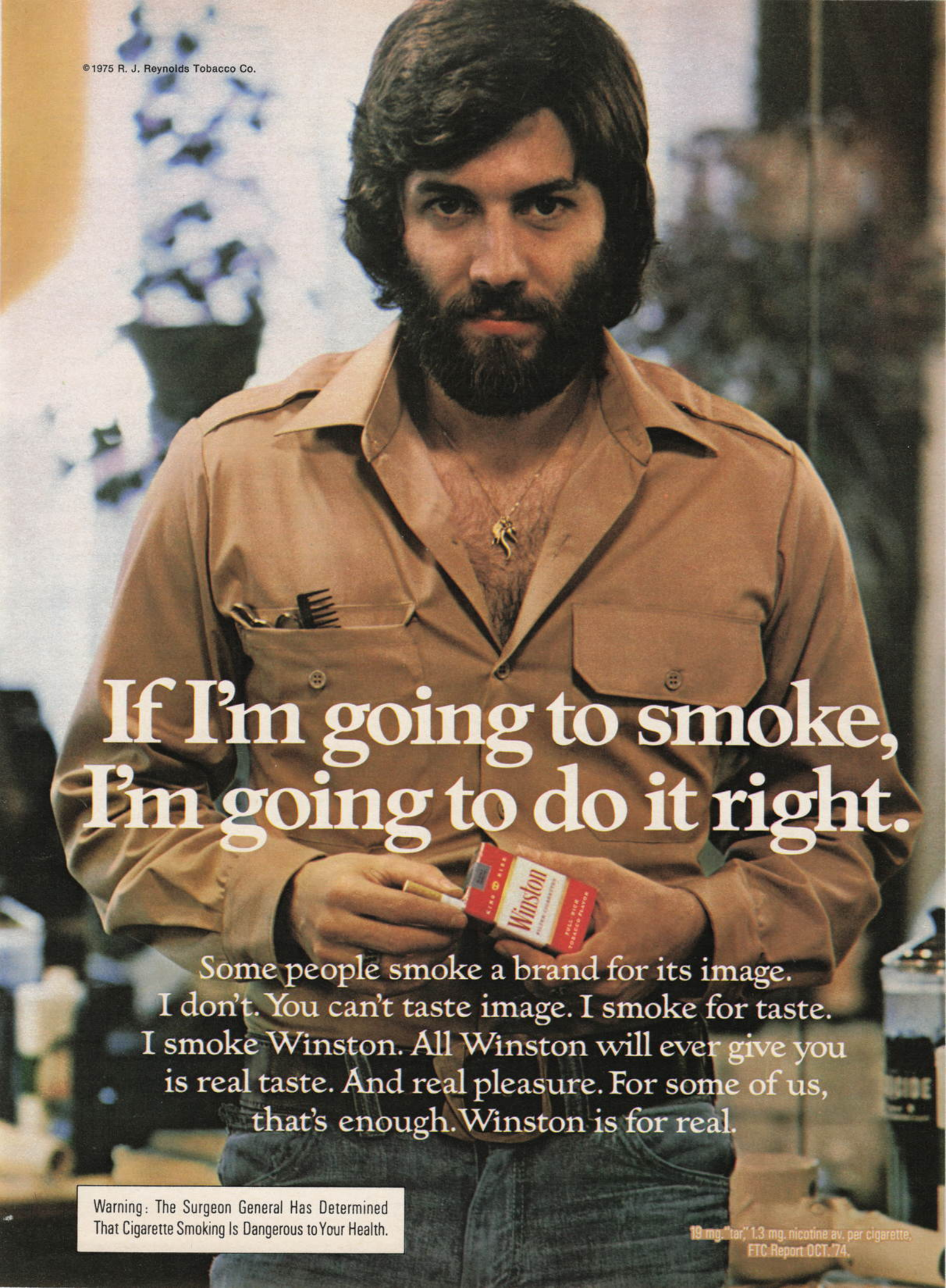


If I'm going to smoke, I'm going to do it right.

Some people smoke a brand for its image. I don't. You can't taste image. I smoke for taste. I smoke Winston. All Winston will ever give you is real taste. And real pleasure. For some of us, that's enough. Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

and pulsating with passion, the Southern woman is expected to behave in a manner that warrants commitment for observation. In Jezebel-type novels and movies all she does is fight, fight, fight. The battle is on the moment Drusilla and Trask meet. She flays him with her crop, rakes him with her nails, hurls priceless *objets d'art* at his head (she always misses), and destroys the pianoforte with a crashing two-fisted discord.

Throughout her uninterrupted attacks Trask remains unmoved—even amused. He grins at her, "undresses her with his eyes," and says, "You look mighty pretty when you're mad."

A professional bitch does the Southern man proud. If she is skittish, high-strung, and easily upset, well, that clearly means she is a thoroughbred with good blood—as opposed to some sluggish Yankee peasant. Good blood became very important in a region where white men were busy mixing theirs with blacks, so the Southern woman was given the job of proving how aristocratic everybody was. Whenever she shied violently, showed the whites of her eyes, and laid her ears back, the South could feel superior to the egalitarian North.

For a woman who does not know whether to be hot or cold, temper tantrums offer a convenient compromise. Men find it very easy to translate just plain female rage into female *genital* rage. She looks mighty pretty when she's mad—her cheeks flame, her eyes glitter, and she trembles uncontrollably. It looks like an orgasm; it sounds like an orgasm; therefore it *is* an orgasm! The Southern woman had at last found a way to indicate her hot blood without doing anything unladylike. She learned to use bitchiness for the same reason that she used glycerine and rose water—it made her soft and lovely so that men would *want* her.

The Southern women's problem with the virtuous image has been intensified by constant articulation. One minute she is called a "ladybug," the next minute a "heartbreaker," so it's hardly surprising that she will behave like Scarlett O'Hara for a month and then put in a week or two as Sweet Melanie Wilkes.

The Melanie syndrome is responsible for those trumpet blasts of self-effacement that Southern women sometimes emit. Saucy belles, who have the instincts and ethics of a cobra, will break down from time to time and humiliate themselves with such protestations as:

"You dance *so* much better than I do! Why, I just have two left feet compared to you!"

"You'd look better in *rags* than I would in a Dior!"

"Oh, I wish I had your hair! Mine is just so *ugly*!" (It's strawberry blond and naturally curly.)

It all sounds catty but it isn't. It's just Melanie trying to get out for some fresh air after being walled up in Scarlett's psyche for the past month. This Melanie syndrome is responsible for the Southern woman's fashion "look," which is usually somewhat less than chic. The compulsive need to be sweet is often translated into an attempt to *look* sweet that results in "busy" ensembles—a little more lace here, a few more tucks there, something "cute" pinned on the waist of a svelte dress, or, even today, a flower garden of a hat.

In addition to being hot, cold, bitchy, and sweet, the Southern woman is required to be something called "pert." Pertness grew out of political necessity in the Old South. The slaveholder, secretly guilty and doubtful of his clout, needed to be reassured that the Southern Way of Life produced delirious joy in all those who lived in it. So he turned to his slaves and his women for proof.

The blacks played the banjo for him and collapsed in standard Negro giggling fits whenever he looked at them. But his women did even better. They tinkled with insouciant gaiety and became saucy, piquant, lively, merry, sparkling, vivacious—in a word, *pert*. The Southern woman did everything but dance the minuet between labor pains; as secession and civil war loomed, her spirits rose higher and higher along with her giggle. Soon everyone was giggling—so that when Ole Massa went off to war, he was certain that he could lick the Yankees in a month.

He lost—which meant that pertness had to rebuild his fallen ego. It didn't matter that he had wrecked his country and brought poverty and Reconstruction down on everyone's head, Miss Dixie could be happy no matter what, and to prove it she followed the first commandment of pertness: *Thou shalt have the time of your life*. She ran up and down the floor in her patched dress shrieking: " 'Deed I'm just havin' such a wonderful time I don't know what to *do*!"

The second commandment of pertness is: *Thou shalt entertain*. As people forget their troubles when a Southern lady is entertaining them, Miss Dixie had to learn the art of being onstage at all times. She had to sing, play the piano, and tell clever stories with the expert timing of a stand-up comic.

The third commandment of pertness is: *Thou shalt play dumb*. After all, men who have lost a war must feel superior to *someone*. Dumb women cannot tell clever stories, however, so dumbness had to be mixed with pertness to achieve a brew that suited Southern tastes. Under no condition could Miss Dixie grow sodden with stupidity, so she chose an energetic form of dumbness that involved a lot of haphazard motion. She became scatterbrained, empty-headed, helpless, doe-eyed, forgetful, confused, and simpleminded. Men were delighted with her panic, especially when she threw herself into their arms and screamed, "Oh, I just don't know what to *do*!"

Being pleasant and agreeable is one thing, but the Southern woman overdid it until pertness became an ingrained habit. She couldn't stop giggling, gasping, and convulsing with mirth, nor could she lower her voice. She became an irretrievable victim of that hyperkinetic frenzy that still exists in the South.

It's known as the Pert Plague, and it's no wonder that the average Southern woman is a terrible housekeeper. She is quite simply exhausted—it's pretty hard work simulating an epileptic fit. The Pert Plague also interferes with her performance on her job. An enormous amount of time is wasted in Southern offices by otherwise capable and intelligent women who simply cannot calm down. If someone brings one of them a file, she won't say "Thank you," but, "Oh! You've rescued me from the horns of a dilemma! What ever would I do without *you*!"

After such a metaphorical litany, a simple "You're welcome" would sound painfully inadequate—if not, indeed, downright rude. The proper Southern reply? "Oh, I'm more than happy to do it for you! It was *no* trouble whatsoever, 'deed it wasn't!"

The Pert Plague is responsible for the general confusion in which so many Southern women dwell—the state known as being "on the horns of a dilemma." They are so busy talking, flirting, and laughing that they create an aura of turmoil in which they lose things, drop things, and spend a great deal of time rooting in their handbags like pigs at a trough, wailing: "Oh, I've lost my ticket! . . . Oh, I can't find my baggage check! . . . Now *where's* my wallet? I had it just a minute ago and now it's *gone*!"

Sometimes they even lose people. Prearranged meetings get snarled, itineraries are misread, someone misunderstands—or perhaps never hears—an instruction about time and place. . . . Soon it's all hopelessly snafu and everybody gets on the telephone to everybody else: "Have *you* seen MaryLou? No, she's not here, I thought she was *there*!"

When the Southern woman's hyped-up nervous system is unleashed, it's not likely to be long before a simple misunderstanding becomes a federal case. Thanks to every Southerner's tendency to exaggeration, when *nobody* can find MaryLou the verdict is:

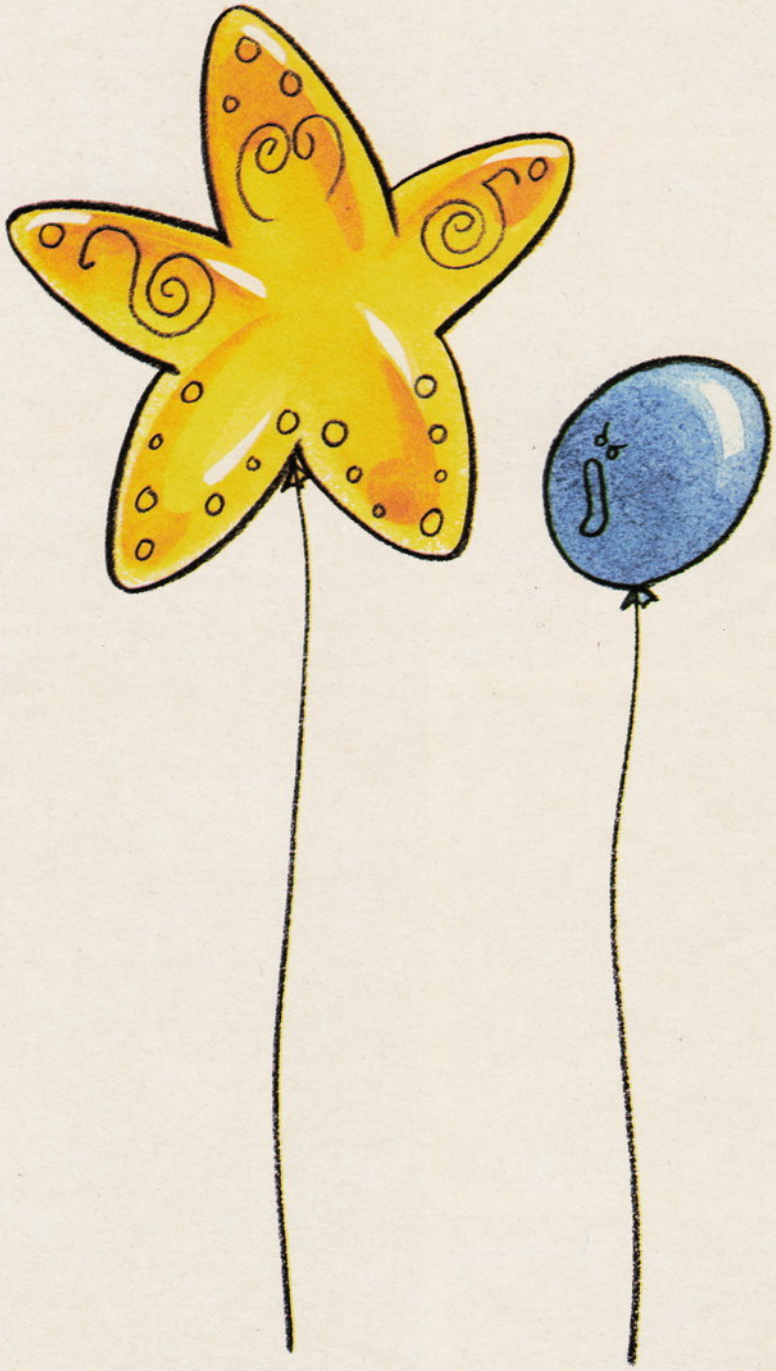
"She's just vanished into thin air!"

Since the Southern woman is invariably a frosty, wanton, pert, demure, passionate, sweet little hellcat, it's really no surprise that she has been the heroine of many more novels than her Northern sisters. Novelists prefer very complex women for their protagonists and the Southern belle is certainly the most complicated woman the United States has ever produced. All her problems stem from the fact that she succeeds greatly at a number of highly contradictory images. Yet because of this synthesis she manages to approach being all things to all men—wife, daughter, adversary, lover, companion, peer.

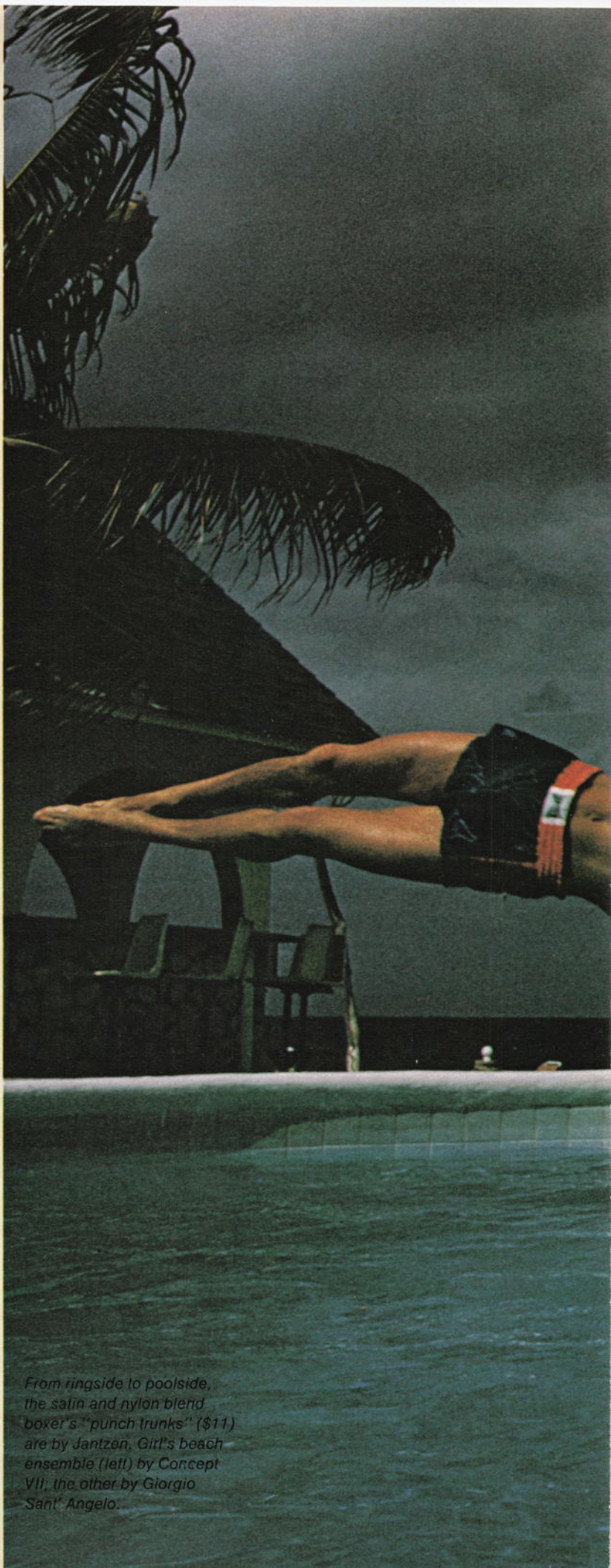
Every great civilization has had its courtesans, witty women who reigned over salons and enchanted men with their conversational powers. The lively charm of the Southern woman has made her America's courtesan—perhaps the only one we're ever likely to have.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"The trouble with you, Morey, is that you just can't forget who you are."



From ringside to poolside, the satin and nylon blend boxer's "punch trunks" ($11) are by Jantzen. Girl's beach ensemble (left) by Concept VII; the other by Giorgio Sant' Angelo.

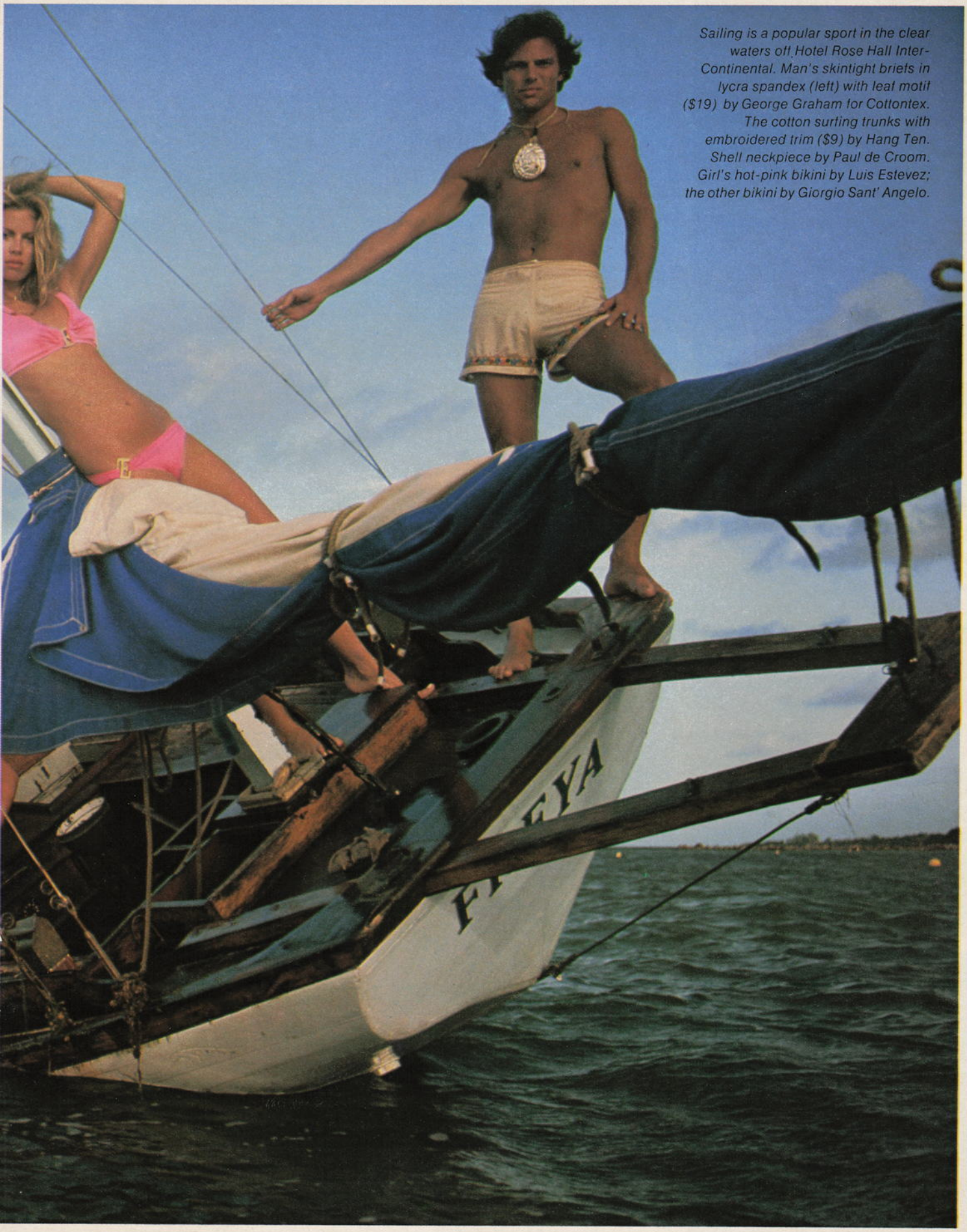
FASHIONS BY ED EMMERLING

TAKING THE PLUNGE

in the season's newest water wear in wet and wild Jamaica.

PHOTOS BY GERARD ROZHEK

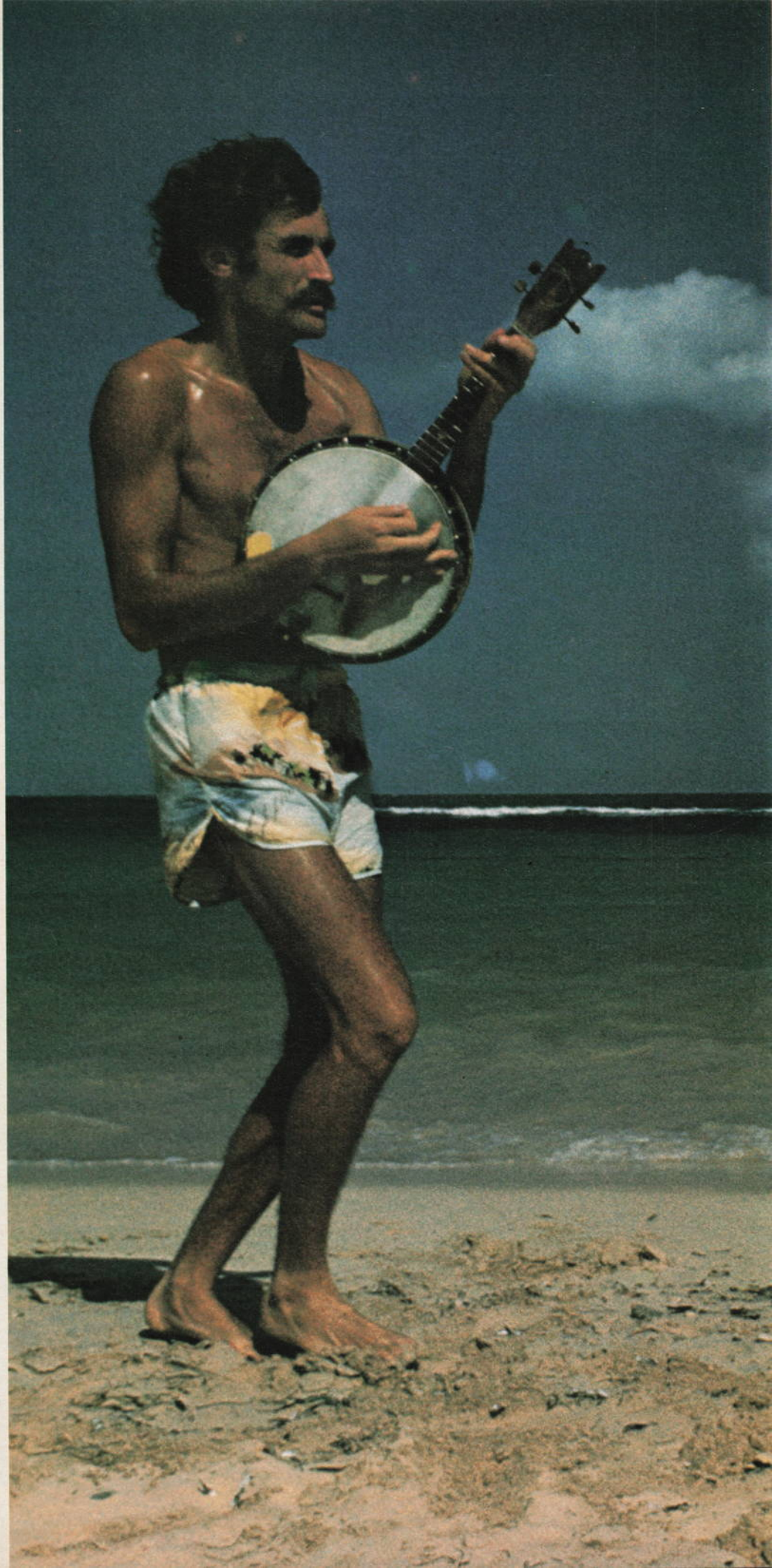
For information on where to buy merchandise featured, please see Retail Fashion Finder, page 150



Sailing is a popular sport in the clear waters off Hotel Rose Hall Inter-Continental. Man's skintight briefs in lycra spandex (left) with leaf motif ($19) by George Graham for Cottontex. The cotton surfing trunks with embroidered trim ($9) by Hang Ten. Shell neckpiece by Paul de Croom. Girl's hot-pink bikini by Luis Estevez; the other bikini by Giorgio Sant' Angelo.

Swimwear this summer is usually geared to specific water pursuits. Competitive swimmers will like the skintight pocketless trunks fitted with minimal water resistance. Abundant surfing trunks in Hawaiian prints are available for a wet or dry look. The athletic influence is apparent in volleyball cuts and prize-fighter-inspired satin "punch trunks" that also double as walk shorts and basic gear for hikers, bikers, and boaters.

To sum up the '75 feeling in swim trunks, the *Penthouse* fashion crew flew via Pan American to Jamaica for photographs in the clear waters and along the exquisite beaches that surround Hotel Rose Hall Inter-Continental in Montego Bay. This newest of luxury hotels—with 508 rooms—is on a beach that was once part of Rose Hall Plantation, the most famous on the island thanks to its last landlord, Annie Palmer, the infamous "White Witch of Rose Hall."



Above: His cotton muslin drawstring surfer trunks feature waistband of metal grommets ($30) by Al B. Arden.

Right: Bronzed flesh is typical of the sun-worshiper's paradise on the beach at Rose Hall Inter-Continental. The shiny print rayon volleyball trunks (left) with elasticized waistband ($12) are by Hang Ten. The print drawstring surfer trunks in rayon ($14) also by Hang Ten.

BADINI BROS.
HUMAN
CANNONBALL
CIRCUS
EGLESFIELD

THE MILLION DOLLAR MAN

I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE AT LEAST $1,000 IN THE NEXT 30 DAYS

GUARANTEED

OR YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY BACK AND KEEP EVERYTHING THAT I'VE SENT YOU!

I would like to start by telling you about myself. In fact, I'm even going to brag a little.

I was born March 2nd, 1950. That makes me 25 years old. There's nothing unusual about being 25 years old except for the fact that I've made more money in those short 25 years than most people will make in an entire lifetime!

I've been called a "Financial wizard" by some of the wealthiest people in the country because I've made my money by showing other people how to make a fortune!

I'm what you might call an "idea man" and I know how to make money—a lot of it! For example, last November I grossed over $50,000 on just one of my ideas alone. And I did it by showing other people how to make even more money than that!

I have a lot of ideas. Hundreds of them. And every one of them makes money for me, without exception.

I have discovered ways of making money that are so fantastic and so powerful it would scare you.

It even scares me sometimes when I have so much money piled up on my desk that I can't count it all in one day! Hundreds and thousands of dollars pouring in from all over the country day after day!

I'm going to show you exactly how I have acquired this fabulous success and how you can do the exact same thing.

To begin with, I'm going to send you a copy of my Internationally famous book "The Million Dollar Man".

In this fascinating book I'll show you actual samples and step by step details of ideas that have made me thousands of dollars (including the one mentioned above where I grossed over $50,000 in one month).

I want to teach you everything that I know about making money and I want to show you how to "copy" my success.

I'll share these valuable secrets with you for two reasons: First, by selling this valuable information to you I will become richer. And second, the foundation of my success is based on enriching other people and showing them how to make a fortune too.

Now that's where you fit in! After all, why should you care if I get rich if I can show you how to make a fortune too?

In fact, to back up everything that I'm telling you I'm going to make the most incredible money making proposition ever offered in the history of advertising

And here it is:

I'm going to ask you to send me a check for $10.00 (that won't even buy a good steak dinner nowadays). In return, I'm going to send you a copy of "The Million Dollar Man" and a "Millionaire Executive Package".

And that's not all: I'm also going to send a signed and notorized MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

This guarantee states that you must make at least $1,000 within thirty days from the time you receive your package or I'll return your UNCASHED check and you can keep everything I've sent to you!

I couldn't possibly make an offer like that unless I absolutely knew, without a doubt, that this valuable information will show you how to make a fortune.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not going to send you a bunch of get rich quick schemes or literature that will end up in the garbage can.

I don't believe in doing business that way.

I am going to send you a very fascinating, well written book and millionaire executive package that will show you how to make a fortune, and how to make it fast without doing a lot of hard work.

Making a lot of money with these plans and ideas won't require a lot of "education".

I know of one man that didn't even graduate from high school and he's making over $100,000 a year using the same principles and ideas outlined in "The Million Dollar Man".

It doesn't require a lot of "money" either. I grew up in a poor family and started with only $50.00 in my pocket.

What it will require is that you absorb everything that I'm going to send to you, and have the desire to become extremely wealthy, and then have the guts to do something about it!

If you meet all of the above requirements, and if you want to become independent and have everything that you've ever dreamed of in life, then I strongly suggest that you sit down RIGHT NOW and send for a copy of "The Million Dollar Man" and the "Millionaire executive package".

I personally guarantee that this information will be the best investment that you have ever made and that it will completely change your life.

And remember: If you don't make at least $1,000 within 30 days from the time that you receive your package—In accordance with the terms of the money back guarantee I'll refund your UNCASHED check and you can keep everything that I've sent to you.

These plans and ideas have worked for me and they will work for you. I guarantee it, and I'll prove it to you if you'll just fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today.

If I'm wrong you'll get your money back and you can keep everything that I've sent to you. But, if I'm right, you will become rich. Either way you can't lose!

This may be the opportunity you've been waiting for—so don't pass it up!

Prestige International
"Exploring A Whole World of New Ideas"

2140 University Club Building Dept. P-5
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111

Rick, your offer sounds incredible. But what have I got to lose? Please send me a copy of "The Million Dollar Man" and a "Millionaire Executive Package" by return mail.

Don't deposit my check until 30 days after you have sent it to me. If I do not make at least $1,000 within thirty days after I receive it—in accordance with the terms of the written money back guarantee you'll return my uncashed check and I can keep everything that you've sent to me.

On that basis here is my $10.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SPY AMONG US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

the United States.

CIA sources say that many "enemies" on the BIGOT list have been targets of agency bugging by "Easy Chair" laser devices. The advantage of such devices is that they are usually untraceable and do not constitute actual wiretapping for which, at least in theory, either a court order or a "national security" clearance by the attorney general is required.

• The government secretly condoned the production of awesome antipersonnel explosive devices, such as flashlights and telephone receivers loaded with explosives, by the B.R. Fox Company, a private company in Alexandria, Virginia. Some of the officials of this company are believed to have had past ties with the CIA's paramilitary operations branch. There is no evidence that B. R. Fox, which mysteriously went out of business last November, was actually owned by the CIA. But Fairfax County authorities reported upon inquiry that the company never requested nor received the necessary permit for the manufacture of explosive devices in the Fairfax jurisdiction. Intelligence sources indicate that other such companies are presently operating elsewhere in the United States.

• The CIA obtained from the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Federal Aviation Administration a special certification for one of its "proprietary" airlines, Southern Air Transport Inc., exempting it from the requirement of flying approved charter routes. Southern's aircraft are thus able to be used anywhere in the world without filing route reports with the CAB.

• To deal with pressures from current investigations, the CIA established at its headquarters last February a secret "CONFOUND Task Force," designed to counter charges against the agency. CONFOUND is supported by CIRA, the Central Intelligence Retired Association, formed last March 20. CIRA's board of governors includes some of the best-known former senior agency officials. The CIA, according to informants, also sought to plant at least two of its former officials on the staff of the Senate committee investigating the Intelligence Community.

• Its naval operations ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous, the CIA has been involved with billionaire Howard Hughes in various ventures, including the ship designed to retrieve a sunken Soviet submarine, and it continues to operate—from a room in a small New York hotel and from a postal box in Panama—the *Apollo*, a mysterious motor yacht loaded with electronic and communications equipment. The 3000-ton *Apollo*, which is almost 500 feet long, usually operates in southern European waters.

This article will examine in some detail the domestic activities of the U.S. Intelligence Community—many of them clearly illegal and a clear and present danger to the democratic process.

For over twenty-five years these activities have often been in direct violation of U.S. laws. (The CIA, for example, is barred by federal law from domestic intelligence operations and from domestic police functions.) In addition, this domestic espionage has violated the civil rights of Americans on whom secret political files have been kept, whose phones have been tapped with or without court orders, and whose mail has been opened or, at least, monitored through Postal Service "mail covers" on behalf of various intelligence agencies. And there have been many unexplained accidents, deaths, and "suicides" in the U.S. involving persons who had connections with intelligence work.

Moreover, the intelligence agencies, using their immense manpower, and financial and technological resources, have been part of great political power struggles in this country going back at least ten years. "Keeping files on citizens may be the least some of these agencies have been doing," an intelligence expert with long experience in Washington remarked recently.

Some major American political assassinations, on which official files have been closed, may become the subject of new scrutiny by Rockefeller and the special congressional committees. If nothing else, a psychological climate has developed favoring the reopening of investigations of the murders of the Kennedy brothers and the Rev. Martin Luther King.

This climate, in which the CIA and the FBI are being publicly linked to these and other political assassinations, evidently led President Ford to remark at his news conference on April 3 that "it is my understanding that the Rockefeller Commission may, if the facts seem to justify, take a look" at the charges that the CIA was involved in the 1963 murder of President Kennedy and that it was a conspiracy involving more than one gunman. This would be the first fresh official look at the Dallas assassination since the Warren Commission issued its report more than eleven years ago declaring that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone assassin.

Ford, who was a member of the Warren Commission, said that "so far" he has seen no evidence to dispute the original conclusions. David W. Belin, executive director of the Rockefeller Commission and formerly counsel to the Warren Commission, took the same view. (But George O'Toole's recently published book *The Assassination Tapes*, which was excerpted in the April *Penthouse*, presents what may be called the first scientific evidence that Oswald was innocent.) Meanwhile, the Rockefeller Commission has received allegations in form of testimony from private groups that E. Howard Hunt, the ex-CIA official and convicted Watergate burglar, had been arrested in Dallas minutes after Kennedy's shooting. Hunt has denied this charge as well as published reports that he was in Mexico City in August 1963, at the same time as Oswald (see Hunt Interview, *Penthouse* May 1975).

There are also new doubts surrounding the murder of Robert F. Kennedy in Los Angeles in June 1968, and the special investigating bodies may look into it, too. Charges of CIA and FBI involvement in the 1968 assassination of King in Memphis were made early in April by the Rev. Jesse Jackson, who succeeded King in the leadership of the civil rights movement. This accusation coincided with recent assertions by James Earl Ray, the convicted assassin, that he did not act alone and with his request for a new trial. Acting on Hoover's

"In three months my rehabilitation will be complete. . . . Then I'll be free to get that son of a bitch who put me in here!"

orders, the FBI had been wiretapping King during the years preceding his death. A Hoover memorandum, disclosed several years ago, said the FBI's mission was "to disrupt, discredit, or otherwise neutralize the civil rights movement."

Political power struggles may have also been behind the installation of the "Easy Chair" laser device in Nixon's office in 1970. This secret transmitter is similar to the one accidentally discovered many years ago inside the Great Seal of the United States in the office of the American ambassador in Moscow. Such devices, unlike standard hidden microphones and transmitters, cannot be located by electronic sweeps. The instrument in the Oval Office was apparently discovered by a Secret Service agent who noticed an extra dab of paint covering the spot on the wall where the device was implanted. The paint caught his eye because of the way in which the light was being reflected by it at that particular moment.

It is possible that Nixon had personally ordered the implanting of the laser device to obtain a more accurate secret record of all conversations in the Oval Office and chose to keep the Secret Service in the dark about it. But it is also possible that, because of the extraordinary importance of policy decisions made in the Oval Office, one of the intelligence services may have installed the device. (There is at least one other case of such spying in the White House: during 1971, a navy yeoman attached to a Pentagon liaison office in the National Security Council regularly supplied the Joint Chiefs of Staff with the most top-secret materials from NSC meetings as well as the most sensitive foreign policy documents handled by Henry A. Kissinger, who then served as special assistant to the president for national security affairs.)

The Oval Office transmissions could be monitored anywhere in the White House or the adjoining Executive Office Building. They could also be picked up, technicians say, in the Treasury Building a block away (the Secret Service is part of the Treasury Department) or in the Commerce Department building three blocks away. But, because laser beams can travel only along a line of sight free of any obstructions, it would be necessary to have "repeaters" located somewhere on the White House grounds to redirect the beam emanating from the Oval Office windows to reception points. If, indeed, the president was spied on by one of his intelligence agencies, the American government was in a greater state of disintegration than we ever realized.

Policy power struggles likewise seemed to loom behind the CIA's own violent reorganization in the wake of the disclosures last December that the agency had engaged in "massive" spying on Americans. CIA director Colby, anxious for a scapegoat, apparently chose the chief of the Counterintelligence Staff, James Angleton, as the public culprit, although knowledgeable agency officials believe that Angleton had relatively little to do with it. The belief in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

One beautiful smoking experience.

If you've never had one, have an A&C Grenadier.

Long, slender, mild-tasting A&C Grenadiers —in light or dark wrappers—are a unique blend of fine imported and domestic tobaccos that give you real flavor, satisfying taste. It's one beautiful smoking experience.

Antonio Y Cleopatra.

THE PENTHOUSE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Many Vietnam veterans feel that they alone —unlike veterans of previous wars—are subject to the incredible bureaucratic foul-ups of the Veterans Administration. This month, however, the Penthouse *Veterans Adviser answers the plea of a man who has served his country for thirty years, through three wars, and who served from 1966 to 1968 (twice the normal tour of duty) in a helicopter support unit in Vietnam. The VA, it would seem, goes out of its way to mess up* all *veterans.*

If you're a veteran who needs some kind of assistance in cutting through red tape, write to the Penthouse *Vietnam Veterans Adviser, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.*

To the Editor:

My name is Kenneth Leonard Carlson, and I retired on April 1, 1972, having served thirty years in the navy. While in service I lost my right kidney due to an accident, and after a VA hospital examination, I was awarded a 30 percent disability compensation. This meant that $89 per month was deducted from my retired pay and was given as a tax-free check by the VA.

On March 26, 1974, while at work as a security guard, I suffered the collapse of my right lung and was taken to a civilian hospital, where it was established I had both an abscess of the lung and emphysema. A portion of my lung was removed. After a seven-week hospital stay, I was classified as 100 percent disabled and notified by the Finance Center in Cleveland that henceforth $584 per month would be deducted from my retired pay and given to me by the VA tax-free.

Beginning in November 1974, I began receiving reduced retired pay of $210, *but* the VA continued to send a check for $89, or compensation for 30 percent disability. I immediately went to the local Veterans Assistance Bureau and they assured me this was a simple error on the VA's part that would be speedily rectified. But for the past four months I have continued to receive a check from the government for $210 and a check from the VA for $89. I have written to the VA regional office in Los Angeles four times about this, but the only correspondence that I've received from them has been a form letter! I've written to the main VA office in Washington, I've written to the Fleet Reserve Association, and I've been to the local Vets Assistance Bureau *twelve* times—all to no avail. The VA now owes me $495 per month for the past four months, or a total of $1,980, and no one seems able to tell me how to get my money.

Penthouse comment:

In working on Mr. Carlson's case, Penthouse *found an almost incredible situation in which the VA completely failed to respond to his repeated requests for assistance. Nothing was done. Mr. Carlson's letters were placed in various circular files and those with whom he spoke were content to let the matter rest.*

Faced with this situation, Penthouse *contacted the Navy Finance Center in Cleveland, Ohio. After repeated phone calls, a real live human being, Mr. Alan Trepka of the Navy's Retired Pay Division, was finally reached. Mr. Trepka was cooperative. He and his office had done their job, made the necessary adjustments to Carlson's pay, and sent notification of their action to the VA's Los Angeles regional office in early November (this office was and is headed by Mr. John Miller).* Penthouse *then phoned the Los Angeles regional office and was directed to its toll-free assistance number, which did not work, and thence to eight separate offices within the regional office before finding the right one. Result: the form which would have provided the basis for solving Mr. Carlson's problem was lost somewhere in the bowels of the VA's Los Angeles regional office.*

Undaunted, Penthouse *returned to Mr. Trepka in Cleveland who agreed to send another copy of the necessary form to the appropriate "action" office in the VA's Los Angeles regional office and a similar copy to Mr. Carlson. Seemingly, this should have been enough to resolve Mr. Carlson's problem—but no, there still remained the problem of getting the letter with the form through the VA's medieval mail process and marrying it to Mr. Carlson's file.*

It is worth mentioning here for those uninitiated in the government's scheme for obscuring information that the crucial ingredient is the individual veteran's file. When a veteran's file is pulled by any particular office for review, insertion of material, or in response to a question of any sort, this action prevents any *other person or office from referring to that vet's case or from placing relevant forms or letters in the file in the interim. And, as every vet who has waited for a VA response to* any *question—whether routine or life or death—knows, these "interims" turn into weeks of precious time lost.* Penthouse *determined that almost none of Mr. Carlson's letters ever reached the appropriate people because these letters could not be added to his file.*

Fortunately, Penthouse *has managed to enlist the aid of Mr. Hector Tejeda, a Veterans Benefits Counselor and a Vietnam veteran himself, who sympathized with Carlson for the runaround he had received and who agreed to track down the elusive file. In sorting out and gathering up the pieces of the paper trail which surrounded the case, Mr. Tejeda found that letters and forms had been lost, ignored, and left unanswered. Nonetheless, he persisted. Once he had finally found Mr. Carlson's files and the supporting documents, he pressed his superiors to get off their backsides and act—allowing them to believe that* Penthouse's *calls from Washington were originating in the VA's home office. As a result of the fear on the part of Mr. Tejeda's superiors that "Washington was interested," Mr. Carlson's case was given "special handling" and finally "adjudicated" without going through a routine administrative process which takes months to complete.* Penthouse *and Kenneth L. Carlson are deeply grateful to Hector Tejeda for helping Mr. Carlson to get the money to which he was rightfully entitled and which was five months overdue. Mr. Tejeda also let us know about the future pitfalls which were to occur when Carlson's "temporary" disability of 100 percent was arbitrarily reduced on April 1. Armed with this information and experience, it was possible not to have to fight the same paper war all over again.*

This case is not unique. It reveals the Catch-22 *mentality that pervades the Veterans Administration's operations. As many Vietnam veterans have discovered, the VA's objective is not to solve problems but rather to maintain a backlog of unsolved cases in order to justify the continued existence of its bloated bureaucracy. In Los Angeles, for example, the individual veteran plays telephone roulette each time he makes a call to request assistance from the regional office. There are fifty numbers tied into the VA's wheel of misfortune and misinformation so the odds are less than one out of fifty (due to time off, sick leave, lunch hours, coffee breaks, etc.) that the individual vet will ever talk with the same counselor twice. Consequently, each vet's story has to be told again, again, and again—a situation which breeds a kind of "computer frustration" and which is designed to cause the veteran to say "The hell with it" and leave the bureaucrats to shuffle their papers in peace. But hang in there, Vietnam vets, keep on calling and* get names, *because once you identify these faceless, nameless bureaucrats they can be reached. These time-serving Veterans Administration bureaucrats fear a personal accounting to the public's elected officials for what they have failed to do.*

Paul Psorakis

THE PORSCHE CARRERA: THE MEAN MACHINE

Dr. Porsche's perfect prescription for the hard-driving man . . .

by Joe Oldham

As everybody knows, a Porsche is no ordinary car, and Porsche Carrera is no ordinary Porsche. Instead of waiting docilely to do your bidding, the Carrera seems to glare back at you defiantly, daring you to take it on. The fat whale tail sweeping out of the rear deck-lid looms menacingly, as if it were warding off threats from the rear. The front air-dam—a below-bumper aerodynamic scoop which helps keep the front end glued to the blacktop—makes the drop snout look positively arrogant.

The Carrera *is* arrogant—and with good reason. The car has paid its dues and is, quite frankly, the fastest '75 you're apt to drive. Except for the very top of limited-production superexotica, your average Porsche Carrera will blow anything on four wheels off the road.

This car's challenge is no idle boast. You have to be *good* to get the best out of the Carrera. You can't drive it like grandma on her way to church. Drive the Carrera hard—the way it was meant to be driven—and the machine will respond. Blast it through a narrow mountain road, with those six aluminum cylinders pumping 157 horses at full song, and feel it react—winging precisely

Photographs by Joe Brooks

through a turn in a full four-wheel drift. That's what motoring is all about—and the Porsche Carrera exists for motoring.

It's hard to believe that a car this good, this quick, and this much fun can be entering its eleventh year of production. The Porsche 911 series, upon which today's Carrera is based, was first shown in 1964. Yet, the car seems as fresh today as it was when it debuted eleven years ago—even better. The clean new styling has been fine-honed to razor sharpness, and, Carrera-trimmed, the car looks absolutely gorgeous.

The Carrera differs from its 911 counter-

part in some very important areas. The Carrera looks like a street version of the race cars you've seen compete in the nationally televised Camel GT and Trans-Am series. It flaunts different body panels, incorporating deep fender flares to accommodate huge radial tires mounted on superwide wheels. The front air-dam and rear whale-tail spoiler really work at higher speeds to make the car much more stable than its nonwinged cousins. The fat tires and wide wheels let the Carrera go where other Porsches fear to tread—into the tightest, fastest corners; through switchbacks that would have other cars huffing and puffing; and around S-turns that would make many sports cars cry. The standard five-speed transmission always gives you the appropriate gear to enable you to blow your competition into the weeds.

"A Porsche is no ordinary car, and a Carrera is no ordinary Porsche."

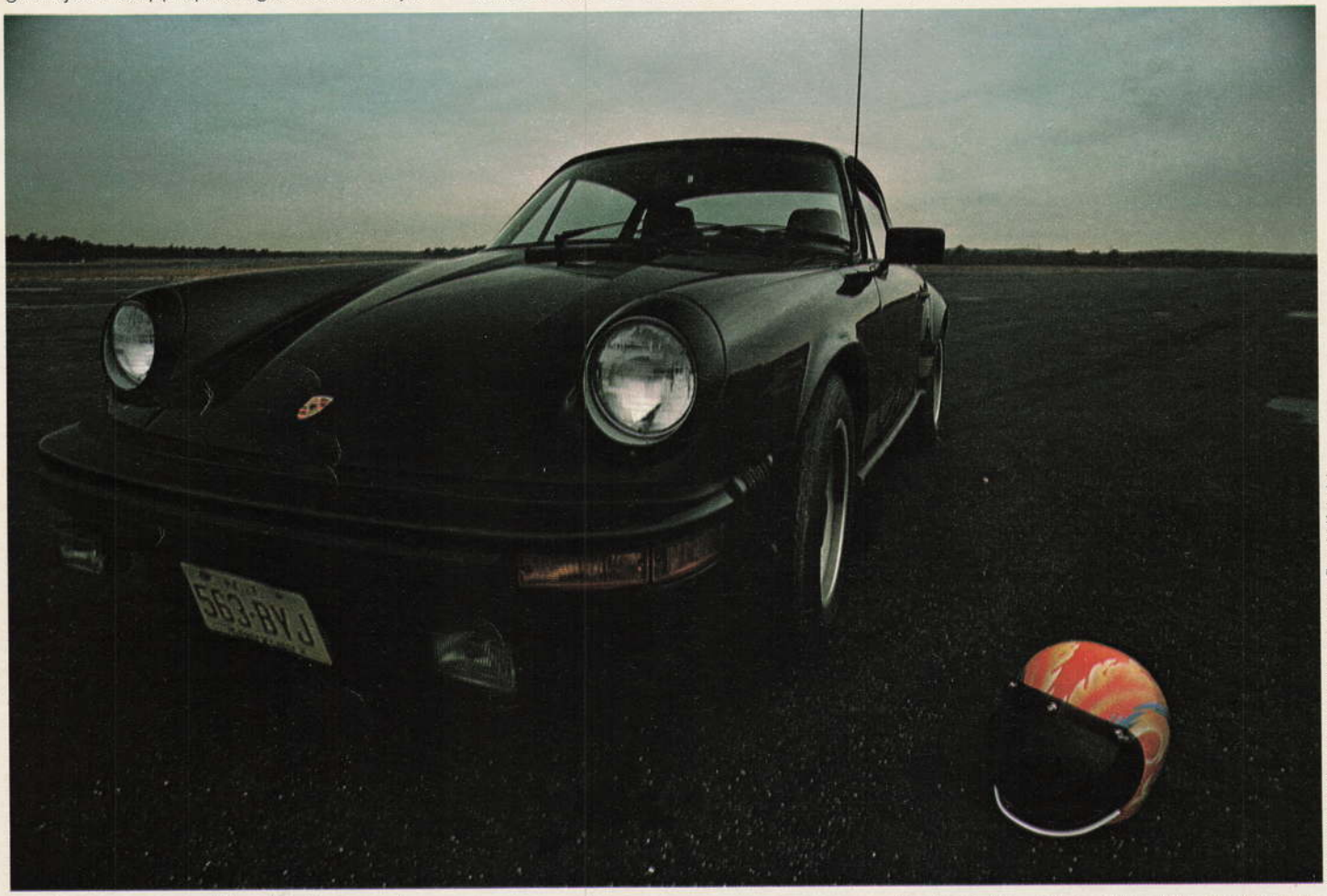
Not that the Porsche Carrera is strictly a racer. Despite its proud racing heritage (its competition counterparts have won the prestigious Trans-Am and Camel GT series for the past two years, and Porsche Carreras were the choice for last year's International Race of Champions), despite the wings and spoilers and bulging flanks, the Carrera has style, comfort, and class.

The amenities are there, all of them. The Carrera interior is a friendly, warm place for two people and their belongings. You'll find leather-covered, fully reclining bucket seats, plush velour carpeting, plus other thoughtful design touches such as dual heater-ventilation controls for driver *and* passenger comfort; full instrumentation; air conditioning; and power windows. In other words, it's an authentic road car in the tradition of the world's great touring GTs.

Part of that GT tradition, of course, is power. This year's engine has slightly less overall output because of the ever-stricter federal regulations on emission-control equipment. Though the Porsche's roar is muted, the Stuttgart engineers have dialed in a little more engine displacement to substitute for the lost power. You'll never return to the days of 210 horses out of two liters, but 157 out of a little more than two and a half liters is still enough thrust to carry you to sixty MPH from a standing start in just over eight seconds, slam you through the quarter in just over sixteen seconds, and propel you to flat-out speeds like 134 comfortable big ones. You should have plenty of bread for court costs before you try that one, however.

In addition to all this spine-compressing speed, the Carrera has something else going for it. It won't empty your pockets on the way to all those zero-to-sixty runs. Even hard driving will get you over sixteen MPG and it's not that difficult to wring out twenty.

If all this isn't enough for you, you'll just have to wait until Porsche engineers bring out the long-awaited, turbo-supercharged Carrera next year. Pumping even more power through a three-liter version of Porsche's venerable engine, the Turbo Carrera is guaranteed to make your gums bleed when you flatten the pedal to the floor. But at an estimated $26,000 for the Turbo, it's our bet that the present version of the Carrera, at $14,000 plus, will maintain its well-deserved ranking as a best-seller among the automotive cognoscenti.



Gloves by Outrider Accessories/Jumpsuit by Ronald Kolodzie

CHAVEZ

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state of California." Well, they did.

Penthouse: Let's talk about the current battle with the Teamsters. How do they get the workers?

Chavez: Well, it's just plain and simple intimidation. They tell the workers, "If you don't pay dues to the Teamsters you won't be able to work anywhere else, because even though we may not control other jobs, we control all transportation. Without wheels we can force this country to come to a standstill"—the Teamsters are supposedly the richest union in the world—"we can buy anything and anybody. If you join the United Farm Workers, you'll be blackballed."

You see, if you know the labor-contractor system—and it's a rotten system—you know that these men are experts at threatening people. The labor-contractor is the lickspittle of the bosses. He does the dirty work and gets his cut. He is supposed to hire the people, keep them in line, see that they keep working no matter what. That's what the labor-contractor does. And that's the system the Teamsters endorse.

Penthouse: Give me an example of an unfair election.

Chavez: Well, there was only one election and that was a fraud. It was on the Larson ranch in the Coachella Valley. Our contract was about to run out. We were getting ready to renegotiate it with Mrs. Larson. She met with us and the priest who had been agreed on by both sides to supervise the negotiations.

Okay. So we told her right then that the workers' committee was ready and willing to consider her suggestions and objections. Well, she'd been acting very nervous—at that point she began to cry. She said, "Cesar, something very awful happened to your union this morning." I thought she was referring to an accident or something. I didn't know what to think. Then, with tears running down her face she said, "We had an election this morning and your union lost sixty-two to twenty-eight. But don't blame me."

I was stunned. There we were, negotiating in good faith. So I said, "What election? We weren't told there was going to be an election. We still have a valid contract with you for another month. We still represent those workers. What have you done?"

She was so choked up she couldn't speak. She just looked at me, still crying, and then she jumped up and darted off.

Penthouse: Her husband had used her to stall you?

Chavez: I don't know. We do know he didn't have the guts to face us. Then we found out what had happened. They had fired our top men on the ranch two days before. Then they sent their contractors into the fields to tell the workers if they voted for the UFW they'd be fired. They told the workers if they voted for no union, they'd get a health-and-welfare program bigger than what the UFW could offer. That their wages would be increased and they'd save money by not paying dues. They scared hell out of them. None of our people were there to give our side of it. So they voted for no union. Then, two days later, the Larsons brought in the Teamsters—straight, lousy union-busting.

Penthouse: And there is no way for you to get a fair election under any existing state or federal laws?

Chavez: Right. We're not covered by the National Labor Relations Act and there is no state agency to supervise elections. The union and the growers have to agree on some third party to supervise the balloting.

And, of course, if our field-leaders are fired before the election there is no place we can go for help. That's one of the ways the Teamsters and growers try to break us. That's why the strike and boycott are our best weapons. That, and the courts. But our real allies are the people, the consumers.

The growers and Teamsters are afraid of that, I can tell you. When I went to New York to organize the boycott, I received fifteen telephone threats.

Penthouse: What about the Chicanos who work as Teamster organizers?

Chavez: I can tell you that none of them, or very few of them, are farm workers. Some are ex-policemen. At least two or three are former labor-contractors or supervisors from other ranches. A lot of them are young men who were recruited in the cities. Of course, they are all paid very good wages.

Penthouse: Are the Teamsters still employing goons?

Chavez: Not as much lately. But if the boycott really becomes unbearable, you can be sure they'll hit the ranch picket lines. I doubt they'll risk using goons on picket lines in the big cities. The whole world would be watching that.

Penthouse: What about the illegals, the Mexicans who have sneaked across the border to work?

Chavez: The big reason we have a boycott is because of the uncontrolled number of illegals being brought in to break our strike. In May 1974 we took 300 men out of the strawberry fields in Watsonville, California. Less than twenty-four hours later the grower had 400 illegals in there. They'd been smuggled across the border.

I wonder if smuggled is the right word. Smuggled means *fooling* the authorities. How can you bring 400 illegals in so fast, transporting them several hundred miles? We called the U.S. Immigration Service and gave them specific facts—how many illegals were involved, where they crossed, and who brought them in. You know what they said? "No, sorry, we can't come to check on it. We don't have the manpower."

Penthouse: But yet the illegals live in fear of deportation.

Chavez: Sure, that's the way the Teamsters control them. If they don't do what they're told, they'll be deported. That's what they tell them. That's the way you control the poor and the people without property.

We had a real fight with the immigration authorities back in 1968. I think all my frustrations against them really came out. I call them the Gestapo of the Southwest. And when I say that, I am really expressing feelings which go back many, many years.

You see, my mother and dad were immigrants. Although they had been here since around the turn of the century, my mother was always deathly afraid of the Immigration Service. When she came here there was no such thing as an immigration visa. You just paid a penny to cross the bridge from Mexico and that was it. Every time we went through those immigration check-stands on various roads, you had to have the proper papers. My dad didn't have any immigration papers either. But he did have a letter from a friend, a superior court judge in Yuma. That letter became his passport. He used to show it, the immigration people would look at it, think awhile, and then they'd say, "Okay."

My mother, to this very day, is frightened that they'll come to her house some night and make her go back across the border. And she's eighty-four.

Penthouse: You mention immigration check-stands. Are these still in operation?

Chavez: Not since we went on strike. That's interesting, isn't it? They don't *want* to catch them now. So we've set up our own checkpoints, at least in Arizona.

But, that's an example of how a bad administration can really frustrate your efforts. If we'd had a good administration, a good president instead of Richard Nixon, this wouldn't be happening now.

Penthouse: Is President Ford making any difference in your struggle?

Chavez: No. He met with Mexican President Echeverria and from what I can see it looks like they're going to try to reintroduce the old *bracero* program, legalizing the illegals. You've got a nice circle here. The oil companies who own so many of the big ranches . . . Tenneco, for example, which owns land equal to the size of the state of Rhode Island, and Superior and Getty and Southern Pacific their friends . . . these are the people who will be pressuring the government to make concessions to Mexico to permit illegals to come in. They get thousands and thousands of Mexican slaves to work on their ranches, and they would get a crack at developing that new Mexican oil. They win two ways. Wouldn't that be just beautiful for them? But, of course, if they try it the AFL-CIO is going to fight it very hard because the illegals would be moving into lots of different jobs—not just into farm work. With the unemployment we've got now that would mean real trouble.

Penthouse: What about the courts, and the judges. How do they treat you?

Chavez: On the lower levels, in heavily agricultural counties, strange things happen. For example, Superior Court Judge Frederick Jacobus, of Tulane County. He was the former attorney for the Agricultural Workers Right-to-Work Committee. Whenever you hear about somebody demanding the workers' "right to work" you can bet he's not a worker. Anyway, he was an attorney for this progrowers' organization. Then he becomes a judge and he turns around and

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Sissy

It's not so much that Cecilia Stanley minds being called "Sissy" for short—the connotations don't disturb her in the least. It's just that "Cecilia" suits her present mood much better. "I'm going through my decadent stage," says this twenty-year-old English miss. "I've just read *Women in Love* for the first time,

and I've been walking around in a cloud ever since." What impressed Miss Stanley so forcibly was the freely expressed passion and sensuality of Lawrence's characters—sentiments which she feels are echoed in her own psyche. "Deep down," she says, "I've always been a passionate kind of girl, but when I was living at home, there was no way I could bring it out. Now that I'm alone and free for the first time in my life, I'm going to be as passionate as I can. I've got a lot to learn about life and men and love. There's only one way to learn—and that's to get myself *involved.*"

Sissy, a fabric designer whose own pattern

"I want my man to be very well versed in sex— to know all the different positions and how to get the very best out of them . . ."

works out to a symmetrical 35-23-35, has yet to find the man on whom she wants to lavish her newfound freedom. What manner of man does she think will suit? "I'm not worried about whether he's handsome or not. I want him to be a *character*, to be a little bit eccentric, to say and do peculiar things at odd times. I want him to be very well versed in sex—to know all the different positions and how to get the very best out of them—but I don't want him to be blasé about it, because I'll just be learning. . . ." Wise words from a young woman who will obviously not wither away waiting for a teacher. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF HOWES

CHAVEZ

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rules on cases involving agricultural-labor disputes. Clearly, he should have disqualified himself.

There are several like him. Judge E. J. Leach, of Monterey County, is another example. He's also a superior court judge. He represented the growers as an attorney in 1970 in getting injunctions against us, which the California Supreme Court later threw out. Then, when he became a judge, he, too, began ruling against us when he should have disqualified himself.

Penthouse: What about the people in state government? What about former Governor Ronald Reagan?

Chavez: His attitude was *bad*. He made an awful lot of public utterances against us. He was one of two very high public officials who posed for the cameras, eating grapes, while we were striking and boycotting grapes. The other man who didn't like us was President Nixon. He posed eating grapes in 1968.

Reagan, as you know, is extremely reactionary. He viewed our movement as something very detrimental to society. Under his administration no California state agency ever contacted us for anything except to harass us. There was no cooperation. So far as they were concerned we didn't exist. Both the state and federal administrations have been totally against us—the growers, the Teamsters—all against us. But that's going to change. Under the new governor, Jerry Brown, I think we'll have improvements.

Penthouse: Do you think President Nixon personally ordered the army to buy up large quantities of grapes to help break your boycott back in the sixties?

Chavez: I don't know that he personally ordered it—but it was done. We found out about that because my nephew was in Vietnam at the time. There were a lot of our kids in Vietnam in those days. Well, the first time a big load of grapes arrived at his base the sergeant came out and said, "Boys, we've got a lot of grapes here. Eat all you want." Now that was unusual. In the service you can never get all you want of fresh fruits and vegetables. So my nephew wrote home and said, "There's something wrong over here." We investigated and found that the Pentagon was buying grapes like crazy. Their purchase of grapes had increased 800 percent! They were literally dumping those grapes in Vietnam, at taxpayers' expense, just to break us.

Penthouse: Let's get back to your basic quarrel with the growers and Teamsters. Your union did away with the labor-contractor. You substituted the hiring-hall system, where workers check in and are dispatched to jobs according to seniority. I talked with some growers and some workers and they said your hiring halls favored longtime union people—your friends—and discriminated against others. They also said you broke up families who wanted to work as a unit. What about those accusations?

Richard Chavez: I can answer that. I was in charge of the hiring halls during the life of the contracts. I was a field-office administrator. If we were ever guilty of splitting up families, it was only because we made the kids who were twelve or fourteen go to school. Now the Teamsters don't care how many children they put into the fields. Here's a leaflet they put out in 1973. It talks about working permits and it says a minor can be employed in farm labor if he is twelve or older. But if he is under sixteen he can't work more than eight hours a day or more than forty-eight hours a week. Now that's bullshit because once he's working they don't give a damn how long they work him. And listen to this: ". . . work must be performed between the hours of 5 AM and 10 PM unless the minor is under fifteen in which case work must be performed between the hours of 7 AM and 7 PM." [Laughs.] Do you think the Teamsters care, or the growers care, how long these kids work, or how late or how early, once they've got them out there? Do you think they walk up and down the rows saying, "It's 7 PM now, so everybody under fifteen has to stop working"? The hell they do. They'll let them work until they drop.

Penthouse: So they now have the Teamsters, and the hiring hall has been abolished. They're back to using the labor-contractors.

Richard Chavez: Right.

Penthouse: But the fact remains that there are some workers who aren't illegals, and who speak out against you, and who have joined the Teamsters willingly. How do you account for their opposition?

Cesar Chavez: Look, you see, this group which makes all the charges against us are the same people who scabbed against us in 1967. That's when we were striking and boycotting the first time around. They were hard-core scabs. But when *we* won the contracts, we didn't punish them. We said, "Look. Everybody is forgiven. Let bygones be bygones. We're all brothers." We thought we could convert them into good union members, but they just kept on fighting us. These are the ones who are out there now screaming about the hiring hall.

Penthouse: What about the seniority system. Is it fair?

Chavez: Sure it is. If you worked on a ranch for years you deserve priority over people who haven't worked as long. Yet these former scabs would come out and demand jobs ahead of people with greater seniority. They tried to disrupt the whole thing. They say we blackball and show favoritism. It's just not true. Ninety-eight percent of the people want the hiring hall. At the hiring hall it doesn't matter if you're young, old, black, white, male, female—you are hired according to *ranch* seniority. Not union seniority. It's how long you've worked, not how long you've been in the union.

Penthouse: Father Richard Humphrys is a Catholic priest who was used by the Larson ranch to oversee the election which you have previously said was unfair. In defending the growers he says "heavy penalties" are imposed if the growers don't provide such amenities as drinking water and toilet facilities.

Chavez: Father Humphrys doesn't know what he's talking about. Let's take just one example. The contractor makes money off the workers by taking soda and beer into the fields and selling it to them. When the workers ask, "Where's the water?" they're told, "Oh, it's coming. It'll be here later. It's coming." And then it never comes. Or it comes very late and everybody is thirsty from bending and straightening and bending and straightening in the valley sun. Pretty soon, your tongue's hanging out. So you buy his beer or soda even if you can't afford it. There are a lot of rackets like that. These state laws providing "heavy penalties" have been on the books since 1946. They are there only to make the legislators feel good and to ease their conscience. Actually they are worthless because they are simply not enforced. County and local authorities aren't going to penalize the growers. They are growers themselves, or related to growers, or business associates, or dependent on them in some way.

Penthouse: In a position paper defending the growers Father Humphrys claims there were no farm-worker deaths from pesticides in California in 1973 and "only ten deaths" in the past eleven years.

Chavez: *Only ten deaths!* Well, the Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor reported that, in 1972, more than 75,000 farm workers suffered acute poisonings as the direct result of the use of pesticides. In addition, up to twelve hundred fatalities are believed to have resulted from agricultural pesticides. What more can I say?

Penthouse: But Father Humphrys also wrote that less than 3 percent of California's commercial farms are corporation-owned.

Chavez: That's a tricky statistic. That's the *percentage* of farms. But what counts is the total acreage and who controls it. Actually, one half of 1 percent of all U.S. farms control 25 percent of our farmlands. In California, 1 percent of the farms owns 40 percent of the cropland. And those are 1970 figures. It's probably worse by now.

You see, they're not just hurting the farm workers or the migratory laborers. They are destroying the small farmers and even the small towns. Eating them up alive. Small farms have shut down at the rate of more than two thousand *a week* during the twenty years between 1950 and 1970! Look it up. We had 5,400,000 farms in 1950. By 1970 that had dwindled to 2,900,000. Just think of that.

Penthouse: Time and again I have read, in small California newspapers, that your people have blocked legislation that would have helped farm workers. Here's a story from the *Redwood City Tribune*, raking you over for stopping the Corry-Wood bill.

Chavez: Of course we fought it. It was a bad bill. Look at some of the provisions. In order to vote you had to work 120 out of the previous 180 days or fourteen out of the last thirty days. Well, that would have eliminated the migrants. And it also would have prohibited

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the possibility of strikes at harvesttime.

Jerry Cohen, our general counsel, spent all last summer in Sacramento fighting for another bill, a good bill. We wanted the elections held at a time when the majority of workers would be present to vote. The Teamsters and growers have always wanted the vote in the dead season, when a few Anglos on tractors could control the destinies of thousands of workers who wouldn't be there to cast their ballots.

Our bill provided for peak-season elections to be held within a seven-day period. The migrants could then vote and move on. Also, the bill provided penalties for discrimination. And it remained silent on the issue of the boycott.

The Teamsters and the growers lobbied against it, naturally. Despite that, despite all their money and influence and contacts, we got it out of the state assembly. They killed it in the state senate which is a bit more conservative. But we're making progress. You can't keep the truth buried. An arm or a leg always sticks out.

Penthouse: You're waging three or four separate legal battles right now. How do you get the money to keep appealing to higher courts?

Chavez: We get lawyers who don't charge anything. It's amazing. That's what I mean when I say that the power of the truth is so tremendous. People get upset—good people—and they come to help us. The media has helped us. We have told the truth . . . they have reported what we have said and what they have seen.

Penthouse: Being realistic, the Teamsters have about 90 percent of the contracts and they run until 1977. How are you going to force them to hold new elections before that time?

Chavez: By using the strike and the boycott we can make things very hard on the growers. When things get hard enough, they will have to get the Teamsters out and hold new elections.

Penthouse: How can they tell the Teamsters to get out? They were elected, weren't they?

Chavez: We have reason to believe that the growers have a deal with them. If the Teamsters can't maintain order and hold the allegiance of the workers—in other words if our strike and boycott really begin to hurt—then the Teamsters will pull out when the growers tell them to go.

Penthouse: What are you doing to try to win the workers back?

Chavez: First of all, when we start concentrating on a group of workers we know that in their hearts they realize we are right. We know this because every time we win a strike we ask the former strikebreakers to join our union. And we always question them very closely so that we can learn their psychology and how to deal with it in the future. Virtually 99 percent of them tell us, "Look. We knew you were right. But we couldn't leave. We were afraid of losing our jobs, and we didn't have enough money to survive." Or, maybe they will tell us they just didn't understand all the facts at first. Anyway, the point is that we have a moral advantage because *we* know and *they* know that we are in the right.

Penthouse: But how do you get to them? How do you communicate your arguments?

Chavez: Our picket lines are usually equipped with large bullhorns—or even public address systems. We read to them from our own paper, *El Macriado.* We get material from other labor newspapers and report their stories to the workers. We read from the Bible. We read from our contracts. We talk about pesticides and pollution. We talk about health. You name it. We half-drown them with the truth. It's a constant eight to ten hours of information we broadcast to them from our picket lines.

Then, when they go home at night, we ask them if they will invite us in to talk. Nine times out of ten, when we talk with them in the privacy of their homes, we can make deals. We say, "Why don't you work the rest of this week, get paid, and then quit? We know where they are hiring in other places where there are no strikes, and we'll help you get new jobs."

Also, we can do other things which are very damaging to the employers. We can talk the workers into staying at their jobs but lowering production, lowering the quality of the work. You don't have to get them striking if you can organize them inside, get them to slow down.

> Our people are so proud that they are willing to starve, if they have to, to win this fight. They're amazing.

If the employer is paying an hourly rate and he sees the slowdown he'll switch to a piece rate. Then we say, "Okay. Go ahead and work like crazy. Make all the money you can. But now cut everything and throw it in the box. Grass, roots, weeds, dirt, anything." That gives the grower a high production rate, but he's producing very badly packaged produce. It hurts him. In turn, bad quality grapes are easier to boycott.

Another thing we developed since we started fighting the Teamsters is to call a work stoppage. Even though the workers are technically Teamsters, we often get them to stop work for one day in protest. Then, when they go back, if one is fired, the whole group strikes. You see, because we don't have any money, that's the way we have to fight. We constantly have to adjust the number of pickets in our picket lines. Every Monday morning we look at our treasury. If we're low, we have to reduce the picket line. If things pick up next week, we put on more pickets.

Penthouse: What does the money go for?

Chavez: Well, we have to feed these people. We need gasoline, we use an enormous amount of gasoline. And that costs a lot now—thanks to the big oil companies, many of whom also own these farms. Also, our old cars break down. We're driving heaps, some of them fifteen years old, you know. And then, too, we have to take care of the people who get sick.

Penthouse: How do your people survive?

Chavez: We survive because we're freaks about organizing. That's one thing we know. We know how to pull things together. We have a central information bank, where we get word of where jobs are, and from which we can dispatch workers. We might take a busload of people from Delano into Los Angeles and get jobs for them there for two or three days through a friendly union. Or we may know a grower a hundred miles away who, even though he is not under contract with us, is not being struck. So we send workers to him.

And then, too, we have people who are so proud that they are really willing to starve, if they have to, to win this fight. They're amazing people. Very simple people but tough in a very loving kind of way. Very poor—but a lot of honor.

Penthouse: Have you been jailed or physically beaten?

Chavez: Not lately. I'm too visible now. But in the beginning, in the first strike and even before that, yes, I was beaten. But since we've become better known, with better press coverage, they stay away from me.

Penthouse: What about the other members of your family?

Chavez: Oh well, Dolores, my sister-in-law, she holds the record. She has been in jail more than anybody. Many times. My brother, Richard, has also been jailed time after time. Most of the time they make up phony trespass charges. Criminal trespass they call it. A county road is maybe sixty-five feet wide, including the unpaved shoulders and there is a line where the road property ends and private property begins. Sometimes you may accidentally put a foot on the private property. That's criminal trespass.

Penthouse: In addition to all the picket-line violence haven't there been times when the police would burst in to arrest people in their homes in the middle of the night?

Chavez: Yes, they've done that. When we were breaking the injunctions against striking, we told the judge and the sheriff that we were going to break the injunction. And if they arrested us, we would have the captains get the people to climb into the vans in an orderly way and go to jail quietly. Well, they didn't want to do that, in front of all the cameras, you know. So they would spot the leaders and then go to their homes at two or three in the morning, literally burst in the doors, drag them out of their beds, and throw them in jail. It was just plain harassment. They had warrants. They could have arrested them in a civilized way. They just

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enjoyed using terror tactics, that's all.

Penthouse: In August 1973, one of your workers, a Yemenite named Nagi Daiffulah, was involved in an altercation with deputy sheriffs. He was killed. What ever happened to the deputies involved?

Chavez: Nothing. The explanation was that he did not die from the blows of the police, but that he struck his head on the pavement when he was knocked to the ground.

Penthouse: Are any of your workers ever chosen for jury duty?

Chavez: Never. Once my sister-in-law, Dolores, was charged with trespass and a Chicano woman was on the jury. She held out against conviction. That was the first and last time any of our people were selected for jury duty.

Penthouse: What about the plot to kill you in 1971?

Chavez: Well, my knowledge is very general. But then our attorney, Jerry Cohen, explained it to me like this. The people from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms [a division of the Department of the Treasury] tipped us that they had a picture of a hit man who had been given $45,000 if he would kill me. This guy was an expert in explosives and incendiary devices as well as guns.

A few weeks after the alert, he was picked up and convicted of murdering a man in Visalia, California. That seemed to end it.

But then a guy showed up who said that for $10,000 he'd tell us who was supplying the money for the hit man. The go-between was a narcotics pusher and con man from Bakersfield. Cohen said he was a shrewd, cold, vicious man. Anyway, this guy said he'd been given the money by the son of one of the growers in Delano.

Well, the Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms people kind of let the case peter out. They said the grower's son denied everything and the informant couldn't be trusted.

However, Jerry Cohen found a closing report on the case in which there was a transcript of a recorded conversation between an undercover government agent and the go-between. In the transcript they talk about plans to kill me. Now the ATF never knew we had that report. So they lied to us.

Penthouse: Robert C. Mardian, one of the convicted Watergate defendants, who was Assistant Attorney General for Internal Security, knew about the case and requested the ATF people to keep him informed about all stages of the investigations. Did Mardian have anything at all to do with stopping the investigation?

Chavez: That's something we don't know.

Penthouse: Do you fear death?

Chavez: It's not a reality to us. We're so busy with work we haven't time to think about it. We know there's danger involved, but the pace is so fast we can't take the time out to worry.

Penthouse: How far do you carry nonviolence? Is it more important than winning?

Chavez: Nonviolence is simply a method. Of itself it won't change conditions. It has to be coupled with positive action. There are two traps we can fall into. One is to want to be nonviolent at the expense of not doing anything for anyone. You just lie there and take a beating. At the other extreme you have people who blame nonviolence if they're defeated.

What you do is to commit yourself to nonviolence and get a similar commitment from your people. It then becomes a lifelong commitment to win. You commit yourself to working around the clock, not taking vacations and being a *servant*—not just being *of* service. You have to accept criticism. You have to get suggestions from people. But you have to win.

Penthouse: Your people aren't always nonviolent. You had a case where you paid the Teamsters damages because one of your people shot and wounded a Teamster organizer.

Chavez: Yes. It happened. Our man had been beaten up very badly by two Teamsters. There was a history of fistfights involving these men. Finally, he did shoot one of them. We pulled him out of the picket line and paid damages—even though we would not have been legally responsible. It was an unfortunate incident but sometimes when a man is beaten enough he loses his temper and forgets. But you don't find much of that among our workers.

Penthouse: You're usually called a minority leader but you're really a majority organizer, aren't you?

Chavez: You're the first one to pick up on that. It seems like a contradiction because so many farm workers are minority *people*. So you may jump to the conclusion that we are a minority *group*. But we don't operate as a minority for two reasons. First, we consider that our union is for everybody in America. Second, the problem of farm workers is not a problem that was made by us and it can't possibly be solved just by us. It must be solved by the whole society, by consumers, by citizens all over who know how it feels to be ripped off by powerful groups.

Penthouse: How much are you paid?

Chavez: For myself and my four kids at home—the others are married—we cost the union $2,300 in 1973.

Penthouse: How can you live on that?

Chavez: Well, we have no time payments. No bills. You see, it goes back to the 1950s when we first started to think about organizing. We had to decide between raising a lot of money—which we couldn't do—or doing it without a great deal of money. So we committed ourselves to a very frugal life.

Penthouse: If I ask to see the books for your union, would you let me?

Chavez: Sure. We have nothing to hide. I will show you everything—my house, my garden, my Cadillac, my yacht! [Laughs.]

Penthouse: I know you don't like the term, but a mystique has built up around you. . . .

Chavez: Well, I don't think it's a mystique. It's a matter of friendships, of knowing the workers and of being with them. I was the first member of the union. I organized it. I consider myself more an organizer than a leader—though it's impossible for me to tell you how I make that distinction. But I do. In the beginning it was just an awful lot of hard work and planning and plodding. I was scared when I tried to speak at my first meeting. Awfully scared. But eventually, I learned. And I met an awful lot of workers. I know thousands of them, personally. So a lot of things happen because of friendship, not because of any mystique, or secret power of personality, or any of that stuff. It's all very flattering, but it's not true.

"He's become very philosophical about the news."

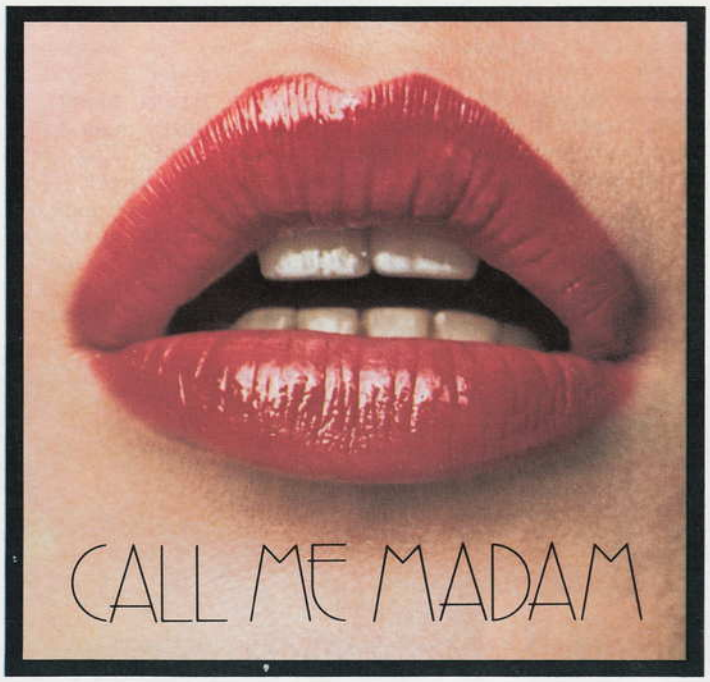
"I awoke to the scene of her violent masturbation. Here she was desiring another climax, brutalizing her clitoris."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

My woman and I separated some time ago after twelve years of marvelous sex. Although a personality conflict finally made us split, we had fantastically satisfying sex. She was beautiful, vivacious, and very much an extrovert—but we just didn't get along.

She always liked me to make love to her by commencing with oral foreplay. To further enhance her enjoyment I bought a six-inch-long, one-and-a-half-inch-thick dildo to insert in her vagina while I made love to her clitoris in the 69 position. The intention was to have my prick in her mouth and the dildo hard up her cunt as I ate her out. Unfortunately, the dildo was too small, so I bought a large one that was about eight-and-a-half inches long and two inches thick. But even this was too small. After insertion, it slipped up and completely disappeared into her magnificent beaver fur!



I went in search of a proper-sized instrument. You see, my prick is only six and a half inches—just not up to her fantastic dimensional requirements. I finally purchased a twelve-by-two-and-a-half-inch candle and rounded off the end for easier penetration. My girl saw me working on the candle and guessed what it was for. She told me that I could forget it since nothing that size would do the job.

Later that evening, I started making love to her orally. The love juices began to flow, she drew hard on me and sucked my prick down her throat. I began to insert the new dildo. She was so hot that I guess she didn't seem to notice the size of the candle-dildo. With three to four inches of the dildo up her cunt, her natural suction took over and she took another six inches—nine inches in all!

Forty minutes later, she got such a huge climax that she shuddered for several minutes before it subsided. Massive amounts of love juice began slopping down her magnificent thighs. She looked down at the three inches of candle thrusting out from her pussy and seemed dismayed that the new dildo had been used. Of its own power, it slowly propelled itself out onto the bed, and she sank into exhausted slumber—and, quite naturally, so did I.

I later woke to the fantastic scene of her violent masturbation. Here she was, desiring another climax, brutalizing her clitoris with the speed and force of her movement. What a sight! Only two inches of the candle protruded from her pussy lips. She saw the pleasure and genuine appreciation on my face as she struggled to achieve total insertion. I never knew such pleasure could come from masturbation.

With careful and loving encouragement from me, she would work her pussy out four nights a week. What a fantastically stimulating sight it was: a high, beautiful cunt shaven below clitoris level; broad slim thighs; dark thick pubic hair; legs thrust wide; eyes closed; cunt lips gorged fat with desire; but always an inch of candle remained that was not immersed in her very capacious pussy.

One morning I left her as usual to go to work. After leaving, I remembered something that I had left behind. When I returned she was still in bed and was masturbating. She smiled, and so I locked the door and sat down to watch. She was propped up on extra pillows which obviously gave her arms more range to work her cunt. I slowly pulled back the bed covers to view her. What a sight! Her pussy just glistened with excess love juice. She then dipped her fingers into her pussy, penetrating very deeply, obviously exploring her hole to make sure it was truly lubricated. She withdrew her hand, smelt her fingers, drawing in her breath. She then took the candle from under the pillow and inserted the dildo. A Mona Lisa smile spread over her face as she shoved it up her cunt. She then spoke: "Put the six-inch dildo up my ass and the eight-inch one in my mouth. I have been practicing for the last eight weeks and I want to surprise you with my achievement. Let me do the rest."

Closing her legs, she hoisted her ass off the bed, and with a hand on both sides she pulled open her buttocks and relaxed back down

Photograph By James Moore

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on the bed. Her legs wide open, she firmly stroked her inner-thigh flesh and released her pussy lips in a lovely, slow, sensual way. She swayed and twisted as she eased the dildo up and down. Finally the dildo was enveloped by her cunt, the pussy lips closing comfortably over the now-lost-to-sight candle.

I could hold back no longer. Kneeling over her, I took her clitoris firmly between my teeth—it was erect like a small cock. She put my prick into her mouth and we had half an hour of fantastic sex. What a woman!—Geoff

She certainly sounds like a superwoman. Most men, however, have normal-sized cocks and might find her frightening. After all, who wants to fuck the Holland tunnel?

MUCHO MACHO MISFIRE

I would like to relate an experience in my life that shows just how stupid the man-on-the-hunt can be.

The macho idiot in my story is a guy named Lonny. This joker thought he was a cross between Superman and God's-gift-to-women. My friend Corky held a party to which this clod was unfortunately invited. He bragged to everyone there that he had made it a policy never to bring a girl to any party since he found it inconvenient when he had to leave with the three or four newly acquired girls he'd seduced that evening.

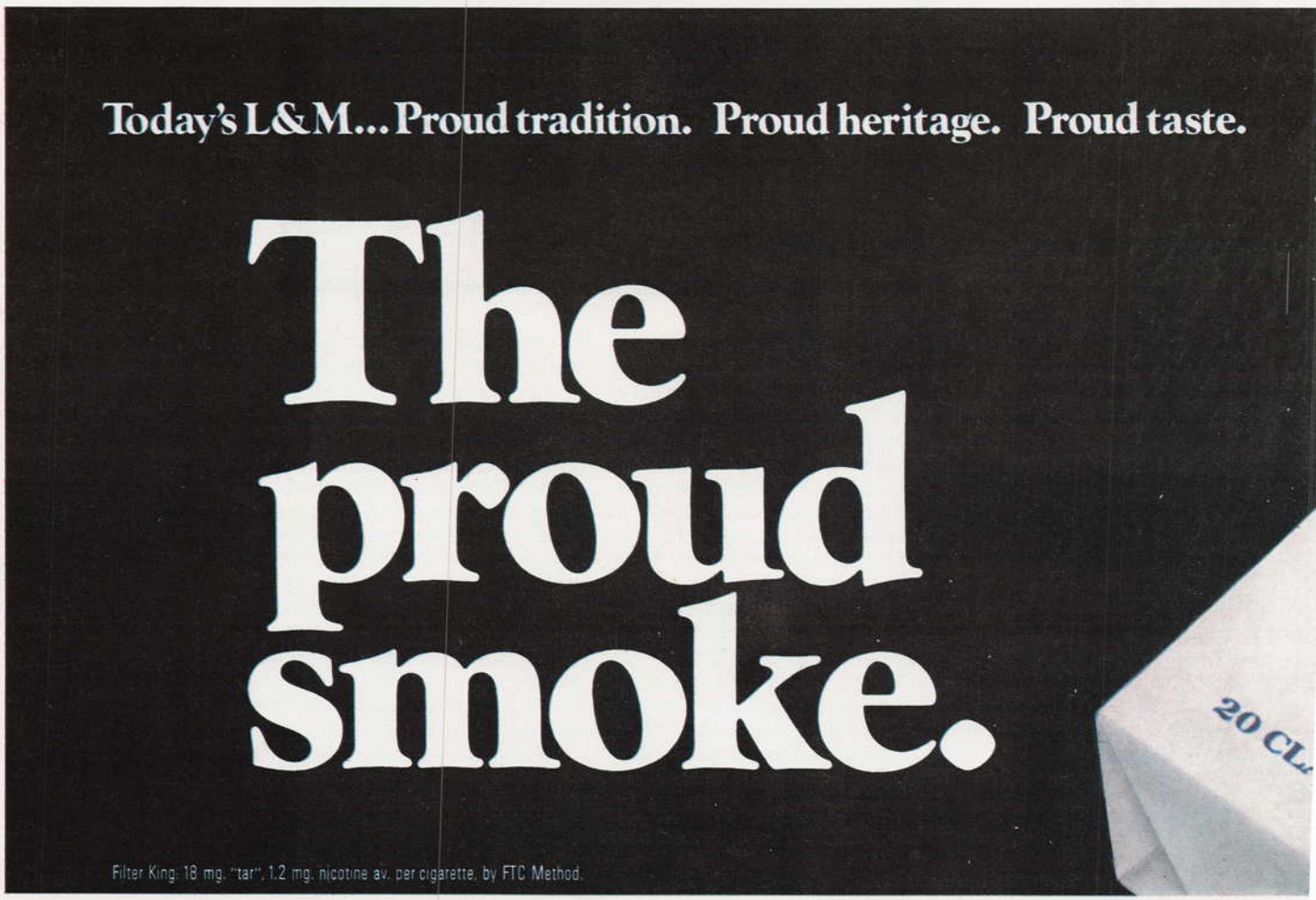
After he tried several dozen times to "make" both Corky and me, an idea popped into my head: "Let's put him in his true place." Corky and I talked about it one day and agreed to go into the project as a joint attack—and I do mean "joint."

We called him at his home and gave him the following story—that is, we finally couldn't take it any longer and wanted to screw with him. Since we wouldn't stand for him screwing just one of us, he'd have to take us on two at a time. Of course, he was flabbergasted by this outrageous story, and eagerly pleaded with us for a date. Corky and I were also eager to set the date.

On the night in question, we picked him up at his house. He sat between us. Corky drove. He couldn't help noticing our outfits —very short skirts with standard thigh-high nylons attached to garter belts. As we drove to the designated motel, he started telling us about all of the other girls he'd been making, giving us explicit details of each episode. I decided to get him hot and bothered and asked him to start making it with me. He looked at my crotch and was stunned to see my pantyless pussy. In went his finger. I simultaneously rubbed his hard dick through his pants. We finally got to our motel, and he went in the room, followed by his two playmates. Corky and I then told him we'd like to give him the evening of his life, but first we wanted him to take a nice hot shower. Superman flew into the shower, but little did he know the plan which was to follow. Superman would be struck with kryptonite on behalf of all the girls he'd jilted, or embarrassed, or spread lies about over the years.

Corky proceeded with her part of the plan, gathering together all of his clothes. Only his wallet was left behind. I did my part by getting beneath the covers to await his entrance. In he came—the lights dim. A hard dick was evident, so I told him to get under the covers and let me have some. He noted that Corky was missing. I told him she'd be right back, that she went to get some liquor for the occasion.

As I stroked his dick, he got very aggressive, and steered it into my pussy. I told him that I hoped he'd use a lubricant since I was dry. He stopped, realizing that he had none. I told him I always carried a tube and jumped out of bed to get it. Off came the cap, and I emptied the entire tube into my hand. I told him to lie back and enjoy the handjob as I applied it to his hot dick. I went to it—all over his dick, his balls, his asshole, everywhere. He asked what the hell I was spreading it for, and I said, "I like to slide as I fuck." I then got up and told him that it sounded like Corky was back. I walked to the door, opened it, walked out to the car where Corky waited, ready to take off. Corky had my clothes in the car, and I quickly dressed as we rode off. And so there was Superman lying in bed all alone—no clothes, no vehicle, no nothing—except a dick loaded up with a special ointment containing benzocaine and other numbing medications! His clothes were left at his front door. His "mama" took them in after we rang the bell.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We never saw Superman again. I hear it takes many months for that benzocaine stuff to totally leave the fatty tissue of the penis. Can you imagine a stud without the power to get it hard?—Sally

There are far too many male chauvinist machos around who think they can screw every girl in town. It is time that women reversed the roles. Quite often I'll go up to a hot guy and say, "Hi, honey. I like you. Don't bother buying me a drink. Cut the bullshit and let's fuck." Sometimes after *I've* fucked the guy, I'll tell him to get dressed and leave—no name, no telephone number.

There's nothing wrong with an aggressive woman. Nymphomania does not exist. Of course, I would not suggest you try the direct approach with every guy you meet; just on those nights when you feel superhorny and want nothing more than a good screw.

It's good to dig sex for the sake of sex, although I must confess that it is better to dig sex for the sake of love. Sex is like washing your hands; it has to be done regularly.

From your letter, it sounds like Lonny deserved what he got. But be careful! Someday, some guy might accuse you of being a supertwat, and who needs benzocaine on the clit?

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON?

Our son is going on sixteen. He is less than handsome; in fact, he is downright ugly. When he was a few years younger it wasn't such a problem. There was always the hope that his looks would improve. Unhappily, he is uglier than ever. The few friends he has are constantly talking about making it with girls. I overheard them in our rec room the other day. After telling of their sexual exploits, they turned to my son and asked him how he was making out. It was cruel because they know he's never had a date. The only reason that they are his "friends" is because we have a big, beautiful home and there are always unlimited refreshments available.

My son is also highly sexed. I know because so am I, and we are alike in all respects. I know that he masturbates several times a day and two or three times a night. That's good, but it isn't the same as having sex with a girl.

About a month ago, when his father was on a business trip, I went to my son's bedroom. I could tell that he was thoroughly miserable and was close to tears. Right there I decided that he was going to have sex with a woman—me. I told him to get into his pajamas and come back to my bedroom. When he did, I said, "Since it's chilly, get under the covers with me for a while." I put my arms around him and pressed my breasts against him. Then I began to rub his chest—he always liked that as a little kid—and finally worked my hand down until it brushed against his penis. He had a strong erection. Without further ado, I took hold of his penis. The rest came naturally. He entered me and came almost immediately. He stayed with me all night and we had intercourse four times that evening.

We repeated this for three more nights, until his father returned. The boy's mood has now changed from sullenness and frustration to buoyancy. I heard him on the phone the other day, telling a friend that he was now "getting it regularly." Of course, he didn't say it was from me.

They say incest is a great sin, and I suppose I should feel guilty—but I don't! Nature played a dirty trick on my son by making him ugly and highly sexed at the same time. I am simply making up for the harm that nature imposed. I'm going to keep on giving it to him until he finds a girl.—A.R.

You are right. Nature did play a dirty trick on your son—by giving him you for a mother. To me, you sound like a possessive old bitch who's just hard up for a hot young cock. Most sixteen-year-olds are highly sexed, but let your son work his rocks off on somebody else. Having a pretty face is not everything. Your son will be all right if you just lay off.

A SENSE OF VALUES

I read your February column with interest and felt very sorry for this girl with the stretch marks and saggy boobs. Unfortunately, your answer was very disappointing. What a sense of values you have, Xaviera!

I am over forty and have had stretch marks and saggy boobs for the last twenty years. On top of that, I am fat. My sex life? Great.

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Why? Sex appeal has far more to do with personality than what's on the surface.

Somewhere I once read about a famous prostitute who lived in New Orleans. I forget the details of the story, but she was also very homely.

Every man wanted her because she possessed a combination of inner beauty and a sense of well-being. Perhaps she also had self-respect. Any woman can be beautiful if she will only take some time with each feature of her person and make it harmonious with the whole.

Once I had a teacher with a poor figure and a bulldog face. Believe me, she would have scared you if you met her in a dark alley. Her one good asset was her very beautiful hands. Once you got to know her, however, you thought of her as being beautiful. In fact, she made you feel beautiful. She had sparkle, humor, and you felt that you really mattered to her.

It is quite true that there are many men who are not perfect or beautiful. If such men are worthwhile, you can often have a far more beautiful arrangement and a far deeper relationship than a mere surface-screwing.

Most men who need a pretty doll to show off do not care about character. They have an ego problem and are not worth the time. On several occasions I have met very beautiful men who placed no great value on their own looks because they were tired of being treated like sex objects.

Sometimes the most handsome men are stupid, shallow bastards. The medium-looking guys are often the best. If a man has been made to feel inferior because of his looks, he sometimes carries an inner bitterness that no amount of love can help. This is what you must guard against; self-pity can sometimes be a man's greatest fault.

So your body has been used. It has that worn look, but I do not feel that it is ugly. My body has character and a kind of comfortable quality.

Love is not a performance that one requests. Rather it is an expression of hunger, a need to give to others. The surface appearance of women is indeed a superficial aspect of any human relationship.—L.N.

Xaviera, at times you do tend to be a little superficial! Pretty boys and pretty girls—is that really all you think about? When I read your column, I often wondered, "Gee—won't she ever find the right guy?" Perhaps because of your past experience as a prostitute you are afraid to give yourself totally to someone.—D.D.

I do realize that there is more to men and women than just good looks. However, quite a few people don't seem to realize this. At times, I agree, this is unfortunate. I am sorry if I have sounded occasionally superficial in some of my answers regarding "looks." Obviously, the people who write to me for help are not going to accept an answer like, "Okay, baby, you are ugly, so stay ugly. Why write to me? Love yourself and some day Don Juan will take you in his arms and marry you." Do remember that there is absolutely nothing wrong with improving your body and appearance.

By the way, I would like to announce to all of my readers that I *have* found the right guy. I met him about three years ago, and we have been together ever since. He is what I call an "earthy" man; he has a good sense of values and a good sense of humor. (He is not Larry the Silver Fox, whom I have described in some of my previous books.)

THE POWER TO DEFLOWER

Many times I have wondered how many different ways there are for a woman to lose her virginity. Are there any ways other than sexual intercourse, that is, other than a man's cock?

I ask this because there are times that my conscience bothers me. You see, I don't want to believe that I was not the first man in my wife's life. Long before I started dating, I developed a principle that I would never marry a woman unless she was a virgin. I then met this woman whom I fell in love with and eventually married. We had sex before marriage, but I knew at that time that she wasn't a virgin because she didn't bleed during our first sexual intercourse.

Maybe you will call me stupid for marrying this girl, but now I want the truth. I've asked her repeatedly about her past. She denies it all, saying that she didn't pay much attention to boys because she wanted to finish her college career.

She also said that she used to be an athletic type when she was a teenager—climbing trees, riding bikes, running, etcetera. Could it be that any of these activities might have caused her to lose her virginity? Is she just lying to me in order to maintain our relationship?—Cloudy

Your wife's hymen could well have been broken by inserting a Tampax, by having a gynecologist insert his finger for examination, or by participating in any number of athletic activities. Although her hymen was broken, you married a virgin. So what?

BELLY WATCHING

I am well aware that you endorse many varied sexual diets, but I must write to tell you about my unique persuasion.

I don't know how it began, but it seems that the only way I am able to obtain real satisfaction is to have sex with a pregnant woman. Although I do settle for sex with other women, it just can't compare to shooting my sperm all over some little unborn sucker's head. It drives me wild! Sometimes I go into an almost uncontrollable frenzy of sexual delight when I screw pregnant women.

This little perversion of mine has gotten me into a lot of difficulties. You see, it is difficult to find pregnant women. First of all, fewer people are having children. Those who are pregnant don't want to be unfaithful to their husbands. I've only been moderately successful, but the successes have been so gratifying that I'm very interested in continuing this practice.

Although I harbor no resentment towards children or pregnant women, I am constantly obsessed with this idea. It has gotten to be such a passion that I feel it is beginning to threaten my ability to maintain mature sexual relationships with nonpregnant women.

Should I see a psychiatrist? Or do you agree with me that my fetish is harmless? It just didn't seem appropriate to write to Dear Abby. As an alternative, could you give me some hints on finding and approaching pregnant women?—A.Y.

I can suggest nothing other than your becoming a gynecologist.

I know of various men who are absolutely turned off by their wives the moment they begin to show signs of pregnancy. Little do they know that a woman can be superhorny until shortly before the birth of the child. It is just a matter of being a bit more careful.

I would think that you are sadistic, particularly when you say that you enjoy shooting "sperm all over the little sucker's head." Well, man, that is sick. It seems that you want to take revenge for something you are not even sure about yourself. In other words, you're confused.

A MATTER OF TASTE

I love the odor of clean, ladies' undergarments. I like intercourse and oral sex, too. I find that sex, coupled with the different scents from various articles of clothing, is very exciting.

A friend recently saw me smelling the bikini underpants of my girl friend. I felt rather foolish, although I think I shouldn't feel guilty. What do you think?—Peter

My fetish is smelling a woman's soiled underwear. I particularly like the panties.

This peculiarity began when I was in high school. I would look under girls' dresses, imagine that they had just come from the bathroom and had droplets of urine seeping onto their panties.

After I left high school, my fetish grew worse. I would go to laundromats and watch women put their soiled undergarments in the washers. I always wanted to smell them before they started to wash their clothes because no two women have the same scent.

I then started going to public bathrooms to find discarded panties, panty hose, or girdles. I would like to sample yours, Xaviera. I'll refund your money.—James

Peter seems to be a less experienced fetishist than James: Peter still likes them clean, while James wants them soiled.

This reminds me of a call I once received. A fellow called me to ask if I could give him some of my underwear as a souvenir. I said to him, "Sir, I have several types: clean, dirty, and supersoiled. They range in price from $10 to $200. Please indicate the color and style and forward me a check for the required amount." I was joking but his answer was sincere: "My preference would be the dirty ones, Miss Hollander. Please wear them for a week and never ever wash them. I would also like lots of come in them as well."

Some men go for the panties, while some women get off on men's sweaters.

My First Lover

How America's favorite porn star lost
her virginity to a high school football player.

By MARILYN CHAMBERS

Let me start out by saying I was a cock teaser in high school. I think every chick who runs for homecoming queen in every high school in America is a prick tease. That's how she gets nominated. The one who carries it off the best, the one who keeps the guys hard (but four feet away from her body) the longest wins the crown.

So the cock teaser, me, finally decided to give in to the good-looking jock, Tony, after an Italian meal.

I'd known him for years, and he was always kind of an idol to me—athletic, strong, handsome, but not nearly as beautiful as Ricky Nelson, or Elvis, or Richard Chamberlain, or Fabian. He'd always treated me like a baby sister—he was basically a friend of my brother—and then suddenly I realized he wanted to get into my pants. And I wanted to get into his. So we started dating and moving toward sex at a very slow pace. He was really impressed with me since I was going to New York all the time and modeling, which made me seem very worldly and all. But inside I was an uptight virgin who had fantasies of guys raping her while she masturbated. Normal, right? I'll never know what his fantasies were, but I'm sure they didn't beat our first night of sex.

We both knew this particular date was going to be the night of reckoning. It was a real big deal. He had assumed an either-you-put-out-for-me-or-forget-it attitude—and I didn't blame him. I'd been leading him into making that take-it-or-leave-it statement. I'd let him tongue kiss me, then I'd moan and purr, but pull his hand away every time he reached for my right breast (he was left-handed and I think he didn't even know how to use his right hand; he was always playing with my right breast, never seemed to know the other one existed). When he'd start going down between my legs—with his left hand again, not his mouth—I'd move away and say, "I can't, Tony, I just can't!"

And I didn't help any, because I'd slide my fingers down to his belt and play with it, lightly touching his stomach and his thighs, pretending to be madly in love with his crummy belt when actually it was the little feels of his hard cock I was after—and it drove him nuts. I think he came in his undershorts twice when we were doing all that foreplay stuff, but I never had enough nerve to ask him. Why did I think that? 'Cause on two different occasions he suddenly shuddered, right in the middle of our passionate kissing and feeling, straightened up with a "Wow, Marilyn, it's really getting late," started the car, and whisked me home. You figure it out.

Anyhow, that couldn't go on forever, and I was dying to do it, to go all the way. I wondered if he'd ever done it with a girl before. Basically, I think most high school jocks are virgins and their locker-room talk is just a lot of fantasy bullshit. But I guess that's healthy.

I wonder if Tony ever talked about me in the locker room. I doubt it. He wouldn't have been able to keep a straight face. Our "lovemaking" was like something out of a Woody Allen movie.

We drove to a park on the edge of town, both smelling like garlic and oregano, and killed the lights. It was raining, so Tony left the car running, the heater on low and the fan on high so that we'd stay warm without suffocating. We started to hold each other and kiss and touch, an instant replay of what we'd been doing for months, and it was as difficult as ever in his car because he had bucket seats separated by a console.

I let him put his hand on my right breast this time with no pushing away. He went nuts. We nearly bit off each other's tongues. Finally he had my blouse open, my bra unhitched, and he was feeling me and kissing my chin and then my neck. Finally he put his lips on my nipple and I went crazy. I reached down between his legs and placed my hand right smack on the lump in his pants. He moaned and became as nuts as I was. Then he moved his wild left hand down under my skirt and I pulled away.

"Come on, Marilyn. . . ."

"Tony, I just can't."

"I love you."

"I love you too, Tony, but I. . . ."

> We were both so hot to fuck that nothing would have stopped us.

He slammed his mouth on mine and I wrapped my fingers around the hard thing in his pants and he moved his fingers up under my skirt—leaving my panties damp.

"Ple-e-e-e-e-e-e-ease," he moaned.

"Oh . . . Tony . . . no, not all the way!"

Then it happened. Just as lightning lit up the trees around us he said, "Either you put out for me or forget it, Marilyn," in his deepest, most masculine tone.

I thought about it. Not for long. An ultimatum, right? "Yes, Tony," I think I gasped, "I want to, I really do!" I probably added something like, "Please be gentle," or some such crap.

So we spent about half an hour yanking at each other's clothes. We thought we had to kiss all through it, so it was the longest kiss on record. We kept our lips glued as we fought buttons and hooks and buckles and bucket seats and that damned gearshift sticking up between my legs. I think he ended up with his pants and undershorts down around his ankles. I still had one shoe on and my skirt crumpled around it.

I guess there is some kind of unwritten rule that you don't speak when trying to make love for the first time (some people never speak when making love, come to think of it), so we did everything with hand gestures and little pushes and shoves in this direction or that. You'd think we were deaf, dumb, and blind, I swear. He tried to lift me over the console but it didn't quite work out. So I broke the silence and said, "How are we going to do it?"

"The backseat?" he asked.

We both looked back there. It was smaller than the front, with bucket seats no less, and anyway it was piled high with books and football helmets and stuff like that. So we tried to stretch out in the front seat again. Tony got up on his knees on the seat, which was no easy trick because of the steering wheel, and started to lower himself onto me and I lifted my legs over the console and attempted to lie on those contours—as if the whole thing were a flat bed. My neck was breaking—it was pressing against the armrest on the door—my back felt as though it would snap at any moment because the seat was concave, my ass was on the console (which was the only good part of it, because my pussy was up high and it would be easy for him to enter me), and my legs were under the steering wheel. . . .

Tony whispered something about it not hurting, how I shouldn't be afraid, and I guess we really thought that position was going to work because I had my arms up around his neck and he was coming down at me and I could feel the tip of his penis already touching between my legs. We were trembling in excitement and then. . . .

I got my goddamned foot caught in the horn. All of a sudden, *bla-a-a-at*! I didn't realize it was us. I mean I didn't know our car was making that noise, I didn't even know it was my foot. I got scared and Tony jumped as if someone had just goosed him. "Marilyn, move your foot!"

"What?"

He was struggling to stay on his knees and pull my foot out of the steering wheel. "Shit, Marilyn, get your foot off the goddamned horn!"

"I can't!" It was stuck. And worse than that, it was hurting.

Well, the horn wouldn't stop, and dumb Tony finally pulled up on the horn thing, the rim or whatever it is, and I thought he'd sliced off my toe. I screamed and kicked, and that finally got my foot free and the stupid thing stopped blaring. God, it was suddenly so quiet.

"Shit," he mumbled, looking around, waiting for a thousand policemen to drive up and open the doors and ask us what the hell was wrong.

"Tony, it's okay, look, I'll get back into position."

"Oh . . . Marilyn, I love you. . . ."

So he got into position again, rubbing my pussy lips with his cock, and I pressed my abdomen into the air above the console as he came down to me . . . slowly . . . slowly . . . and then. . . .

Tony slipped. He had been balancing his entire weight on his hands, one on the part of

Photograph By Earl Miller/Letterforms By Ray Barber

the console that extended into the backseat, the other on the little bit of console left next to my rear, next to the gearshift. That's the hand that slipped. He suddenly let out a yell any football player would be ashamed of and crashed down on top of me. For a second I thought maybe he'd suddenly gone into a Tarzan number and wanted to shove it into me like a gorilla—but I knew he'd missed 'cause nothing was touching my pussy but his abdomen.

That was trouble enough. But a disaster always needs a final touch to make it memorable. Tony's hand had slipped off the console and hit the shift knob. The car had been running and he hadn't even set the parking brake—he hadn't even set the gearshift in the park position, he'd put it in neutral. Well, it went from neutral to drive in one fast move and we soon realized we were going for a ride. There we were, tangled in our clothes, in that back-breaking position—the car was moving and the rain was pelting down.

Tony tried to get up, saying, "Jesus H. Christ!" and I couldn't help but laugh, I mean I was hysterical, so scared that I was finding everything comical. He tried desperately to find the brake pedal as the car chugged through the mud—"Marilyn, move your fucking legs!" My feet were still down under the steering wheel and just as I lifted my feet to the dashboard and squealed with laughter, he slammed his foot down. Instead of the brake pedal, he hit the accelerator. Maybe he should have used his left hand.

Well, the engine made this tremendous noise and we really didn't go anywhere. The wheels just dug down into the muck, and then a nice big tree stopped any further progress. The car went dead. I slid to the floor, my naked buttocks hitting his cold, wet floormats, my feet up behind the steering wheel, the gearshift between my legs, my head against the window crank.

Tony slumped back and said, "Shit."

Well, I cracked up again. There we were, the young lovers, suave and sophisticated, the guy sitting behind the steering wheel of his nearly wrecked and half-sunk-in-the-mud car, his pants in a ball on the floor, his cock still sticking up in excitement, the girl on the floor in a yoga position, her ass wet (he had a leak in the windshield on the passenger side), and her dreams of Ricky Nelson suddenly dissolving into giggles.

Tony helped me up and asked if I was okay, which was nice of him, and I said I was, still laughing, which I don't think he appreciated all that much. Then he turned on the lights 'cause it was pitch dark except for the lightning, and we had to see what the hell we were doing. We tried to get back into our clothes as discreetly as possible, which was silly, but we were both very embarrassed. We kept bumping each other as we dressed, saying "excuse me" and "I'm sorry" all the time the car was sinking slowly into the mud.

Tony tried to start the car, but it wouldn't do anything but make a terrible noise. So he got out and told me he was going to get help. And that was it. Bang. He slammed the door and left me sitting there in that cold car in the rain, with the mud nearly over the wheels. My hysterical laughter turned to hysterical crying, and I finally got so upset and scared I actually screamed out loud, "I want my mother!" I even tried to get out of the car and catch up with Tony, but I sank ankle-deep in the mud, and that made me cry even more.

About half an hour later I saw a light flashing through the trees. I immediately thought, "Oh, no, the cops!" And I had visions of being dragged into the police station and my parents having to come there in their nightclothes and everyone calling me a whore and a tramp. But the flashing yellow light was really a tow truck. Tony had found another car—I think the couple in the car was fucking but he knocked on the window anyway—and asked for a ride to a service station.

So I sat in the front of this big tow truck, rubbing the mud off my ankles as Tony and the driver pulled the car out of the mush and back onto the blacktop of the parking lot.

Some night for losing one's virginity, eh? But I did.

> He suddenly went into a Tarzan number and wanted to shove his cock into me.

Yes, I know it sounds crazy, and it was. I was so mad, so furious, as we drove home that I wouldn't even talk to Tony. He kept apologizing and saying, "Marilyn, it wasn't my fault, I love you, I really do." And I just looked the other way and watched the street signs to make sure he was taking me directly to my house. But as soon as we turned onto my street I realized what a wreck I was. How was I going to explain my appearance to my parents?

I panicked. "Tony, I have to take a shower at your house!"

"Wha . . . what?"

"I can't go home, my mom and dad would kill me, and my brother'd kill you!"

"Oh. Yeah, well, sure."

And we drove to his house. The reason I had no qualms about taking a shower at his house was because he'd told me at dinner that his parents were out of town for the weekend, in New York at some convention or something.

So I showered—with the door locked. I washed my shoes and everything. It was ridiculous. Finally I emerged from the bathroom to find that he had taken a shower in his parents' bathroom and suddenly he looked fresh and attractive and my juices started flowing again. So did his. But I didn't want to admit it.

We walked around the house whispering—I didn't know why—as though the ghosts of his parents were walking around. The place gave me the creeps, and it was getting late. So I told him I wanted to go home.

We got into the car and he started it and turned on the heater and windshield wipers, but we didn't go anywhere. He kept telling me how sorry he was, and how much he really loved me. Pretty soon we were both laughing over the crazy incident, and before we knew it we were kissing again. I guess we were both so hot to fuck that nothing would have stopped us. It was as simple as that. And we were willing to go to any lengths to do it. Even to the point of attempting to do it in the front seat of the car again! How's that for insanity?

This time it wasn't quite so bad. Trial-and-error is a good teacher. We knew a little better where to move our feet, where to put our heads, how to balance, and how to keep excited all through those maneuvers. This time we took it slow and easy. Tony made sure the gearshift knob was all the way in the park position.

We got out of our clothes completely this time and tossed them in the backseat with the football helmets and the stacks of books. It started getting very romantic, the rain and all, the rhythm of the windshield wipers, the radio on nice and soft. The thunder crackled, and when the lightning lit up the sky I could see Tony's strong, beautiful body above me—his muscled chest, his hard stomach, and the thick hair above his fat cock really turned me on. I gave in, completely. "Take me, I'm yours!" All that kind of thing.

Then he bent forward and kissed my right nipple (even his face was left-handed) and then I felt his prick pressing into my cunt. It was the first time, and it felt better than I'd dreamed it would. My fingers or anything I'd used to masturbate with never felt so terrific. I started moaning, and he did too. He slid into me and I squealed in pain and clawed at his back and. . . .

"Christ! Don't move, keep quiet!" Tony suddenly said, his eyes wide, his face unexpectedly lighting up, and not because of the lightning. A car was coming up the driveway behind us and he slammed his body down on mine, nearly snapping my spine on the console.

I lay there with his hand over my mouth, absolutely frightened out of my mind, suddenly and completely pulled out of my first real sexual experience by a damned stupid searchlight!

As the car came closer and closer I felt that big thing inside of me getting smaller and smaller, and finally, when I heard a car door slam, I felt Tony's cock slip out. He tensed and waited for someone to open the car door and slap him on the ass, I guess, but all we heard was the back door of the

house close tightly, and then Tony said, "Wow, that was close."

I mumbled something and then he realized I was suffocating with his hand on my mouth, so he got up and so did I. I was pissed, really pissed. "Who the hell was that?" I asked, grabbing my panties from the backseat.

"My brother. I thought that he was home already."

"Oh, that's why you were whispering."

"Yeah . . . hey, Marilyn, you're not. . . ."

"I hate your guts!"

"Shhh!"

"Go to hell!" Man, was I mad!

But not mad enough. Mad enough in the crazy sense, that would soon be proven, but mad in the furious sense that he had put me through two very trying situations. Losing one's virginity is a serious matter, and this was turning out to be the comedy routine of the century.

I got dressed as he sat there, naked, playing with himself (with his left hand), telling me how much he loved me—again. He asked me to go into the house with him, to his room, where it would be safe and we would have a nice bed where we could do what we'd started to do in comfort.

Well, I was dying for it more than I was mad at him, and seeing him sitting there playing with his cock was enough to make me want to go down on him. So I gave in. He scooped up his clothes and bundled them up in his arms, turned off the engine, slid into his loafers, and we made a mad dash through the rain to the back door, only to find that it was locked for the night. His brother had seen his car, figured he was in for the night, and locked the door. Great.

I said, "I think you'd better take me home."

"Marilyn," he moaned, and kissed me. I could feel his cock getting hard again and, of course, I was trembling with excitement, knowing I really didn't want him to take me home. So we ran around to the front of the house—he was still naked—and tried that door. It, too, was locked. So there we were, in the storm of all storms, a naked football player and his clothed-but-very-wet girl friend, wondering how the hell to get into the house. For some idiotic reason which I can't remember, he didn't have a key to the house on his key chain. His precious car had its own precious chain for its own precious keys.

Finally he climbed in through a window, into the kitchen, and came around to the back door and opened it for me. I was drenched. I looked the same as I'd looked after the scene in the woods, except for the mud to my ankles. So I started to cry and I said, "It's not supposed to be like this."

"It'll be beautiful," he said, and got a big towel to wrap around my head while he took my blouse and skirt and underwear off. Finally he said, "Let's go to bed."

I just nodded. It was finally going to happen, and happen right! I followed him up the steps in ecstasy.

When we reached the second floor he whispered, "Be real quiet, don't make a sound. I don't want to wake my brother." I didn't know his brother, but I knew that my sister did, and all I needed was his brother to catch us fucking and tell my sister.

"Where's your room?" I whispered.

"Follow me. I don't want to put any lights on 'cause Bob might wake up."

It made sense. The house was dark and we were both sure that his brother had gone right to bed. So I held on to his hand and he opened the door to his room. We went in and he closed it—all without a word. The shade had been pulled down, and it was the kind that blocks out all the light—so even the lightning didn't penetrate it. I was glad for that because the lightning only reminded me of the scenes in the car, and also because I had always figured sex should take place in a romantic, dark-dark-dark bedroom. I couldn't see a thing but I know I almost tripped over a set of barbells and some clothes lying on the floor. But that excited me 'cause it was so masculine.

Anyhow, he led me to the bed, all the time saying, "Shhh," which I didn't understand 'cause I hadn't made a sound, and the walls weren't that thin. Maybe he was talking to the springs in the mattress. I didn't know.

I put my head on the pillow and realized that I was lying in a pile of paperback books, so I had to push them aside, and they fell to the floor and he froze and said, "Sh-h-h-h-h-h!"

Jesus! What was I supposed to do, stop breathing?

Finally, and it seemed like hours because he was moving so slowly, he positioned himself between my legs and came down to kiss me and enter me at the same time. It hurt for a minute or so and then it started feeling wonderful. I pulled him down on top of me, and we really started going at it. I suddenly wiped out all the memories of what had happened earlier in the night and was living only for the moment. I always knew I liked sex, meaning I loved to masturbate, but this was something else. I wondered why I had waited so long to do it. It was great. I could tell he was holding back so he wouldn't come fast and we could keep doing it for a long time. He was as scared as I was, but as soon as we realized that it was going to be easy, he knew what he was doing. We kissed and we sweated and pressed our bodies together as we moved in a steady rhythm on the bed.

I realized I was going to have an orgasm and I moaned.

"Sh-h-h!"

"Tony, Tony," I whined, feeling his cock pounding into me. I didn't give a damn about being quiet any longer. "Oh, Tony."

Clamp. The old hand-over-the-mouth routine again. He just clamped my mouth shut. Then, with his cock still in me, he whispered, "If my brother wakes up we're dead."

I nodded. That got him to take his hand off my face. Then I whispered, "How can your brother possibly hear us?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're acting as though he's in this room!"

Ha. Ha. Ha. Marilyn really said it that time. You should have seen the look on his face when Tony answered, "He is!" Come to think of it, you should have seen the look on *my* face.

Yes, across the room, in another twin bed, lay his brother Bob, sound asleep. We were fucking in Tony's room, but Tony never bothered to tell me he shared his room with his brother. The huge master bedroom was empty, but if he didn't want to do it in his parents' bed, which I could understand, why not the guest bedroom or the living-room floor or even a bathtub? The goddamned car would have been safer! We might walk around with broken backs for the rest of our lives, but we wouldn't have had his brother with us in the backseat to worry about.

I couldn't believe it. I just kept thinking, "You stupid idiot, you stupid jock-idiot-asshole!" And he kept fucking me! Like crazy, just as long as I didn't make a sound. I liked the way it felt, even though it was still hurting, but my heart was no longer into it. The craziest night of my life had culminated with a situation more absurd than anyone could possibly have imagined. An empty house full of empty beds and sofas and soft carpeting, and I have to lose my virginity in a twin bed next to my lover's sleeping brother.

I'll tell you, though, that last moment, just as Tony started to come in me, was incredible, even if I felt as though I was going to choke because I wasn't breathing. He slammed his cock into me, and his body shook. I could feel it jerking as his cream poured into me, and I dug my nails into his strong back and bit down hard on his shoulder. It was a great moment, and we turned on our sides in our passion, which wasn't the best move to make. . . .

We fell right to the goddamned floor, right on top of the paperback books. My foot hit the barbells and his cock slipped out of me. I could feel it still spraying all over my stomach, and we still hugged each other in passionate silence. But it was over. The fall had finished the magic. When I finally relaxed and let my arms fall to the floor, to top it all off, I got my fingers tangled in a jockstrap.

Don't ever lose your virginity to a football player. It isn't worth the hassle.

Well, I was glad it was over. I now knew what fucking was like, and how ridiculous it could be to build yourself up for that evening. Our silent drive home to my house in the rain was very heavy—Tony didn't know what to say to make me happy, and I didn't know exactly how I felt. I crawled into bed and thought I'd cry myself to sleep.

Not so. I giggled instead. It really was too funny for tears. I ached for a week. That was the rough part. I think I walked around bowlegged. But it had been worth it, even though it had been such a disaster. I had finally gone all the way—and I had liked it.

And a few weeks later I found myself doing it again. No football player this time, no cars, no brothers, just a nice, good-looking, normal, average student. It was great. A great fuck.

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship, analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLES

Sean L., 27, 5′8″, 137 lbs. Red hair, blue eyes. Sean is a part-time actor, currently unemployed. Diane M., 30, 5′4″, 108 lbs. Black hair, brown eyes. Diane is a magazine fashion editor.

SEAN'S STORY: "Diane knows someone who's involved with your magazine, so that's how we came to do this interview. I promised I'd cooperate, so I'm going to try to give you what you want to know.

"I've been with Diane since last July or August—I can't remember exactly. I was camping out on Montauk Point on Long Island at the time, with an actress named Ronnie and another couple who were pretty straight. They acted like they were sexually sophisticated, but they weren't with it at all.

"Ronnie and I tried to start a group thing with them and they couldn't handle it. It's funny, too, because I've seen Ronnie since and she told me that, after I left to go with Diane, they got it on with her. Some people are really confused sexually. He doesn't mind making love to my woman, but he can't see me having sex with his.

"Anyway, I may have talked to Diane for fifteen minutes before we started getting it on. She tried to hand me this 'almost virgin' line, but she is one of the hottest women I've ever lived with. When she goes down on me, what she lacks in experience she more than makes up for in enthusiasm.

"I guess I've been with a lot of women because I've always been more interested in sex than anything else. Maybe it sounds like I'm bragging, but I'm not so proud of it. I wish that my head was into other things instead. I'm into sex like some people are into dope. When I'm fucking I don't have to think about anything else. I've been making it since I was fourteen, so most of my heaviest years in school were spent chasing skirts. Other than sex, I'm into science fiction and I dig music. That's about it. If I wasn't good at sex, I'd probably starve. I've never had a decent job in my life.

"In school I decided I wanted to be an actor because in the theater you meet some out-of-sight women, and they're all hot to have sex. So I did that for a while. After high school I went to an acting studio in New York, but it didn't work out. I guess I don't have what they call drive. That's where I met Ronnie, who's a really fine person. But if you expect a chick to help you through life, *don't* pick an actress.

"Diane is the first woman I've ever been with who is well-off. When she told me she owned a beach house—it wasn't her daddy's or her husband's, but hers—I almost dropped. She's pretty young to be doing that well. I figure she must have been kept by someone, but who knows? I probably never will. She's older than me but it's only technical. She's like a seventeen-year-old to talk to. I don't mean that as a put-down. She's got this very young feel about her. And her needs are pretty basic, too, like a child's.

"I think either she made it with her father or else always wanted to. One night she was giving me head and I started talking to her like I was her father—giving her advice, things like that. Every now and then, I'd mention how sexy and expert she was, and how I was proud of my little girl. She started pumping away, going all the way down, then coming up and frenching the slit with her tongue until I came in her throat. She came at the same time without being touched at all. That was amazing. It's probably because she's very into fantasies.

"One of her favorite things is to make up a name for me, usually the name of some guy she's interested in, and have me think up a name for her, too. Then we call each other by these names while we make it together. Sometimes a whole story develops out of these fantasies. The first time I fucked her in the ass we were pretending I was a guy named Frank and she was a girl named Misty (that was just a name I picked from a book title). I was in the bedroom combing my hair when she sort of slunk in from work. She was wearing a very tight-fitting skirt and a fluffy white blouse.

"'Aren't you Frank?' she asked in a very sexy voice.

"'Yeah,' I said, watching her in the mirror. 'Your name's Misty, isn't it? We met at the Hot Cunt Club last summer.'

"She sort of purred and wrapped her leg around mine, rubbing her tits against my back. 'I've got this problem,' she whispered.

"I looked down and she lifted her skirt just high enough so you could see the nib of her clit peek out through her bushy tangle of cunt hair. She brought her mouth close to my ear and ran her tongue around the inside. 'I have a nasty little itch in my pussy,' she said.

"'Here?' I asked placing my finger on the hood of her clit and tickling it gently.

"She humped herself forward so that my finger slid along the slit of her pussy. 'A little further in. Maybe you could take a look inside and see what's happening.'

"I got on my knees and slipped my finger into her dark, dripping vagina. She ground her cunt against my hand. 'What's all this gooey stuff?' I asked her. I parted the lips of her vulva and rammed my tongue into her, sucking her juices.

"'That feels a lot better, Frankie,' she said.

"I undid the front of my pants and held my cock out to her. 'Misty, darling, this'll scratch it better than anything,' I told her.

"'Oh, Frankie, it's so big,' she whispered.

"'You give it a little lubrication and it'll slip right in,' I said.

"She got down on the floor with me, her skirt up around her rear, and started sucking my knob. I took my finger, sticky with her come, and started tickling her ass. 'What's this?' I asked her.

"'Oh, nothing,' she said. She really was a little frightened, I think.

"I slid my finger in as far as it would go up her ass. 'A pretty deep nothing,' I told her. She took her mouth away from my penis and groaned, sitting back on my finger.

"I turned her around, and spreading her cheeks I speared her with my cock, pushing in a little at a time.

"'You filthy fucker,' she called me, or something like that. Then she shouted, 'Frankie, Frankie, Frankie,' as I shot my load into her.

"She says that was the first time anyone ever did that to her. I don't know if that's true, but it was really fine.

"I could eat Diane all night, and that really drives her crazy. I don't think there is anything she digs more than me sucking her clit, and I can do it for hours. It's funny, because you meet some chicks whose cunts are sort of bitter, but Diane's tastes so incredibly good. Her girl friend Cheryl is the only other woman I've been with since I met Diane and her cunt doesn't taste nearly as good. But she's a really uninhibited lover, which is something that Diane just isn't.

"The first time I was with Cheryl it was a terrific turn-on. She supposedly came over to wait for Diane, and she had on this short skirt and wasn't wearing any underpants. I could see her bush the moment she sat down. Diane walked in when I was in the middle of banging her. That was a freaky scene. I decided Diane must just love both of us too much to let sex ruin our relationship, and I got her off, too. Diane has been strange ever since, though.

"The day before yesterday we were walking down the stairs of our apartment building, and we saw this chick Joan, who lives in the apartment right below ours. She is a wicked-looking lady, and I've been wanting to get it on with her for a long time.

"Diane looked at me, and in a loud whisper that Joan must have heard, said, 'How many times have you gotten into her?'

"The thing that pissed me off is that the only reason I haven't tried to make advances to Joan is out of consideration for Diane. I was good and mad, so I clouted her one. It was a lousy thing to do, but I was really sick of her bitching at me.

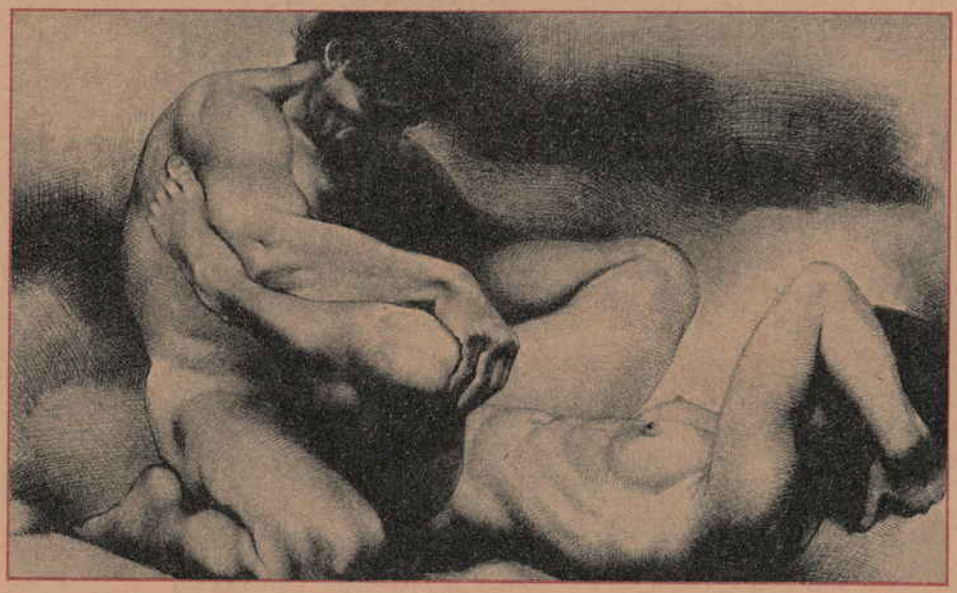
"I guess some people would call me a chauvinist pig, but I don't think so. There is nothing I would rather do than get it together with a truly liberated woman, but let me tell you right now, as far as I know there is no such animal. And I've spent a lot of time looking. Maybe some lesbians are, but they're screwed up in other ways.

"Anyway, you can't tell me that Diane and some of her friends aren't freaked out about her supporting me. 'No self-respecting man . . .' and all that bullshit. If I was supporting her because she was great in bed, nobody would think twice about it. I know she feels strange about supporting me, though, and that really makes me furious.

"And, I think I had a right to get angry at her the other day. I've met that guy Frank she's been itching for these days, but I didn't say, 'Hey, did you get into his pants yet?' or

Letterforms by Tom Carnase/Illustrations by Betty Dodson

something like that. And if I had, I think she would have been justified in hitting me, too. I think I play a pretty straight game. I'm not asking for anything I'm not ready to give, or representing myself as something I'm not. If I went impotent tomorrow, I'd be out in the street, and I know it.



"I'm not hung up on roles at all. I have no objection to being a house-husband if the lady involved has something to offer. With Diane things are better for me financially now, though in some ways things were better with Ronnie. She was quite loose sexually, and she didn't care what I did. Also, we used to throw orgies sometimes and I miss them. I can just imagine what Diane would go through if I suggested we have an orgy. The time we made it with Cheryl is as heavy as it will ever get. I think that Diane's problem is that she can't separate emotional involvement from sex, which sounds a little callous. What I mean is, I'm emotionally involved with Diane but that doesn't stop me from enjoying sex with Cheryl, whom I essentially like but don't know that well. It doesn't have anything to do with Diane. It's easy to understand, but it's not that easy to explain.

"As far as I'm concerned I dig Diane an awful lot, and I'll stay with her as long as she needs me. I mean, if it's over tomorrow I'm not going to kill myself, but I won't be doing any dances either. I would rather be with her than anyone else I know, but there are certain aspects of other people I wish she'd adopt. It doesn't really matter, though."

DIANE'S STORY: "I guess you could say I've achieved success early on in my life. I mean, I got this job when I was twenty-four, just out of Sarah Lawrence. I'd won a contest by putting together a pictorial essay on modern fashion trends for a young women's magazine. That carried a lot of weight when I tried for the editorship at my current magazine. I did that for two years. My boss quit to get married so I stepped into her job. It was no adjustment; I did all the work anyway and I just got paid more. Even though the money's not bad, it's never enough. I have to work very hard—you'd be amazed.

"I grew up in a small town in New England and had strict Jewish parents. I was never allowed to date a boy until I was seventeen, but it didn't matter much because no one ever asked me. That first year away at school changed things a lot. My figure filled out, my skin cleared up, and I got contact lenses. That was when I discovered it hadn't been only my looks that put men off. I've always been sort of a bookish person, I guess. That's part of why I get on so well with Sean. We both have imaginary worlds going on in our heads. We share fantasies, and that's more exciting than anything I have ever experienced with a man.

"I met Sean last summer at my beach house at Montauk, Long Island. I was on the beach, sitting in a lounge chair reading, when he walked by. I remember he asked me the time. He was only wearing a pair of jeans, and he has quite a nice, slim physique and beautiful long red hair.

"We started talking, and I asked him to stay for lunch. He kissed me as we walked through the sliding glass doors that lead into my kitchen. We stood there in the kitchen, and he stripped off the bottom of my bathing suit and then my beach coat. In a moment I was standing stark naked with my back to the sea holding him in my arms and kissing him. No one's ever turned me on that much before. He had the nipples on my breasts standing out like little pink pebbles, and he licked them and chewed them gently until I was panting for him, humping my bare body against him. He pulled me into the living room and stretched me out on the rug. Kissing my foot he worked his way up the inside of my leg, licking and kissing until he was an inch from making me come. I could feel the hair there tickling his cheek, and I was howling. I wanted him to suck me so badly.

"Instead he went to the other foot and kissed me up the leg again. When he got just past my knee, I grabbed him by the hair and pulled his face to my pussy, grinding my clit against his face as hard as I could.

"I was really pleading with him, 'Eat me, please; please suck me.'

"It all happened so suddenly. He drove his tongue as far as it could go into my cunt and I came right away. Then he had me get on my hands and knees, and he took his pants down. He wouldn't let me see or touch his cock. If I even turned around to look, he would slap my ass until it was red. He slammed into my cunt from behind with his giant prick, taking me completely by surprise. It was the biggest cock I'd ever had, and I fell on my stomach with the first impact, but he made me get up. Soon we were fucking like horses. I looked between my legs and could see the soapy droplets of come dribbling down my leg. When I felt him shoot into me, I knew I'd never experienced anything like it before.

"I had been with very few men before Sean. People from the magazine, the singles bar trip, things like that. I've never been in love. That first day, we made love right through lunch and feasted on lobster in the evening. Then, when it grew cool and dark and the tide went out, we slipped out of the house naked with a blanket wrapped around us. We made love in the sand until it was very late, our bodies so warm we never felt the cold. He taught me to take his cock in my mouth and bring him off by sucking him. He won't believe me when I tell him I've never done that for anyone else, but it's true. It's something I share only with him. It excites me terribly to feel my tongue wash over the smooth hot tip of his big prick. I love to feel him explode in my mouth. I didn't like the taste at first. Now I love it. Sometimes I suck him awake in the morning.

"Lying in bed with his arms around me, he seems so much older than me. Sometimes, in my sleep, I call him 'daddy.' He teases me about that.

"Our sex life is just about perfect, for me anyway. I think he's happy with me too, but sometimes I worry about it. That he's a good lover makes up for a lot. I mean, there are things about him that tick me off. For instance, he has a terrible temper. He's the most temperamental man I've ever known, except for my father. In the beginning everything was incredible; he was so nice. He'd pick flowers for me and insist on doing the dishes. I might be cooking or doing some stupid little chore, and he'd make me stop in the middle of the day and come to bed. If we were walking on the beach and it got chilly, he'd insist I take his sweater. But then sometimes it would get cold in the house at night, and he'd curl up in all the blankets and leave me shivering. He can be so inconsiderate,

and the next moment he's the most considerate man in the world.

"When we first met out at Montauk, he had been camping with a group of people. The next day we just drove out to the campsite and picked up all his stuff. At the time I was so excited about him I didn't care about anything. But looking back, I think he really screwed up those people's camping trip walking out on them like that. He's so impulsive. That's what I love about him, and what I can't stand about him at the same time.

"He had been living in Brooklyn, and when he moved in with me he just left everything. He didn't even bring a suitcase. I ended up buying him clothes, and replacing books and records he'd left behind. I mean, doesn't that seem crazy? I don't care a lot, but I think there are easier ways of doing things.

"Until last week, I'd been able to discuss Sean with my best friend Cheryl. However, after a scene we had with her, I really can't talk about Sean to her anymore. That's one reason I wanted to do this interview.

"Cheryl's an administrative assistant where I work. She comes over a lot in the evenings for a drink, and we always have lunch together. She likes Sean personally, but for weeks she's been telling me he's destructive for me—that she thinks we're emotionally imcompatible.

"Well, last Wednesday I was exhausted, and I walked into my apartment from work to find them both stark naked on the couch. Cheryl was sitting there—her legs held up in the air—looking absolutely euphoric. Her cunt gaped open for all to see and *my* cock, the cock I fed and clothed and sucked so tenderly, was driving into her. I was too shocked to do anything. Sean drew out of her and I could see up her big dark tunnel all wet and sparkling with come.

"He took my hand and walked me over to the couch. He rubbed his cock and her come on the side of my pants making little stains. He took my slacks down, then I felt him rip the seams on the sides of my panties so he could take them off quickly. His finger played along the crack of my ass. Then I felt it tickling the fuzz between my legs, making me shiver in a strange hot way. Involuntarily, my pussy seemed to suck in his finger, first one, then two, then three. Then Sean entered me from behind with his slick hot tool searing into my honeycomb.

"Later he withdrew and drove his big prick into her for a while, then into me until he came. . . . I was appalled at first, but it was a very nice and exciting experience. I think, though, that we could have all talked it over first instead of just springing it on me like that. They said it was spontaneous for them too, but even so. Maybe I'm just old-fashioned or something.

"Now I've started wondering whether he's screwing any number of chicks while I'm away at work. I can be doing some perfectly mundane job like checking numbered photos, and I'll see one of some girl posed in a bathing suit or something—someone who'd really turn him on—and I find myself calling him—checking up. Usually he's not home anyway. If a night goes by when we don't make love, I get jealous thinking he was with someone else. He gets perfectly furious, of course, and I suppose it is justified—if he's honest with me.

"The other day, for instance, he hit me. I made some joke, really, just teasing, about a girl who lives alone in our building. We were going out and we passed her in the hall. I made this little comment, all in fun, and he hit me really hard. The girl must have seen it. We had a fight about that, I can tell you. I thought it was the end, but he came to bed that night and said he was sorry and made love to me so well. There was nothing else I could do but forgive him. I guess I just love him better than anybody.

"When I'm lying in his arms, I feel like no one in the world could love me better or take better care of me. I'll have to make certain adjustments before I go mad, though. This whole thing is crazy. It's like having a big wonderful pet that's hard to housebreak. I don't know how it will turn out. I'm just living from day to day. If it goes bad, well, like the song says, 'I got along without you before I met you. . . .' But it's never been as good before."

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

A first reading of Sean's narrative gives one the impression that he is selfishness personified, but as one studies it in more detail, one discovers that this is really a pose; that underneath the apparent—repeat, apparent—braggadocio, he has the self-knowledge to recognize that his lifestyle is not all that admirable. "Maybe it sounds like I'm bragging," he says, "but I'm not proud of it.

But he has to fall back on self-justification for his peace of mind. "If I was supporting her because she was great in bed, nobody would think twice about it." I take this all at face value; an undercurrent of dissatisfaction in himself is evident here, and not a little self-deception.

Probably the most striking phrase in the whole narrative is "I guess I don't have what they call drive." There are some people who are constitutionally averse to anything like exertion, either mental or physical, but—and I hope I don't sound like sermonizing—it is possible even for those people to introduce a little self-discipline into their lives, so that they can achieve a degree of self-respect.

What I object to most strongly in Sean's attempt to justify what, insofar as his relationship with Diane goes, is really male prostitution is that he puts the burden for his lifestyle on his sexuality. Well, a lot of us have been so fashioned by nature that sex has a high rating among the most important things of life. But most of us, too, have discovered that because we need some self-respect to make life tolerable, while making the most of our sexuality, we have disciplined ourselves to undertake a certain amount of activity that gives us different kinds of gratification.

Sean is lazy, and like all lazy people has become self-centered. But he doesn't face the threat of impotence now or of being kicked out of Diane's life. The trouble comes later, when his good looks are gone, when a paunch develops and his sexual responses become less sensitive. Then the real crunch will come. All right, so at forty one may find a Diane of seventy willing to feed, house, and clothe one in return for sexual attentions, but I doubt whether it will be too easy. Rich women of seventy usually prefer men of Sean's present age. Young chicks will think three or four times before they accept financial responsibility for an older man.

Life may be rosy—sexually particularly and economically, too—at present, but if I were Sean I'd worry about the future and take out some insurance, like stirring myself to cultivate a little of that thing "they call drive," instead of relying on sex to see me through.

Now, what's the clue to Diane's relationship with Sean? At thirty, Diane has not yet formed a permanent relationship, though she has the type of nature that needs love (and sex) and protection. Rightly or wrongly, as a young girl she believed that it was her looks that kept men away from her; now she believes that an additional obstacle is her "bookishness." This is nonsense, of course, because there are large numbers of good sexy men around who appreciate being able to talk intelligently about literature—and other subjects—before and after (and sometimes during) a sex session.

What really got her hooked on Sean was his sexual "attack" on her, and the quality of it. She mistook, and is still mistaking, lust for love.

So what? "That he's a good lover makes up for a lot." Either she is naïve—which I don't believe—or is deliberately refusing to admit that his consideration for her at the beginning was part of his ploy. He could see what his cock could do to her, but he wanted to insure his future with the goose that could obviously lay such a beautiful golden egg.

In her less infatuated moments, Diane is the more complicated individual. I don't take seriously either of Sean's suggestions that "she made it with her father" or "always wanted to." This is not to say that she was not close to her father, and that Sean's temperament reminds her of him. But there need be no such sexual element in such a father-daughter relationship.

She is right to be "just living from day to day." Such a relationship with the emotional involvement all on one side (hers) is simply doomed to end sooner or later. But I hope that when it does end she will remember this: She has the potential to be loved for herself and not for her money. ○+■

SPY AMONG US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

Intelligence Community is that the spying scandal gave Colby the long-awaited opportunity to dismiss Angleton, a powerful operator who had carved out his private empire in the CIA. Angleton had become a thorn in the side of Secretary of State Kissinger because of his control over the flow of secret intelligence between the U.S. and Israel. Kissinger, it is said, felt that Angleton was interfering with his intricate Middle Eastern policies and persuaded Colby to remove him as soon as possible.

Angleton was quietly replaced by George Constantinides, a fifty-three-year-old Middle East specialist who has directed the CIA's Near Eastern Affairs Office since 1972, and is unlikely to create problems for Kissinger. But nothing was said about Richard Ober, the official who ran the CIA's Domestic Operations Division (renamed the Foreign Resources Division in 1972) during the period when the agency was engaged in spying on antiwar militants. Ober currently is assigned to the National Security Council staff where, presumably, he enjoys Kissinger's protection. Angleton, who stayed on for three months to assist Constantinides during the transition, was awarded on April 7, 1975, the CIA's Distinguished Intelligence Medal in a surge of bureaucratic irony. Colby managed to be in New Orleans on the day of the award and Angleton received it from Colby's deputy, Lieutenant General Vernon A. Walters. Another power struggle had run its course.

As we've noted, the CIA is forbidden by federal law to operate in the United States except for managerial, policy, training, and support functions related to its foreign operations. But this prohibition has been violated to a steadily increasing degree since the CIA was founded twenty-eight years ago. The violations range from supporting local police departments and spying on American citizens to managing a huge corporate empire, shielding mysterious private companies producing lethal devices for use at home and abroad, supplying tax covers for such companies as Howard Hughes's Summa Corporation, which built the submarine-recovery ship *Glomar Explorer* (it saved Hughes over $9 million), and conspiring on United States soil to commit foreign assassinations. Conspiracy to commit murder is a major criminal offense under the United States Penal Code (it probably would be considered a federal rather than a state offense because such murders would most likely be planned in a federal office) and current investigations by the Justice Department could lead to indictments of CIA personnel.

If this happens, one may well ask why "higher-ups" in the government, including members of the White House "Forty Committee," which must authorize foreign assassinations by American agents, would not be

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liable to prosecution. The Forty Committee is presently headed by Henry Kissinger and a case of legal accountability may develop against him and his predecessors. It may even be argued that presidents of the United States can be named as co-conspirators in foreign assassinations, inasmuch as they supposedly must clear such acts when Americans are used. But traditionally presidents have been protected by the so-called doctrine of "plausible denial," under which they are able to officially ignore this type of activity. Moreover, the Forty Committee keeps virtually no records, thus depriving courts of needed evidence. And no official is likely to incriminate himself in court—should it ever come to that.

It is obviously impossible to separate completely the CIA's domestic and foreign activities. The agency, after all, has its headquarters in the United States and all its operations are planned and coordinated at its sprawling building at Langley, Va., just outside Washington. Because of all the support requirements at home, the CIA's operations inevitably spill over to American cities. It is this spill-over factor that has often led to the abuses and violations.

The CIA claims that it acts legally on American territory when it engages in training and recruitment, the contacting of Americans and foreigners who may possess useful intelligence information, and the investigation of potential agents or informers it may wish to hire (as distinct from campus recruitment for CIA careers). Few CIA critics would dispute this claim. Likewise, there *appears* to be nothing wrong with the work here of the agency's Technical Services Division, which concentrates on intelligence technology and the equipping of agents for foreign missions, or the Office of Security, which supposedly does what its name suggests. In fact, "overt" CIA offices in dozens of American cities are listed in local phone directories.

The trouble, however, is that the CIA also runs "covert" offices and operations throughout the United States—the ones Colby does not mention in his increasingly frequent public appearances in defense of the agency. Here are five examples:

1. The Miami area is the center of major covert CIA operations. The principal operation is Support Station East, headed by a senior CIA official named Paul Holliwell, in charge of all the activities in Florida. A special section deals with anti-Castro Cuban refugees, many of them veterans of the Bay of Pigs invasion and other CIA adventures in Cuba. The Cubans are used as intelligence sources and as infiltrators into Cuba (although this activity has been considerably curtailed over the years). Eugenio Martinez, one of the Watergate burglars, was still on a $100-a-month CIA retainer when he joined E. Howard Hunt's Cuban-American team for Beverly Hills and Washington break-ins. All the other Hunt accomplices were ex-CIA personnel. Miami law-enforcement authorities remain highly concerned about the activities of CIA-connected Cubans, many of

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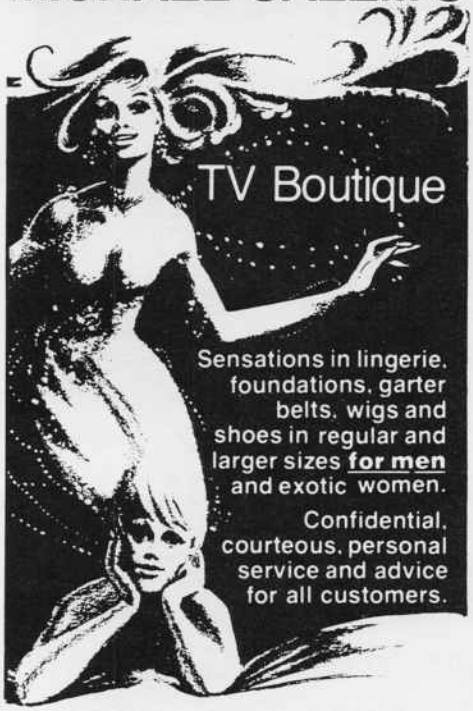
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them armed, in local crime. There is talk of a "Cuban Mafia" using CIA Cubans, and there have been numerous instances of terror bombings and assassinations. But the local police and even the FBI often find that some Cubans with criminal records are "untouchable" because of CIA protection and invocation of "national security."

"Support East" uses the facilities of Miami International University for operations in Latin America and provides technical and financial support for far-flung CIA missions. But, most important of all, it controls a worldwide network of double agents under Operation SEEBOLT, one of the most sensitive CIA missions. A special staff known as the "Green Light Group" runs SEEBOLT on behalf of the agency's Clandestine Services chiefs in Washington. It is in close touch with the Inter-Agency Defectors' Committee (IDA), a major source of double agents. Despite many valid objections to turning an American city into a major espionage center, CIA officials insist privately that this activity is all really part of foreign operations.

The Miami group has its counterpart, Support Station West, in Burlingame, California. This station, near San Francisco, concentrates on Asian operations in roughly the same manner in which the Miami station works on Latin America and Europe. There is also a large covert CIA station in Denver, and there is one in Las Vegas, where the Mafia provides a fertile field for foreign and domestic intelligence.

2. In the overlapping of the CIA's foreign and domestic functions, the agency's representatives in Los Angeles first persuaded Howard Hughes's Summa Corporation to build the $350 million (in taxpayers' money) deep-sea mining ship, the *Glomar Explorer*, and then went to the Los Angeles County tax assessor to inform him in secrecy that the vessel belonged to the United States government. The Summa Corporation thus was not subject to local taxes in excess of $9 million. But this is where the CIA got caught in its own game of secrecy: the ship's license, filed under oath with the Coast Guard, states that the *Glomar Explorer* belongs to the Hughes interests. Los Angeles County was thus cheated out of taxes. Inasmuch as the CIA did the lying, it may well become the target of tax fraud prosecution. The same may happen with federal taxes, although the IRS has not yet been heard from, and we may face the extraordinary situation of a federal agency (IRS) suing another federal agency (CIA) for tax fraud. And there is the additional fact that the CIA representatives were introduced to the tax assessor by an FBI agent, suggesting further intra-governmental collusion. The CIA's request that the tax assessor cooperate in the secret cover is another example of the agency's domestic activities that often verge on the illegal.

This story is further complicated by Global Marine Inc., a publicly held company (unlike the Summa Corporation) which designed and operated the *Glomar Explorer* for Summa and the CIA. Under Securities and Exchange Commission rules, public companies must provide "full disclosure" of their activities. Global Marine chalked up profits from the *Glomar Explorer* operations, but, according to an SEC staff study, its public reports were "inaccurate and incomplete due to the classified aspects." Thus far the SEC has avoided making a broad ruling on Global Marine's public reporting. If one is made, however, it would affect other public companies with secret CIA contracts, possibly blowing their covers.

3. In the CIA's operation of its vast corporate activities—the so-called "proprietary" companies—the agency has always badly needed the secretive cooperation of federal and state authorities. It is, of course, a matter of subsequent legal determination whether the incorporation of the proprietaries and their operations have been in violation of laws. The existence of the CIA corporate empire, estimated at some $200 million annually in sales and services, has long been a secret and there have been no court tests of the legality of these proprietary companies. Since none of these companies has publicly owned stock, problems with the SEC are unlikely to arise.

The CIA began putting together its proprietary corporate network in the early 1950s in order to acquire domestic and foreign covers for secret operations and to channel funds discreetly to its overseas

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

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SOUND SENSE

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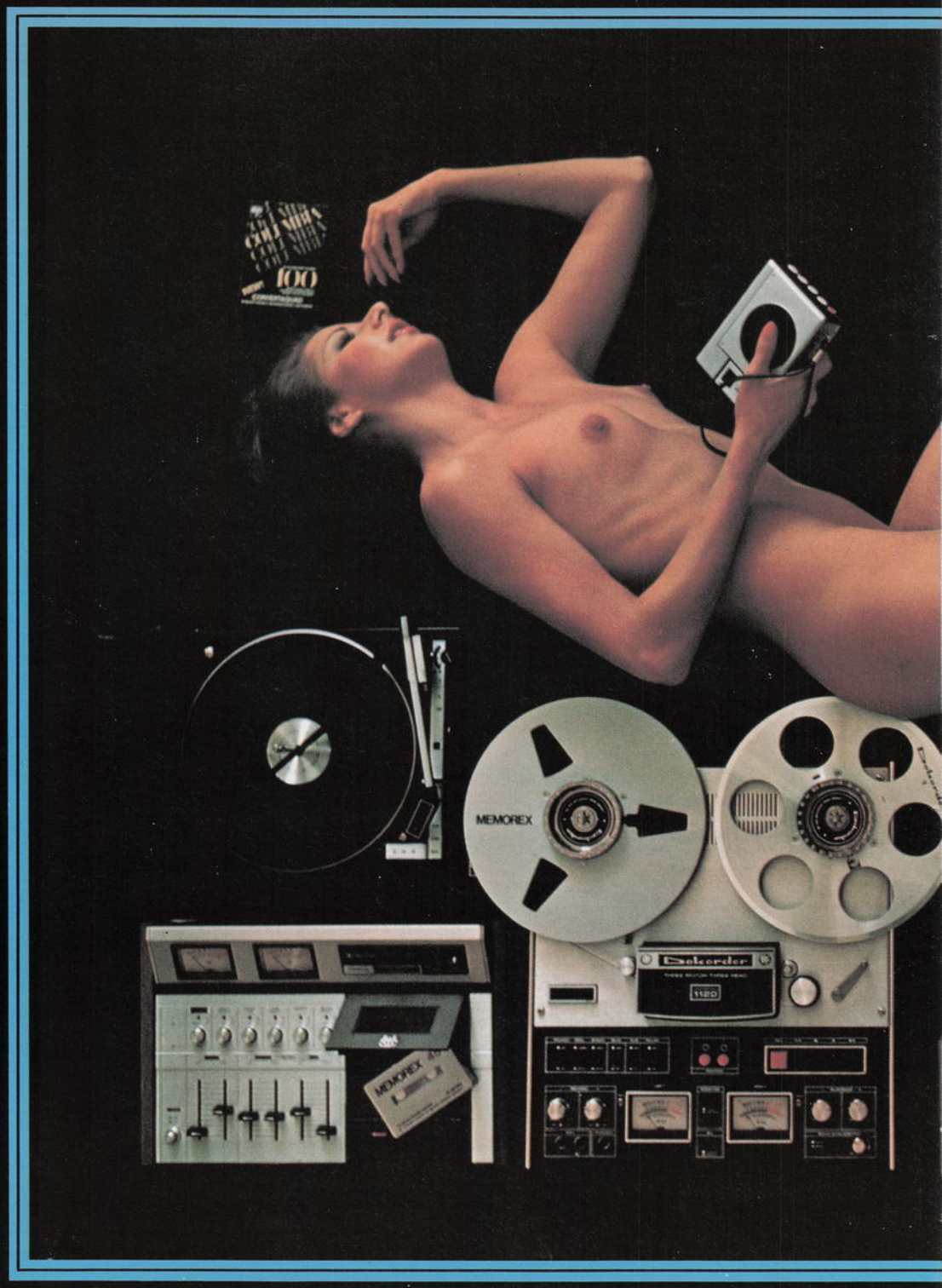
BY ROBERT ANGUS



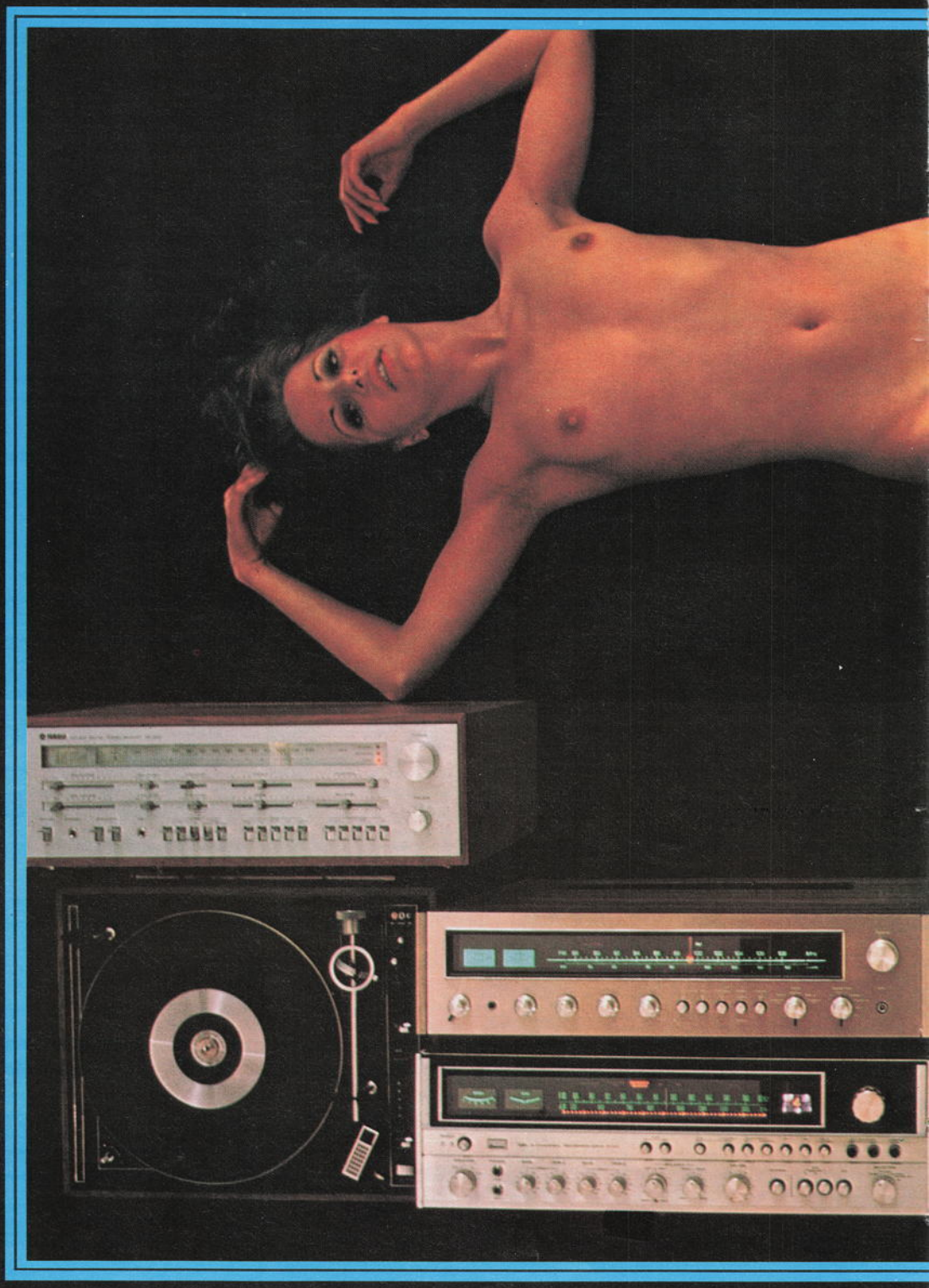
It's a rare audio dealer who isn't in the midst of a storewide sale, or isn't offering a rebate on an entire system if you buy *this month*, or hasn't got a special deal on a particular stereo receiver or tape deck. While list prices have climbed outrageously since their all-time low in 1972, some dealers' prices make today's audio buys as good as ever. In fact, some buys are better than ever.

So if you're in the market for high-fidelity equipment this year, you're in luck. Thanks to tight money and a shortage of customers, it's just as much a buyer's

Our audio buff plays back some midnight conversation on her Superscope C-108 recorder which retails for $159.95. Above left is a packet of Columbia Magnetics tape ($3.49) and stacked at upper right are Pioneer's SA9900 integrated amplifier ($749.95) and TX9500 AM/FM stereo tuner ($399.95). Arrayed beneath our au naturel audiophile are BSR's 2310X turntable ($95.80), Hitachi's D-3500 three-head cassette tape deck with Dolby ($399.95) (on which rests a cassette of Memorex blank tape retailing for $2.49); the Dokorder 1120 reel-to-reel recorder ($649.95); the Dual 601 turntable ($270.00), the Kenwood KR4400 stereo receiver ($300.00), Heathkit's AR1500A receiver ($424.90 with walnut cabinet), and the RS676US cassette deck ($459.95) from Technics by Panasonic.

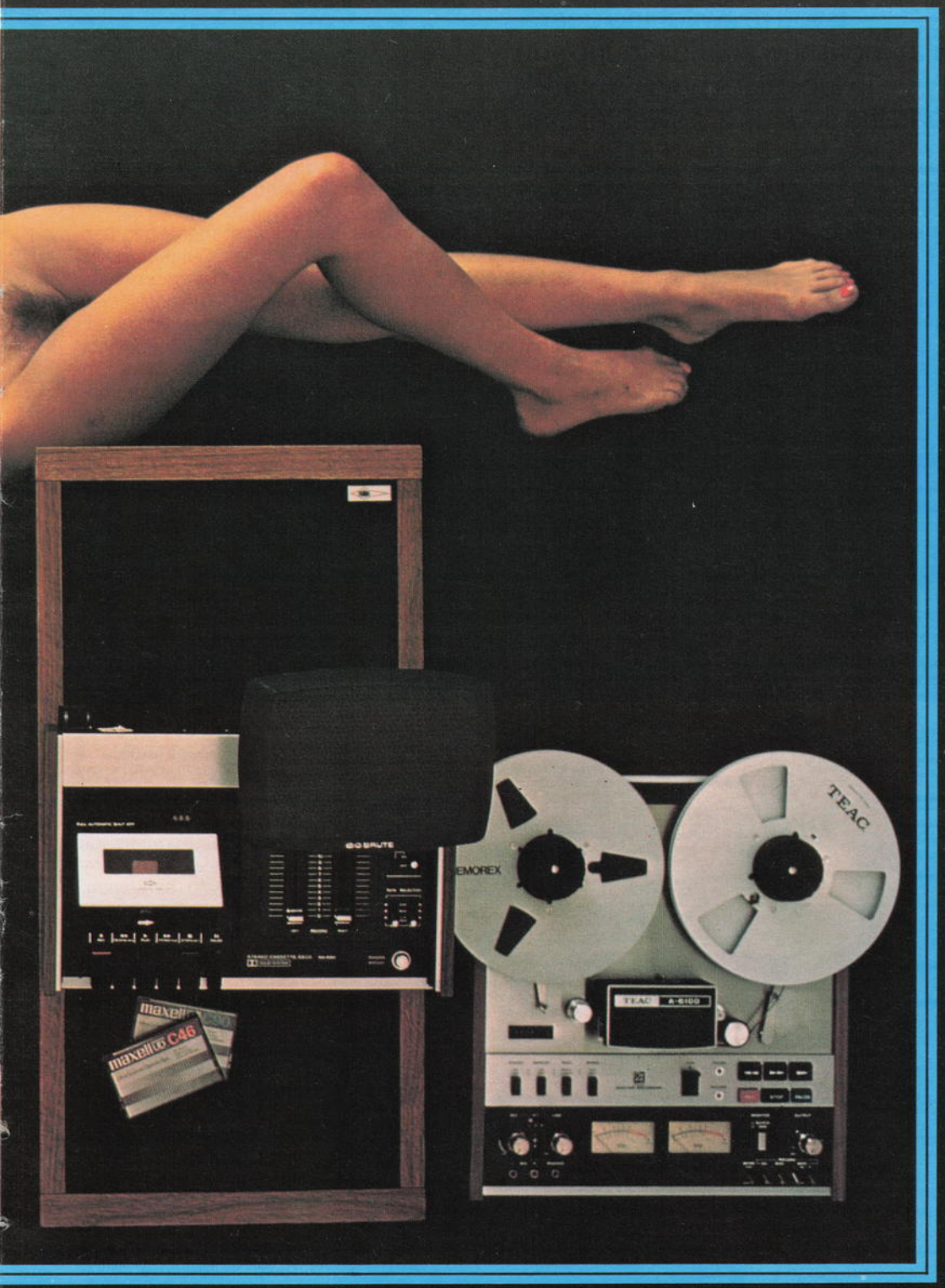
market for audio as it is for cars, men's suits, or appliances.

But "good buys" aren't the only reason for the buyer's market. New products and new technology have improved the performance of some components, created new sounds, and produced new categories of audio products. For example, there's four-channel sound—introduced originally in 1970, now refined and developed. And for the first time there's a respectable stock of music available for your four-channel system. Record manufacturers have produced a library of more



than 600 four-channel titles, spanning the field from grand opera to acid rock, with stops along the way for jazz, the Big Bands, Broadway shows, comedy, and mood music. Some 300 FM stations across the United States currently broadcast portions of their schedules in four-channel, and there's a growing library of quad on tape. So last year's objection that "there's nothing to play" is no longer valid.

Quadraphonic sound is only one of the new developments. Stereo (and four-channel) in the car has mushroomed in recent years as the quality of car tape



The sound surrounding the sweeter tweeter is, from left, the Yamaha CR1000 stereo tuner ($850.00), the BIC 980 turntable ($199.95), Onkyo's T5500 receiver ($749.95), and Sansui's big QRX 7001 four-channel tuner ($879.00). Atop STR's Sigma 2 speaker ($329.00) is Meriton's HD540 cassette deck ($299.95), which supports Maxell cassettes (C46, $3.05; C90, $4.99) and COMM's Big Brute's magnetic car speaker ($24.40). Last, but not least, is TEAC's open-reel A6100 recording unit ($999.50).

players has improved. Cassette tape decks for the automobile got off to a particularly rocky start because of their complicated construction. Today the car cassette deck is every bit as reliable as the cartridge unit—which means that you can match the system in your family's automobile to the tape library and equipment you have in your home without worrying about fidelity or reliability.

But the greatest improvement in car stereo is the in-dash unit, which may consist only of a tape deck, a tape deck with AM radio, or a complete AM/FM stereo tape

If you're switching gear for a whole new sound around you, you're in luck. It's a buyer's market and the sounds are sweeter than ever.

system built around either the cartridge or the cassette. In-dash offers nothing new in terms of performance. But it looks good in the car because the tape deck fits in the space now occupied by your car radio. Previously it was necessary to install the tape deck below the dashboard, where it might get in the way—and where it was highly susceptible to rip-offs.

The latest technological development is the vertical-field-effect transistor, or V-FET, which beefs up existing circuitry so it can take more power with lower distortion. So far, the V-FET is found only in very expensive power amplifiers. But by next year, it may be used in better stereo receivers, amplifiers, consoles, and stereo compacts.

A third factor affecting this season's best buys is the government's interest in the audio industry's pricing policies. A popular practice among the makers of stereo receivers, tape decks, and other audio components is fair trading—a doctrine which allows the manufacturer to tell his dealers what prices they can charge for their products in certain states. Altogether there are eighteen states with some form of fair-trade laws. The legislatures in eight of them —including such populous states as New York, Maryland, and California—are considering repeal. The Justice Department is pressuring Congress to repeal the federal legislation which makes them possible. Repeal may very well result in lower prices. For example, areas without fair-trade laws, like Washington, D.C., charge as much as 20 percent less for some components than dealers in adjoining fair-trade states.

Finally, there's good old-fashioned American competition—new types of stores with new pricing policies are courting you, and thereby forcing some of the older stores to improve their service. Once upon a time the only people you could buy a component system from were either radio-parts suppliers or hobbyists who ran audio salons.

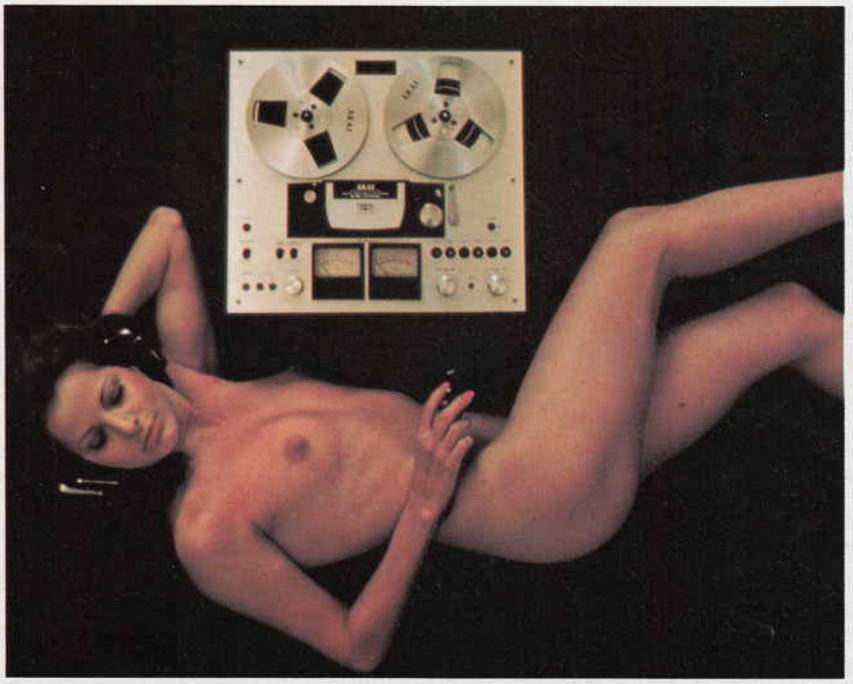
Now you're likely to find complete stereo component systems at the appliance store, in the department store, available by mail from a discounter in Washington or New York, or on display at one of the fast-growing audio chains. Each has something to offer—the ultimate in service and prices that are comparatively high; no service and rock-bottom prices; or something in-between. Today you can select your dealer just as you select your components—on the basis of your needs and, of course, your pocketbook.

Knowing exactly what you want to buy before you go to the store can save you money, too. For example, just which program sources do you want, and which can you afford to be without? Do you want four-channel, or are you content with a good stereo system? If you opt for four-channel, do you want it on open-reel tape or tape cartridge? Do you want to reproduce CD-4 records as well as SQ and QS discs? What's the size of your listening room, and what type of speakers do you plan to use in it? The answers to these two questions tell you how much amplifier power you need. Are you looking for maximum compactness and simplicity, or would you prefer maximum flexibility without regard to space? In the latter case you should be looking at separate tuner, preamplifier, and power amp instead of the simpler, more compact receiver. Do you prefer the simplicity of a manual turntable or the convenience of an automatic? When it comes to tape, do you plan to make recordings or reproduce prerecorded music? Is there already a cassette in the family car?

Knowing how to buy is just as important as knowing what to buy. For example, when you buy a complete system in one place at one time, the price is usually lower than when you buy separately. Being open-minded when you walk into the store can also save you money. No audio dealer can possibly carry all of the 300-odd speakers currently on the market, or the eighty-nine stereo receivers. So while you may have decided pretty definitely on the "Little Dandy Model A," your audio dealer may not carry it. Or he may have a better deal on the "Super-Duper 8." But don't settle for it immediately. Let him explain to you why it's better than the Model A, convince you that it'll meet your needs without sacrificing any features you really want. It's his job to prove to you that what he's selling is exactly what you need. If he can't do that find another dealer. If he does convince you, you may save money.

One way to check up on your audio salesman is to see what he asks you before he starts trying to sell you a particular unit. A good salesman wants to know the answers to all of the questions you should have asked yourself—system performance, program sources, budget, etc. Once he's got the answers he can help you select the perfect system for you—one that meets your needs, personal taste, yet is within your budget.

A buyer's market? Thanks to a soft economy, improved technology, and conditions peculiar to the audio industry, it certainly is a buyer's market for home entertainment systems.



Listening up with a pair of 2-plus-2 headphones by Koss ($145.00), our Grande Dame of Decibels checks out the reel-to-reel realism of Akai's GX270D ($599.95). For more information on where to buy the featured merchandise, see page 131.

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Nutritional therapy for hair is not new. Major nutritionists, such as Adelle Davis, have prescribed it for years.

Vitamin and mineral research has revealed information of great importance to health care in general. And more scientific breakthroughs in these areas continue.

But fifty years ago, little was known about what we today consider basic nutritional knowledge. For example, vitamins A, B, and C were not yet discovered. And according to Clara Mae Taylor, Professor of Nutrition at Columbia University, the fact is that we are still on the verge of realizing the full impact of nutrition on our lives.

Vitamins and minerals in the right combinations and in the right proportions are necessary to keep your body healthy. And the same holds true for your hair as reported in a definitive text by Drs. Agnes Savill and Clara Warren of Great Britain.

Even Gaylord Hauser, the internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert, claims that the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition.

There is no doubt that a balanced diet is good for you and your hair.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral compound designed to help just one part of your body. Your hair.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral capsule developed by Cosvetic Laboratories.

Head Start capsules contain twelve vitamins and minerals that major nutritionists believe are responsible for healthy hair in men and women alike. And in proportions suitable to what needs to be done to get your hair and scalp in shape. So if you're already taking an ordinary commercial vitamin, by all means don't stop. They've got a job to do. But it's not Head Start's job.

Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

Hair grows seven times faster than body cells.

In her study, Columbia's Dr. Clara Taylor reported that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years.

Therefore, hair must receive the same kind of specific dietary attention you'd give your body in general.

And according to Dr. Allen Lorincz of the University of Chicago, the skin sheds cells from its surface all the time. Since the regrowth of the surface cells on the scalp is believed to be seven times faster than on any other part of the body, general nutrition—even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—just isn't sufficient in this day and age to sustain growth of a healthy scalp.

What you need is a regular program to insure that your hair and scalp are healthy. You need Head Start. It's as fundamental as taking a once-a-day vitamin.

The little capsule with 12 ingredients.

As you grow older your hair needs more vitamins.

Your circulatory system becomes less efficient as you grow older. And it's generally held that aging produces a slow-down in the blood flow to certain parts of the body. That's one reason you get wrinkles and other earmarks of old age.

But it can also contribute significantly to the tendency of men (and in some cases, women) to begin to lose their hair—to go bald— as proper blood flow slackens.

The body's blood delivery system simply breaks down. The tiny capillaries that feed the surface of the skin just don't work as they did when you were younger. Circulation is poor.

And your hair—which still needs the same amount of nutrients it used to—starves to death. Head Start can give you the help you need. Because Head Start provides large doses of nutriments in a concentrated form. That way your scalp can receive more of what it needs.

Laboratory tests indicate hair needs certain vitamins and minerals.

Dr. W.H. Saunders, who specializes in nutrition, uses laboratory analysis of hair to determine vitamin and mineral deficiencies. And he says that the body is a factory, food is its fuel, and one of its products is hair.

Thus the richer the fuel in vitamins, minerals, and protein, the healthier the body, including the hair.

Medical researchers today are using the electronic microscope to analyze hair (magnified 1000's of times). When the hair is magnified certain mineral deficiencies can be detected.

Dr. Saunders also reports that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate—which assures that the food your hair needs reaches your bloodstream and skin.

In other tests, inositol, a hard to get vitamin, was recommended by Adelle Davis to help thinning hair. According to her, nearly every case reported that hair was no longer falling out.*

And zinc sulfate and inositol are only two of "12" ingredients—each specifically included with healthy hair in mind—that make Head Start the perfect vitamin and mineral supplement for your hair.

Head Start has worked for thousands of users.

There's nothing particularly mysterious about balding cases other than hereditary situations. It occurs for the same reason that some other scalp disorders occur. Dry, unmanageable hair, is a result of unhealthy hair and scalp.

And doctors, like Dr. Quigley in his report to The Lee Foundation For Nutritional Research, are linking both these conditions to vitamin deficiencies and poor hair care. But after over three years of testing and daily use, thousands of Head Start users state that Head Start works.

Head Start will work for you or your money back.

Head Start is not one of those magical baldness preventatives.

It's just the vitamins and minerals designed for healthy hair and scalp.

So, take advantage of our special offer in the coupon below, and try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel the results are unsatisfactory, you can return the unused portion and we'll refund your money.

*Adelle Davis. Let's Eat Right To Keep Fit.

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SPY AMONG US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

operatives. Only top CIA officials know how many of these companies are or have been in existence—what is known of the operation suggests that the agency has been closing down some of them and creating others, according to need—but the system is being used to this day. Colby, in fact, confirmed it earlier this year when he denied a charge that profits generated by the proprietaries can be used for covert foreign operations, thus bypassing restrictions written into law by Congress late in 1974.

Most of the proprietaries were incorporated in Delaware, a state that does not levy local corporate taxes, and there are reasons to believe that the CIA even has its own incorporating company in Dover to handle the business away from prying eyes. CIA officials say, however, that in some instances officials in the office of the Delaware secretary of state had to be informed of the true nature of the proprietaries to avoid blowing the CIA covers.

Probably the oldest major proprietary is the Pacific Corporation, with headquarters in a third-floor suite in an office building at 1725 K Street in Washington. Incorporated in 1950, Pacific is one of the principal CIA holding companies because it provides financial and management controls for other important proprietaries. Pacific's president is Hugh L. Grundy, believed to be a longtime CIA official, who actually lives just a few blocks away from the agency's Langley headquarters.

Operating directly under Pacific are Air America, Inc., the "private" CIA airline that has operated planes and helicopters for years throughout Indochina in support of the agency's "clandestine army" in Laos and other paramilitary activities. Air America is funded by the Agency for International Development (AID), which has often served as a cover for the CIA's operations in Asia and elsewhere. The CIA refunds AID through a complex bookkeeping system involving the concealment of CIA appropriations throughout the federal budget.

Pacific also owns Civil Air Transport Co. Ltd., a Taiwan-based scheduled airline known as CAT. CAT, in turn, owns major aircraft repair and overhaul facilities on Taiwan. The third known CIA airline is Southern Air Transport Inc., which is also the most mysterious. Southern (not to be confused with Southern Airways), located at 1625 K Street in Washington (in a building with a number of unusually large antennas on the roof), has interlocking directorships with Air America. Between 1966 and 1972 it leased aircraft from Air America as well as from Air Asia Co. Ltd., another proprietary controlled by Pacific. According to Federal Aviation Administration records, the present ownership of at least four jet transports leased from Air America and subsequently returned to it is "unknown." These planes, in fact, are not even registered anymore with the FAA. At present, Southern owns three transport planes, one of them a DC-6 (bought from Air Asia). A DC-6B was sold to Ethiopian Airlines in 1972.

(Southern's attorney is James H. Bastian, who is vice-president and secretary of the Pacific Corporation. Bastian, incidentally, is the registered owner of several apparently uninhabited townhouses in Washington.)

Most of Southern's operations have been in Latin America, including eight flights to Chile in 1971 (on earthquake relief missions for LAN, the Chilean national airline, according to a CAB certification) when the late president Salvador Allende was still in power, but very little is known of the current use of its planes. Its operational headquarters are in Miami, but at one point Southern was leasing one of its aircraft to a U.S. oil company working in the Niger in Africa and another to a company in Alaska.

Late in 1973, Southern was officially for sale and it filed a petition with the CAB for "cancellation of certificates" for charter routes. But the airline then changed its mind, and on December 31, 1973, became a "commercial operator" under FAA Regulation 121. No longer under the CAB's operating authority, Southern has greatly increased its anonymity—it no longer has to file documents showing aircraft purchased or sold, detailed financial statements, and a log of all civil operations listing the number of hours flown by aircraft types, tonnage carried on each route, intermediate stops, and the number of trips made over each route. As a "121" contract operator, Southern has no restrictions on where it may fly—except those by foreign governments. Under the new status, Southern cannot advertise for commercial work, but this seems to be the least of its worries.

> "A tiny laser-beam transmitter picked up all conversations in Nixon's Oval Office during at least several months in 1970."

Other Pacific subsidiaries include the Pacific Engineering Co. and the Thai Pacific Services Co. Ltd. The nature of their activities is unknown. Foreign Air Transport Development Inc., another proprietary, has gone out of business. And over the years the CIA and its subsidiaries have dealt with such companies as Lao Air Development Inc., operating in Laos under Air America, and Birdair, the company that flew the Cambodian airlift for the U.S. air force in 1974 and 1975.

Acting through other channels, the CIA had been funding since 1965 a Washington firm named Psychological Assessments Associates, Inc., whose function was to conduct psychological assessments of American citizens hired for foreign employment and to study brainwashing techniques of foreign intelligence agencies. PAA was organized by two former CIA officials, Samuel B. Lyerly and Robert E. Goodnow. (Goodnow has since gone to live in Australia for unexplained reasons.) PAA operates in complete secrecy. Admission to the office, in a residential uptown section of Washington, is obtained by pushing a buzzer so that the door may be opened. But PAA's present directors are not available for interviews and the CIA has refused comments on its links with the company.

As a rule, CIA proprietaries pay taxes and meet other official requirements, but CIA director Colby had to arrange for a special dispensation from the now defunct Price Commission so that Pacific Corporation's books would not have to be opened for the commission's inspection.

In addition to proprietaries, the CIA runs "fronts" and "conduits" through companies it does not run outright but supports financially. The fronts and the conduits provide covers for CIA operations at home and abroad. The best known of the fronts was the now disbanded Robert R. Mullen public relations company that employed E. Howard Hunt after his resignation from the CIA in 1971 until his involvement in the Watergate break-in. Interestingly the Mullen company also handled a public relations account for the Howard Hughes interests. The company, as it developed in 1974, was controlled by a full-time CIA case officer. There are many other such fronts.

Some of the most interesting CIA conduits—channels for transmission of funds and other materials—were the German companies broken up after the war by the Allied military authorities. These companies included such giants as the Farbenindustrie A.G., the huge Nazi conglomerate, and there are indications that the CIA planted its agents in new firms resulting from postwar decentralization, including their United States subsidiaries. These and other companies—some of them famous American business institutions—serve the CIA through the supply of invoices for materials and services that were never rendered so that money can be easily shifted abroad for the agency's operations. It was through the branch offices of a large New York-based banking and currency firm that the CIA sold dollars for piastres in the black market in Vietnam.

4. The case of the B.R. Fox Company. According to its letterhead this company specialized in "custom designed electronic specialties," but in reality it manufactured lethal explosive devices. As noted earlier, there is no direct evidence to connect Fox to the CIA. However, one of its directors, Michael Morrissey, had past links with the CIA's Paramilitary Operations Branch, according to agency officials. It is also known that Morrissey, according to memoranda written by him, had been in contact with Lieutenant Colonel Lucien Conein, a former

senior CIA official currently serving with the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). Conein admitted to newsmen that he had been approached by Morrissey, but insisted he never became involved in any dealings with him.

Fox, which operated from a warehouse at 2701 Fairview Drive in Alexandria, Virginia (it also had an office at 15 Abingdon Square in New York City), produced a line of "Astro" horror items. These lethal devices included explosive-filled telephone handsets, booby-trapped magazine clips for the M-16 rifle, flashlights and cigarette packs full of explosives, a "fragmentation ball," and an exploding camera.

Fox's catalogue notes that "the information contained herein is CLASSIFIED by the manufacturer for U.S. Government use only. The handling and storage of this material should be done so mindful of its sensitive nature." This is how the explosive phone handset device is described: "Size 1.25" x 0.75" x 0.5". Use the inside telephone handset. Automatic charge fired at (blank) seconds following lifting of instrument handpiece. Easy and quick installation to underside of mouthpiece. Any desired time delay can be preset. No switches, presetting, or batteries. Simply install 4-wire module. . . . Miniature unit . . . rugged and durable. All hand wired. Unlimited lifetime with proper handling."

The exploding cigarette pack, described as an "anti-disturbance explosive," functions as follows: "Electronics and explosive module packed inside cigarette pack. When the pack is lifted or moved in any manner, the explosive is set off. Simple operation. Only one switch. . . . A built-in electronic counter is factory set for 90 seconds to allow time for evacuation of the area. . . . The circuit will stay armed for a period of 2½ to 3 years. . . . Explosives are not included and is the only thing to be added." In the flashlight, the catalogue explains, the "normal On/Off switch on the side activates the operation." Then the catalogue adds: "This is an example of an explosive anti-disturbance dummy unit. Any other items desired to be so modified may be submitted for such evaluation."

That the CIA may have been the intended, if not actual, client for the Astro line is suggested in Fox's classified catalogue, which says that the explosive devices "have been designed and manufactured for sale to authorized agencies of the United States government, specifically intended for application outside of this country." A well-informed government official remarked in an interview that "I can't think of anybody outside the CIA who would want to buy this kind of stuff—and I'm not even sure the CIA would." But the mystery remains: if the CIA was not the client, for whom was Fox working? Moreover, as we've said earlier, Fox never requested or obtained the required license for manufacturing explosives in Fairfax County. How did Fox get around it?

Nobody seems to know what has happened with these assassination devices after Fox Company suddenly went out of business. It may be something the Rockefeller Commission and the congressional committees will wish to explore as they look into charges that the CIA has been involved in foreign assassination plots.

5. The CIA is explicitly forbidden by law to exercise domestic police functions. But it has secretly collaborated with numerous police departments throughout the U.S. in support of their political intelligence functions. One of the most notable examples was the agency's "formal liaison" with the Metropolitan Police Department in Washington, D.C., going back to the late 1940s. Maurice J. Cullinane, the new MPD chief, acknowledged in a report last March that the Washington police borrowed agents, automobiles, and electronic surveillance equipment from the CIA to help them spy on political activists in the capital. This "Cullinane Report" was one of the most detailed admissions by any U.S. police department on its political intelligence work. The department's intelligence division spent $1.7 million since 1968 on political surveillance. The relationship between the CIA and the Washington police became particularly active in 1969, when the agency trained at least seventeen MPD officers, twelve of them in "intelligence activity." The CIA gave the department what was described as "two lamps capable of intercepting oral commu-

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nications." Even the department's morals squad received wiretap devices from the CIA. Between 1968 and December 1974, the Washington police had also been training "selected CIA employees" in interrogation techniques. Police departments in the Washington area have also provided CIA officials with local police credentials to facilitate domestic undercover work.

Former CIA director James Schlesinger suspected the CIA may have been engaging in illegal activities shortly after he replaced Richard M. Helms, now U.S. ambassador to Iran. In an internal memorandum to "all CIA employees" sent out on May 9, 1973, Schlesinger said:

"I shall do everything in my power to confine CIA activities to those which fall within a strict interpretation of its legislative charter. I take this position because I am determined that the law shall be respected and because this is the best way to foster the legitimate and necessary contributions we in the CIA can make to the national security of the United States. I am taking several actions to implement this objective: I have ordered all the senior operating officials of this Agency to report to me immediately on any activities now going on, or that have gone on in the past, which might be construed to be outside the legislative charter of this Agency. I hereby direct every person presently employed by CIA to report to me on any such activities of which he has knowledge. I invite all ex-employees to do the same. Anyone who has such information should call my secretary (extension 6363) and say that he wishes to talk to me about 'activities outside CIA's charter.' . . . Any CIA employee who believes that he has received instructions which in any way appear inconsistent with the CIA legislative charter shall inform the Director . . . immediately."

Schlesinger evidently received substantial response to his request because Colby, when he succeeded him later in 1973, began turning evidence over to the Justice Department for investigation and possible prosecution. However, for reasons that remain unclear, Colby apparently failed to notify the president of his move. Ford became aware of it only after the domestic spying scandal broke out late in 1974.

Subsequently, David Blee, deputy director of the CIA's Directorate of Operations (Clandestine Services), advised CIA employees by memorandum that they should retain private counsel in the event of legal proceedings against them in connection with the Justice Department's investigation.

But the CIA is not alone when it comes to illegal domestic political operations aimed at American citizens. The FBI, as we now are beginning to discover, was among the culprits. The new attorney general, Edward H. Levi, told a congressional subcommittee earlier this year that J. Edgar Hoover had amassed at least 164 files containing folders with information, some of it derogatory, on "presidents, executive branch employees, and seventeen individuals who were members of Congress." The files were marked "OC," meaning "Official and Confidential." Levi added that the existence of these files was not made known by the FBI to the Justice Department, of which the FBI is a part, until early 1975. In other words, the Hoover files were a secret from dozens of attorneys general over the years. (The present FBI director, Clarence M. Kelley, never told Levi's predecessor, former attorney general William B. Saxbe, about them.)

Under a secret program known as COINTELPRO, initiated by Hoover in 1956, the FBI ran for years a counterintelligence operation aimed at domestic dissenters. Although the program was formally terminated in April 1971, these activities, including the harassment of radicals, went on at least until 1973. Among COINTELPRO's targets were the Socialist Workers' Party, the Young Socialist Alliance, the "New Left," American Communists, "black extremists," and "white hate groups." COINTELPRO was originally aimed at foreign intelligence agents in the United States, a proper FBI function, but Hoover, without clearance from successive attorneys general, applied it to domestic groups as well.

In 1969, for example, the FBI sent a fake threatening letter to a black Baptist minister, Donald W. Jackson, to force him to abandon his civil rights work at Tougaloo College in Mississippi. The letter was sent in the name of a nonexistent "Tougaloo College Defense Committee," whose members were said to be armed. And in 1972, a Florida resident was recruited by the FBI to infiltrate and disrupt radical groups in the United States and Canada. The informant, Joseph A. Burton, told newspaper interviewers that as late as 1974 he was told by the FBI of its efforts to put the Vietnam Veterans Against the War out of business in Florida.

One of the FBI's most astonishing unauthorized efforts was against the small Socialist Workers' Party and its affiliate, the Young Socialist Alliance. The party had not been prosecuted since 1945, but the FBI files on the disruption program runs to an amazing 573 pages. The bureau's harassment of the party reached the point where, last December, a federal judge in New York ordered the FBI to desist from conducting surveillance on a national convention of the Young Socialist Alliance. Another instance of unauthorized FBI activity came to light when it was learned that the security chief of the American Indian Movement during the Wounded Knee takeover in 1973 had been a paid FBI informer. Evidently, neither Hoover's death nor Watergate has taught the FBI anything about the need to observe the constitutional rights of Americans.

It seems as if every government agency has been involved in some form of spying on Americans. Thus the CIA, with the cooperation of postal officials, has been intercepting, reading, and copying since 1953 uncounted thousands of first-class letters written by Americans to addresses in the Soviet Union. Former CIA director Richard Helms refused to stop the interception in 1969, but Colby testified that the agency suspended

the operation in February 1973. He admitted the program was "illegal." So frantic was this mail reading by the government that the CIA developed, at great cost, a special machine to unseal and reseal envelopes of every conceivable size in a matter of seconds.

During 1974 the U.S. Postal Service surveilled and recorded the origins of all mail received by nearly 4,500 Americans. The CIA was no longer requesting such mail covers last year, but the Postal Service was acting on the behalf of the Naval Intelligence Service; the Army Intelligence Command; the Air Force Special Command; the Air Force Special Investigations Office; the Interstate Commerce Commission; the Commerce Department; the Health, Education and Welfare Department; the Agriculture Department; the IRS; the FBI; the Postal Inspection Service; the Drug Enforcement Administration; the Secret Service; the Coast Guard; the Interior Department; the Labor Department; the Justice Department; the Immigration and Naturalization Service; Customs; the Royal Canadian Mounted Police; and a vast number of local police departments and tax offices.

The Internal Revenue Service, through its special service staff, was also involved in domestic espionage. A congressional investigation established that the IRS had 11,458 files on individuals and organizations (including 706 persons from Nixon's "enemies list") for reasons that clearly had nothing to do with tax collection. In Miami, the IRS cranked up its "Operation Leprechaun" designed to assemble data on the sex and drinking habits of prominent residents, including the state's attorney.

The National Security Agency, a supersecret outfit dealing with code breaking and electronic intelligence, is currently continuing to monitor all overseas telephone calls and cables. During the Nixon period, the NSA was an enthusiastic supporter of Nixon's domestic intelligence program, particularly when it came to breaking into foreign embassies. Admiral Noel Gayler, then the NSA director, has been rewarded with the post of commander-in-chief of all U.S. forces in the Pacific (CINCPAC).

There could be an endless list of the intrusions of our government into our private lives. Let us conclude with three of the more striking examples: in 1969 Henry Kissinger recommended names of his closest aides and several newsmen to be bugged by the FBI for "national security" reasons; the CIA investigated the personal life of a Nixon campaign adviser in 1968; and a deputy attorney general proposed in 1975 that "internal passports" be issued to aliens in the United States, a step that could have led to a national identification system on the Soviet model. However Attorney General Levi vetoed the scheme.

Spying and covert activity is now an official government pastime in the United States. Can the president or Congress arrest this trend toward an American police state? The answer is vital in determining the kind of society in which we will live. OH

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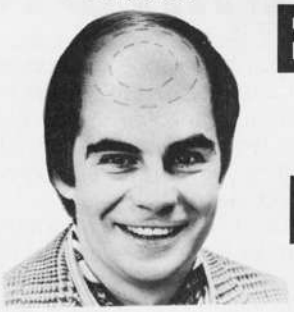

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STARVATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

seeable future. Far better, one could hope the Department would also have been at the forefront of planning for worldwide programs to bring food and population into balance without destroying the ecological systems mankind depends on.

But the USDA and the rest of our agribusiness establishment have not even met the minimum expectations. American agriculture remains an ecological disaster area controlled for the economic benefit of a few rich corporations, not for the nutritional benefit of mankind—or even of the United States. With no planning against shortages and no restrictions on foreign buying of American grain, food prices have been so inflated that millions of Americans can no longer afford a decent diet. That the situation in other nations is even worse only adds urgency to what must be done in the United States. For, dancing to the tune played by the agricultural establishment, mankind has been led into a nutritional cul-de-sac from which there may be no escape.

APPROACHING THE BRINK

The agricultural establishment's message of recent years has been simple: modern factory agriculture can feed all the people of the world, even if their numbers continue to increase exponentially, for as far into the future as we need worry about. Yet even during those few years, the agricultural experts have failed to meet their own goals. The world's population grew more rapidly than expected, and food production increased barely enough to keep up with population growth, but not enough to improve chronically inadequate diets in impoverished countries. Thus, while in the years from 1950 to 1974 the *proportion* of people who were undernourished may not have increased, because of population growth, *over a billion people were added to their ranks*.

By the end of 1974, 4 billion people were competing for a food supply that has not grown rapidly enough to meet their needs. Perhaps 2 billion people already were chronically undernourished (not receiving an adequate supply of calories —that is, energy—from their food) or malnourished (lacking a properly balanced diet, usually insufficient protein) or both. In the 1960's and early 1970's, these dietary lacks contributed to an estimated 10 to 20 million deaths each year out of a total of some 50 to 53 million deaths annually. These people did not actually die of "starvation"—they died of diseases like measles or pneumonia, but well-nourished people ordinarily recover from such diseases. And, of course, most of the deaths accelerated by hunger are among very young children.

It is therefore no surprise that the poor harvests of 1972 and 1974 produced instant famine in the poorest areas of the world, which were already on the brink. This year, unless sufficient food relief can be provided to South Asia and Africa in time, the death toll from starvation may rise by several tens of millions.

There have been two principal causes of hunger in recent decades—absolute shortage and improper distribution of food. It is estimated that even if it were possible to distribute all available food equitably to the world's population, everyone would have just enough calories but not quite enough protein. Food is *not* evenly distributed, however. The rich have much more than they need, and they use available food resources recklessly and wastefully. If people were willing to change their eating habits dramatically, it might be possible to provide adequate food for a human population of 4 billion or more for a while. But enormous changes in the world's agricultural, socioeconomic, and transport systems would be required, and they could not be made overnight. In terms of meeting this year's crisis these reforms offer no hope.

In general, meat and dairy products—in the rich countries, at least—are obtained by feeding grain and other high-protein foods such as soybeans, oil-seed cakes, and fishmeal to the livestock. All of these foods are suitable for human consumption. In turning grain to meat, milk, or poultry, from 50 percent to 90 percent of the food value is lost. Thus Americans consume nearly a ton of grain annually per person, whereas an Asian consumes only about 400 pounds—about one fifth as much. Yet the American eats only 200 pounds of grain directly; the rest is fed to livestock. Many more people can be fed on corn and soybeans than can be fed with chickens raised on corn and soybeans. But it seems unlikely that rich Americans—or their European counterparts —are willing to give up any portion of their meat consumption to allow the agricultural productivity that now feeds livestock to be diverted to the poor and hungry, whether in the U.S. or in distant famine-struck lands.

From the point of view of *food availability*, therefore, the world clearly is already overpopulated with 4 billion people. But the 1975 level of overpopulation is nothing compared to what the future holds. People can be produced in large numbers with little capital investment by unskilled labor that enjoys its work. But substantially increasing food production without destroying the ecosystems of our planet in the process would require enormous amounts of both capital and skill, which are in short supply.

POPULATION GROWTH

World population is now growing at a rate of about 2 percent a year, a rate which, if continued, would produce a doubling to 8 billion people by the year 2010. Decreased death rates—largely due to antibiotics, pesticides, and general public health measures—have not been balanced on a global scale by decreased birthrates. Rapid population growth is the result of this imbalance.

The imbalance between births and deaths is greater in poor countries than in the rich. In many of these nations the population is

growing at about 3 percent annually—doubling in only 25 years or less. Thus nations like Morocco, Kenya, Iraq, India, the Philippines, Mexico, Brazil, and Peru must somehow care for twice their present populations in twenty to thirty years. Somehow they must double the availability of food, housing, clothing, jobs, medical services, education, power, transport, and so on—just to maintain their standard of misery.

Such a doubling of a nation's essential systems would be impossible for a nation like the United States, even though we have available reserves of capital and technical know-how undreamed of in a poor nation. A doubling of the U.S. population within a quarter of a century would inevitably lead to a severe decline in the American standard of living. In Egypt or Pakistan such a doubling guarantees utter catastrophe. One can already see a major effect of simultaneous rapid economic and population growth in Brazil, which has, like many UDC's, emphasized industrial development instead of intelligent agricultural development. Rather than producing prosperity for the entire population, a two-tiered economy has been produced. The gap between the rich and the poor is growing, not shrinking. The ratio of the average income of the richest fifth of the Brazilian population to the poorest fifth increased from fifteen to one in the 1950's to twenty-five to one in the 1960's. São Paulo, Brazil's industrial center, is indeed "developing" while the northeastern section of the country remains mired in grim poverty and suffers an acute food shortage. Similar increases in the rich-poor gap have occurred recently in Mexico, the Philippines, Pakistan, and many other nations.

In the ODC's, the rate of population growth is much slower (often around .5 percent per year—doubling time 140 years). But that relatively slow growth is in many ways more serious for the world. The impact of population growth on global food supplies, resources, and environmental systems is a product of the number of people being added to the population times the demand each individual places on the planet. Thus, while the population of the United States may be growing much more slowly than the population of a poor nation, each American may be demanding thirty to sixty times as much from the earth's life-support systems. And much of that demand is needless, caused only by our wasteful food system. Thus the total impact of adding an American to the world's population is thirty to sixty times as great as that of the birth of a poor nation's citizen. For the long-term health of the planet, it is therefore more important that population growth in the United States be halted than that in India.

The *only* ways in which population growth can stop is for the birthrate to fall or for the death rate to rise, or a combination of these to occur until the two rates balance. Unfortunately, stopping population growth by reducing birthrates is bound to be a very slow process. There is a built-in momentum to population growth caused by the age composition of rapidly growing populations.

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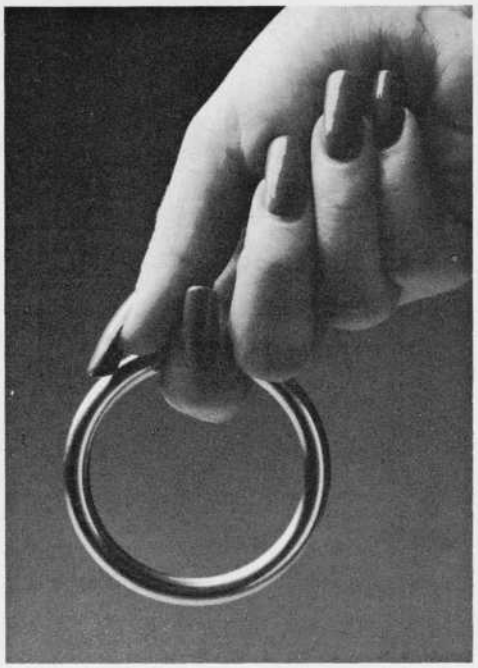

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Such populations have a preponderance of young people—often 40 percent or more are under fifteen years of age. Consequently, even if all couples in their reproductive years decided overnight to have an average of just slightly more than two children (a "replacement-level" fertility rate), growth would continue. At such a rate each generation just replaces itself, and, if replacement fertility is maintained, it will *eventually* result in a halt in population growth. Zero population growth (ZPG), however, is still a long way in the future. (Slightly more than two children per couple are required on the average in order to replace individuals who die before reaching maturity or who do not have children.)

This seeming paradox has caused much confusion recently in the United States, where the average family size dropped to replacement level while the population continued to grow. The reason is that parents don't die as soon as they have their children; several generations are alive simultaneously. The children of today's parents will be having children themselves before most of their parents have died of old age. *In a rapidly growing population, there is a large supply of young people to have babies, but proportionately few old people who are likely to die.* But before the population will stop growing, births and deaths must balance. Therefore, after replacement-level fertility is reached, there is a lag time of about sixty years during which the large numbers of youngsters become large numbers of oldsters and the death rate rises to balance the declining birthrate.

What does this mean to our famine-wracked world? Demographer Nathan Keyfitz of Harvard University has made some rough calculations of the results of population momentum. Suppose an average poor country achieved a miraculous instant lowering of average family size from the typical five or more children of today to a replacement-level average of slightly over two, and suppose death rates in each age group remained the same. Then that country's population would continue to grow until it was *over one and a half times* its present size. If the miracle took a little longer, and fertility rates dropped to replacement level gradually over the next thirty years, the population would be *two and a half times* its present size when growth ended a century from now. Suppose, for instance, India had a birth-control program successful beyond everyone's wildest dreams, and that by the year 2005 the average family size could be reduced to just over two children and held there. If this happened, the Indian population (now about 630 million) would not stop growing until a century from now, when it would number some *1.6 billion* people. Just as putting on the brakes does not stop a speeding automobile instantly, so reaching replacement reproduction does not immediately bring population growth to a halt.

Recent projections of world population growth, taking into account the long "braking-time," make it clear that a birth-control solution to the population problem is most

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

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I LIKE IT! I LIKE IT!
P.L.F.
WOW! WHAT A FLIGHT!
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THERE IS ONLY ONE GOD AND HER NAME IS ALLAH
YOU ARE MAKING SOME BIG STEPS FORWARD, MINISTER — IN ALL DIRECTIONS!
CHEEKY!
HOW ARE THINGS WITH YOU, OL' BUDDY — BUDDY?
SUNSHINE ECONOMY TOURS
GREAT, MAN — JUST GREAT!
THERE ARE OTHER WAYS OF SETTLING WORLD PROBLEMS!
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, MAN — THEY CAN TAKE OVER THE LOT!
AND SMILE, DAMN YOU! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ENJOYING YOURSELVES!

MEANWHILE, AT HOWARD HUGES CARIBBEAN ISLAND HIDEAWAY.....
EVERYBODY OUT! YOU TOO, BURPO!
THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY OF MAKING A LIVING THAN MAKING CAPITAL OUT OF YOUR ASSETS!
I TELL YOU—IF I WASN'T SO HOOKED ON MONEY—I'D QUIT!
BURP!
BURP!
THE SPAGHIETTI'S VERY GOOD HERE!

ENTER!

YOU S-SENT FOR ME, MR HUGE, SIR?
????!!!..... DON'T GO AWAY!....

EN ROUTE TO THE ARABIAN CAPITAL
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REMEMBER— THE CAR HELPS KEEP THE POPULATION DOWN
MASSAGE LADIES PARLOUR
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THE NINE CAR FAMILY IS HELPING CONSERVATION
GROOVY LITTLE LAYOUT YOU HAVE HERE, MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER
WHY, THANK YOU! WE TRY TO DO OUR WORST!...
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THIS IS WHAT'S CALLED "MOVING INTO THE 20TH CENTURY"!
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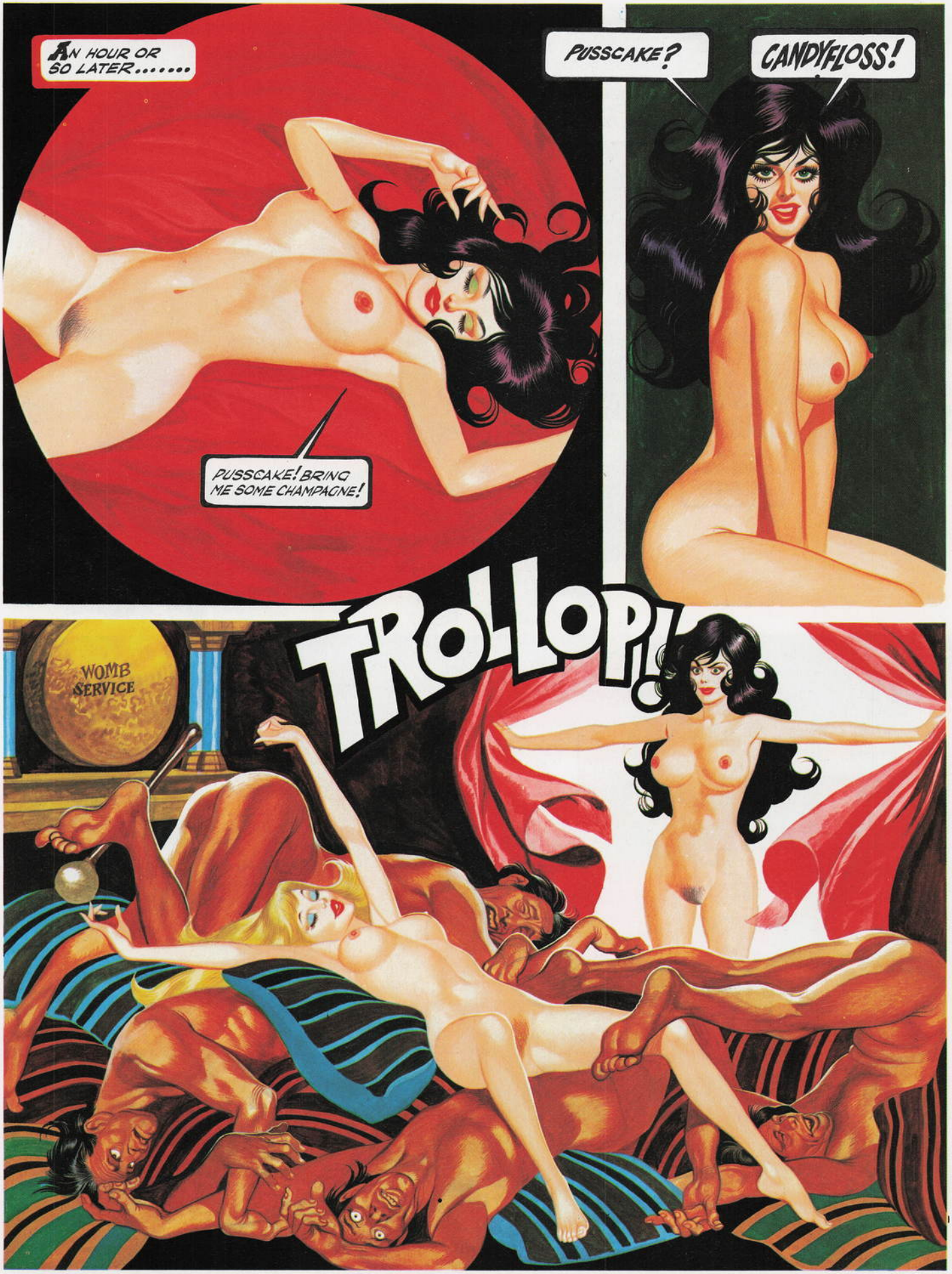
ROAD HOG! AIN'T YOU GOT ANY CONSIDERATION FOR OTHER PEOPLE?
BOY! HAVE I GOT PROBLEMS! I CAN'T STAND KIDS!
SO FAR THIS AIN'T FUNNY!

WHAT GIVES OVER THERE?
SOME STUD FROM ONE OF OUR MALE HAREMS— CAUGHT IN ADULTERY!
I NEVER GROW TIRED OF WATCHING THIS!
Nite club
BOTTOMLESS MALE GO-GO DANCERS
FABULOUS FRED THE FAN DANCER
MALE HAREMS! OH, BOYS!
CAN I BE ONE OF THOSE LADIES WHEN I GROW UP, MAMA?
NOW I SUPPOSE WE GET THE PSEUDO SEXOLOGISTS MAKING A BOMB OUT OF THEIR HANG-UPS!
HMMM.... HUMBLE BUT HOMEY....
KISSINGER WAS HERE
RESTED? SHE HAS TO BE KIDDING!
I AWAIT YOUR CALL— AFTER YOU'VE RESTED
I THINK THE DECOR IS GHASTLY!
YOU CAN BLAME THE CARTOONIST FOR THAT! THEY AREN'T IN THE SAME CLASS AS THEY WERE IN MY DAY!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PUSSCAKE?
CANDYFLOSS!
TROLLOP!
WOMB SERVICE

LET US TACTFULLY DRAW A VEIL OVER WANDA'S WRATH AND RETURN FOR A MOMENT TO THAT FAR OFF CARIBBEAN ISLAND FOR A REVELATION!
AS A STAND IN, HALDERLICH, YOU'RE A SPENT PRICK! THE VON KREESUS BRAT HAS JUST PULLED ANOTHER FAST ONE ON US!
SHE H-HAS, MR H-HUGE, SIR?
SOMEHOW, SHE'S GOT THE ARAB OIL SHEIKHS OVER A BARREL! I WANNA KNOW HOW — AND I WANNA KNOW FAST!
16
FIRE
WHY IS THAT LITTLE OL' MAN MAKING THAT GREAT BIG GUY CRAWL AROUND LIKE THAT?
THOSE ARE THE SORTS OF RELATIONSHIPS YOU CAN HAVE WITH PEOPLE WHEN YOU'VE GOT POWER!
SO HALDERLICH'S IN BAD WITH THE REAL HOWARD HUGE AND CANDY-FLOSS HAS HAD ONE MOOR THE MERRIER FOR WANDA'S LIKING.... STIR IT TOGETHER AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT? NEXT MONTH'S EPIPASTIC EPISODE!

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STARVATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

unlikely to stop growth before the world population has reached 10 billion—two and one-half times its present size. Indeed, it would even be somewhat optimistic to assume that by reducing births alone a halt could be reached before 16 billion.

RAISING FOOD PRODUCTION

What are the chances of doubling or quadrupling food production just to "keep up" with this seemingly inevitable population growth—let alone raising nutritional standards in the rapidly growing UDC's? The answer is *nil*. The four most essential ingredients of terrestrial food production are now all in short supply—land, water, energy, and fertilizer. Agronomist Lester Brown believes that fresh water may prove to be the most limiting factor. And in addition, severe economic, social, political, and, most of all, ecological barriers stand between mankind and greatly increased harvests of food—whether from the land or the sea.

While the seas provide mankind with only a few percent of its caloric intake, they supply nearly 15 percent of the animal protein consumed by people. The greatest annual crop of fishes yet harvested from the sea was some 70 million metric tons in 1970. Since then the harvests have been declining, largely because the Peruvian anchoveta fishery harvests declined from 12 metric tons in the late 1960's to 2 metric tons in 1973. This was caused partly by a change in local ocean currents and partly by overfishing. There was a partial recovery in 1974, and Peru instituted some restrictions with a view to protecting its valuable resource. Whether or not the restrictions will be effective remains to be seen. The anchoveta fishery in many ways encapsulates the food-from-the-sea situation worldwide.

Most marine biologists agree that if mankind does everything right, we should be able to extract about 100 million metric tons of fishes from the oceans each year—much less than twice the 1970 record. A few scientists are more optimistic and think that perhaps 150 million tons annually could be taken on a sustained basis.

We will probably never know which estimate is correct, because we are not "doing everything right." Doing everything right means not overfishing, not polluting the oceans, and not destroying estuaries, which often serve as nurseries for marine life. But more than half of all oceanic fisheries are already heavily overfished, and the international community hasn't made any progress toward controlling the harvest, recent conferences on the "law of the sea" notwithstanding. Furthermore, the shallow onshore waters that produce the vast majority of fishes are being subjected to increasing loads of pollutants, while estuaries continue to be dredged and filled. It is not surprising, therefore, that the general trend of fisheries'

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The Spirit of Seventy-Sex which we are offering for just $8.95 plus postage and handling (for a limited time only) is an enlightening book that tells you in plain talk just what MARITAL AIDS are, which are rip-offs, which might be harmful (if swallowed) and which ones have the endorsement of both men and women who have tested them. You might very well find that after reading this book you have no further interest in being curious red white blue (or yellow). But in the reading you will be amused and perhaps a little shocked at many of the bizarre items, especially a number obviously designed by old world men for stereotype women who simply don't exist today. At least we hope so. You will learn just how far modern technology has gone in the field of sex substitutes and you will be left on your own to decide whether they are worth your while or not. But after reading this creative presentation containing hundreds of pictures, dozens of letters about the hundreds of items researched—you can be assured that you know what you are dealing with.

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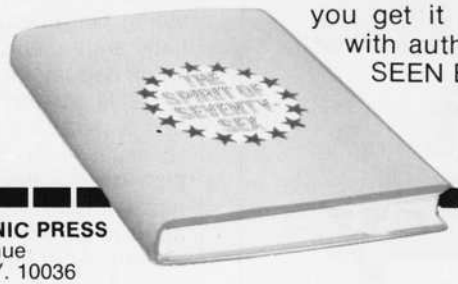

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yields has been downward since 1970. And, of course, since population has continued to grow, the yield *per capita* has dropped even more sharply.

But even if it were possible to do everything right, to reach and maintain the theoretical annual limits of sustained yield, the amount of fish available per person would soon melt away in the face of continued population growth. If the present growth rates continued, twice the 1970 yield—140 million tons—would be needed before 2010 to maintain each person's share of the oceanic bounty. That is 40 million tons more than most marine biologists think possible, and almost as much as the more optimistic estimated limit of 150 million tons. From then on it is downhill under any set of assumptions—if the human population continues to grow.

The situation with regard to terrestrial agriculture is no brighter. Utterly dependent as it is on solar energy to drive its basic photosynthetic processes, agriculture is by nature a dispersed, space-consuming process. Therefore, any discussion of agriculture must also include consideration of transport processes, both those required to bring inputs—seed, water, fertilizer, pesticides, labor—to the field and those required to distribute the harvest. Moreover, agriculture—and even our sophisticated American agriculture—is completely dependent on the weather, as was clearly demonstrated last year. And though irrigation systems are installed, supplies of water may still be depleted by drought; crops may be destroyed by frost, wind, or hail. Irrigation itself is a temporary game. Unless carried out with extreme care, salinization and waterlogging will ruin the soil, and dams and irrigation canals silt up. The deserts of the Tigris and Euphrates valleys are monuments to the failure of ancient hydraulic civilizations, which could not prevent the deterioration of their land and irrigation systems. Today in Pakistan, salinization and waterlogging take one acre of irrigated land out of production every five minutes.

Virtually all of the world's land that can be economically farmed is already under cultivation. This does not mean that all the potentially arable land is cultivated. Given sufficient capital for clearing land, removing rocks, improving drainage, installing irrigation systems, constructing farm roads, and so on, it is *theoretically* possible to more than double the world's supply of arable land—adding at least another 3.5 billion acres to the 3.5 billion already permanently farmed. Adopting a *conservative* figure of $300 to bring an acre into production, reclamation would require an investment of about *one trillion dollars* (equal to the entire U.S. gross national product), or about $40 billion per year until the year 2000.

If such an enormous investment were made, the world's food supply might be increased, at least temporarily, by perhaps 60 percent. The new land would, of course, be generally inferior to that already under cultivation. At current population growth rates, that increase would maintain today's level of dietary insufficiency for less than twenty-

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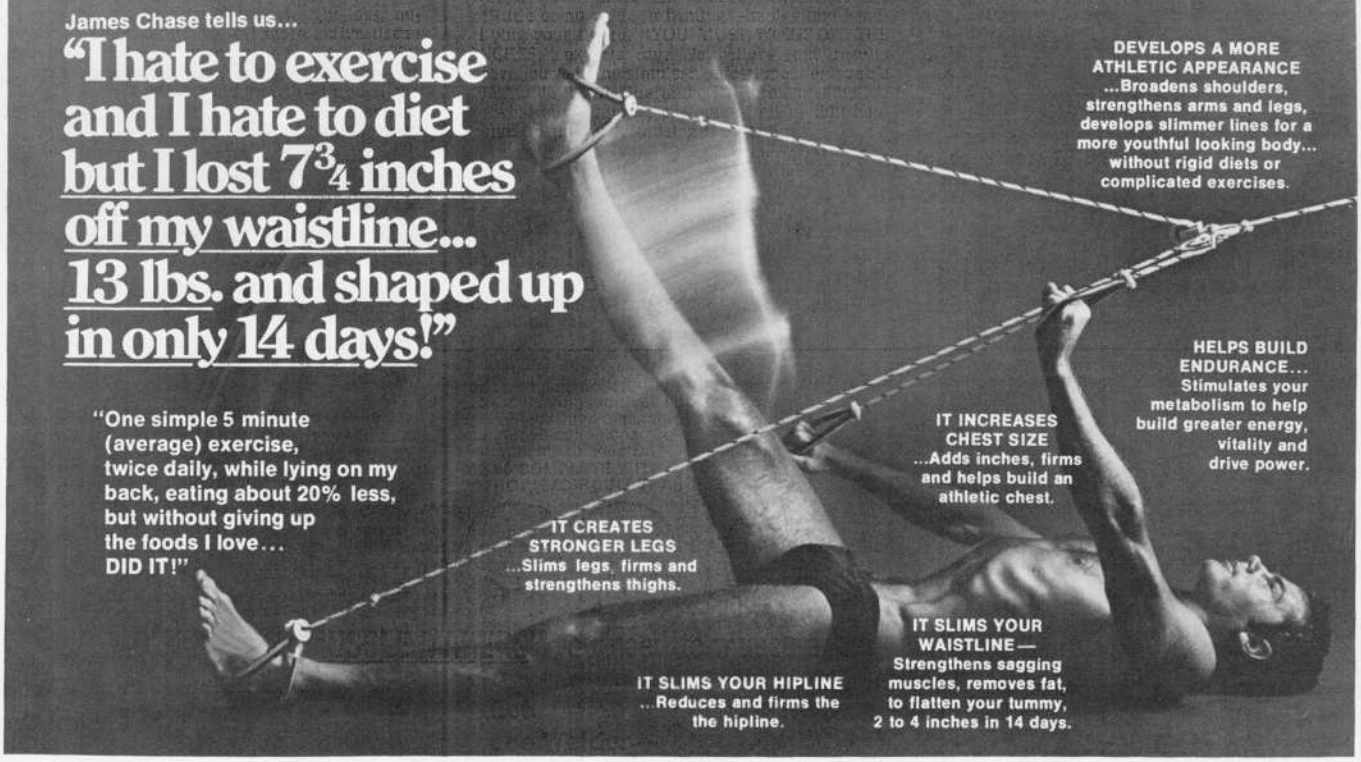
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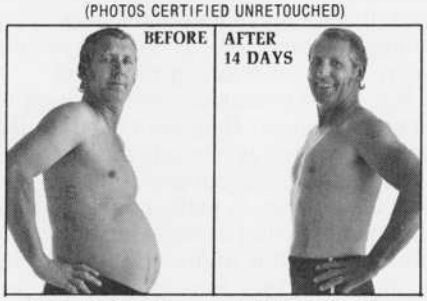

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C. J.	10 lbs.	6¾ in.	(14 days)
P. O.	10 lbs.	6¼ in.	(14 days)
J. C.	10 lbs.	5 in.	(14 days)

They were measured by experts before and after 14 days. The results verified, some notarized. Your results may vary depending on how overweight you are and how much time you devote to the exerciser. The customers quoted spent 5 to 10 minutes, twice daily and reduced their food intake —temporarily—by about 20%, but none gave up the foods they love.

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five years. And where would the trillion dollars—more than twelve times the U.S. defense budget—come from? Not to mention the additional billions needed annually for petroleum, fertilizers, and other agricultural "inputs" to the new land?

And, even if it were done, what would we do in the year 2000 for an encore? Actually, this is a moot point. First of all, that much money is not going to be available, and secondly, much of the *theoretically* arable land can never be brought into production. Attempts to farm marginal lands are often disastrous failures—as the Soviets discovered in their ill-fated "virgin lands" program. Unfortunately, a great deal of the "potentially arable" land in the world today consists of tropical forests in South America and Africa. Lush jungles often grow on exceedingly poor soils, many of which are lateritic —that is, the soil is a residual product of rock decay. Lateritic soils, when exposed to the sun and the rain, return to rock.

If we can't feed our burgeoning population by opening up new lands, what then? The immediate answer is to have a worldwide "green revolution": increase yields on land already under cultivation, get from every acre the kind of yield now obtained in countries like Japan. This is a relatively sound approach to the problem of food supplies. It avoids the gross ecocatastrophes associated with attempts to farm unsuitable land. It does not require the introduction of entirely different crops, and it avoids the heavy costs of opening new land.

But green revolutions are plagued with other difficulties. They are based on high-yielding grains, which only perform if supplied with large amounts of fertilizer, abundant water, and, in many cases, pesticide treatments. Giving a farmer the appropriate seeds does not automatically produce bounty. Fertilizers are costly, so are pesticides, pumps, tube wells, and roads.

Furthermore, if farmers are to realize a good return on their investments in the green revolution, there must be sufficient "demand" for food to keep prices from dropping too far as supplies increase. Curiously, agricultural economists are always saying such things as: "in order to feed the hungry, we must increase the demand for food." In such statements, of course, *demand* does not mean *need*—it means the desire and the *means* to buy. In short, one of the main difficulties with creating a green revolution is that the problems of agricultural development are inseparable from the problems of overall development. Economics rears its ugly head once again.

The green revolution has also created some serious social problems. For instance, generally only the wealthier farms are in a position to take advantage of miracle strains and to increase their farms' productivity. Thus the green revolution widens the gap between rich farms and poor farms. In India this has led to considerable unrest. Landlords, anxious to profit from high yields, have dispossessed their tenants in order to return to farming their own lands. The indigent tenants have in turn coalesced into rov-

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Pp. 86-87
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Pp. 88-89
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ing bands of bandits and revolutionaries, causing considerable local disruption.

By far the most difficult problems associated with the green revolution, however, are ecological. For example, the heavy applications of fertilizer required by miracle grains lead to serious water pollution. And, high-yield crops are often very susceptible to pests. Miracle rices tend to fall victim to miracle rats, bugs, or viruses, which quickly attack them.

Consequently, if mankind is to keep ahead of the ever-evolving pests, we must be able to select new, resistant crop strains as the defenses of old ones are breached. This means that the genetic variability of crops, essential to the selection process, must be maintained. But the green revolution itself has tended to destroy this all-important variability. In places where dozens of strains of wheat were grown within a small area, only one miracle strain is found. The greater the size of such monocultures, the more vulnerable they are to catastrophic destruction by a pest outbreak—and the fewer varieties of a grain there are under cultivation, the less likely it becomes that mankind will be able to develop a resistant strain by selective breeding.

The loss of the genetic variability of our crops is one of the most serious and least understood forms of environmental deterioration. Agriculturalists in the USDA and elsewhere persist in pursuing the twin chimeras of the perfect high-yield, eternally-resistant-to-all-pests crop strain and the ideal kills-every-pest pesticide. We know, however, that pests are quite capable of evolving strains that will attack virtually any crop and will become immune to almost any pesticide. This ignorance of plant-herbivore interactions among agriculturalists is another grave consequence of their intellectual isolation from ecologists and evolutionary biologists.

THE OUTLOOK

Now the world is teetering on the brink of mass starvation, and the same ignoramuses who were predicting abundance twenty years ago are still in charge of our agricultural system. Is there anything that *can* be done? The answer is yes—both for the immediate situation and the future. But the big question is *will* anything be done?

The first thing that must be done is for the world as a whole, rich nations and poor nations, to recognize the present state of overpopulation and to make dramatic lowering of birthrates a top priority in *all societies*. The rich have to learn that their population growth is the most serious in the world—to face up to the fact that the "population problem" is not something caused by other people—the poor, the blacks, the people of India. The birth of a rich child threatens us much more than the birth of a poor child.

Simultaneously, the poor must also face the truth. Their situation is made worse by population growth; their chances of survival are lessened by it. It is true that many well-off individuals think that birth control is something for the poor to practice and that it

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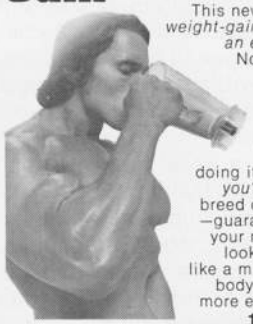

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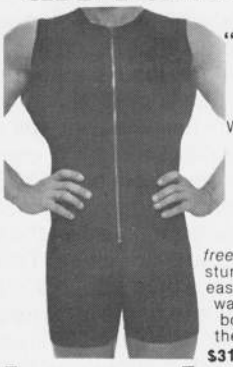

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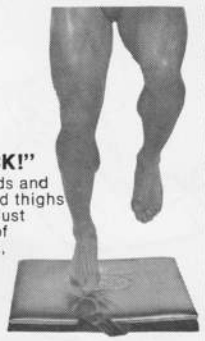

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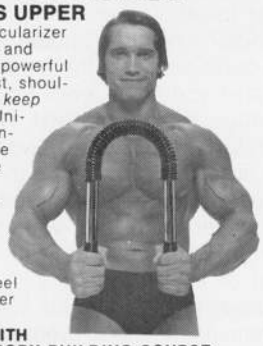

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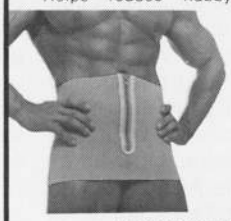

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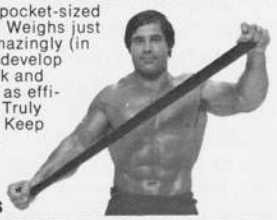

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is all right for the affluent to have as many children as they can support. But this ignorant view does not make population control a fascist, genocidal plot. Both Hitler and Mussolini encouraged growth of their populations. The Soviets also have tried to encourage the growth of their population.

Americans will have some hard choices to make. One of the first is if we are willing to make changes in our own food habits in order to help others. If we are, how much change? And what should be done to protect ourselves from the inevitable repercussions of worldwide food shortages? Today's shortage is only the first. More will come, although we may have good years for a time. The future shortages can be expected, moreover, to become increasingly frequent and severe until the world's population is brought into balance with a sustainable level of food production.

Assuming the United States decides to commit itself both to protecting its own food base and to providing a reasonable level of assistance to the hungry in future years, some of the needed steps are obvious (though perhaps politically impossible). First, Earl Butz should be retired to take over the directorship of one of the huge agribusinesses he has served so faithfully. The operations of the Department of Agriculture should be overseen by a superagency charged with integrating all programs dealing with the population, food, and resources (including energy). After the USDA has been purged, the Department can proceed with a program to encourage the planting of many varied strains of crops and to maximize long-term productivity rather than the profits of large agricultural combines and chemical manufacturers.

Price supports should be established to guarantee maximum production by American agriculture annually, and a storage program set up to assure the U.S. of a minimum carry-over staples' supply of perhaps 30 percent of our annual consumption—enough to protect us against catastrophic weather. If the world were sane, it is obvious that *every* nation would have enough food stored to permit survival through, say, five years of inadequate harvests. Even that might not be enough in the face of climatic change as dramatic as that in Africa, but an international exchange system probably could buffer the world against such a disaster since bad weather is unlikely to persist everywhere at once.

Besides ensuring the safety of our domestic food supply, Americans can do a great deal to reduce our agricultural system's waste, thus releasing food resources for others who need them. This can be accomplished without significantly reducing our "standard of eating," although it would decrease food prices, especially on meat. Lester Brown has pointed out that a 5 percent reduction in American meat consumption would "free" six million tons of grain per year—enough to feed 30 million people. An even better idea, we think, is to cut back on the grain-feeding of beef. Steers are grazed on the range for the first nine months of their lives, then fattened in feedlots for several additional months. The second stage is quite unnecessary for producing good, nourishing beef, and indeed has been common practice only for the last twenty years. The grain-feeding stage could be shortened considerably or skipped altogether without seriously reducing the supply of beef. Grain-feeding adds far more fat than meat to the animal—and that fat has been implicated as a leading cause of America's soaring rate of heart disease.

Thus this change would not affect American eating habits except by changing the character of its beef (more healthful and flavorful, a little less tender). By itself, such a shift would sharply reduce waste, releasing productivity for other needs, and would reduce the costs of beef production and hence its market price. Further, by growing wheat and soybeans in place of feed grains, the increased production of those crops would probably bring down their prices too. Of course, the change would not end the world food shortage instantly, since feedgrains are generally not fed to people, but it could be effective within a year.

"It's the same old story, doctor—nympho meets a bunch of boys, loves boys, boys exhausted, loses boys. . . ."

The resolutions adopted by the Rome Food Conference, if fully implemented and supported, would go a long way toward relieving the problems of food shortage and distribution, at least for the present. The first resolution, aimed at the immediate problem, called for an annual ten-million-ton donation of grain to the UDC's for the next three years by the food-exporting nations, while a permanent world stockpile is built up. No details of the latter reserve were decided upon, although Secretary of State Kissinger suggested a goal of 60 million tons.

The details of setting up and administering the world reserve may prove complex, but the advantages to everyone more than outweigh the problems. The mere existence of an international stockpile set aside for famine relief will do much to reduce international tension, a great deal of which has been generated by the grossly uneven worldwide distribution of all wealth and resources, including food. Particularly when the day arrives that there is not enough to go around, it will obviously be preferable for allocations to be made by an international body. If, for instance, India is in deep trouble but has not made measurable progress toward achieving population control, it would certainly be better if a decision to limit food shipments to India came from, say, the Tanzanian head of the World Food Council than from the President of the United States. *And make no mistake about it, such denials of food will be inevitable in the future.* People who claim such decision-making is immoral often are precisely those who, through their opposition to population control and their fantasizing about agricultural productivity, made these decisions inevitable.

Besides the reserve programs, the Conference proposed an early warning system for exchanging crop information in order to spot failures before food shortages and famines set in. The success of such a program will hinge on full disclosure by all nations—which would represent a complete reversal for the Soviet Union and China.

For a longer term effort to raise food production, the Conference called for the establishment of a World Agricultural Development Fund, which would sponsor specific programs in UDC's to improve or establish irrigation projects, increase fertilizer production, aid in pest-control programs, and upgrade knowledge and application of better nutrition. ODC's would be expected to provide expertise, technology, and capital for these activities. Such a coordinated agricultural development program should have been initiated decades ago.

The catastrophic failing of the Food Conference was its refusal to deal with the population problem. Unless the population bomb is quickly defused, today's famines will soon be repeated on an even larger scale. All the effort in the world to raise food production can only be carried so far; the earth is still finite, and we are limited by availability of soil, water, and other resources. Unless the population problem is addressed directly, it will be solved in the end by the food problem.

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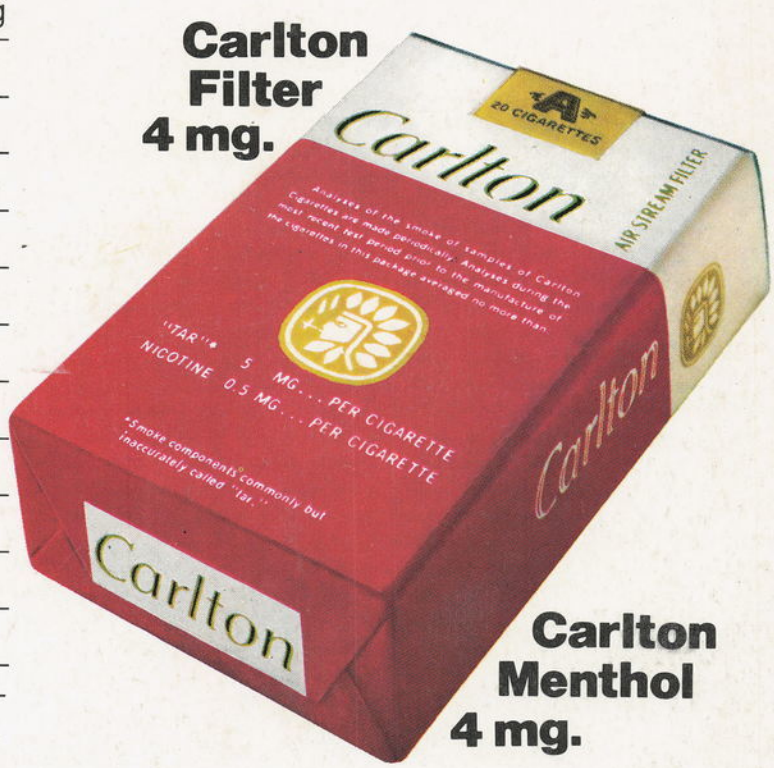

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